Aug. 14, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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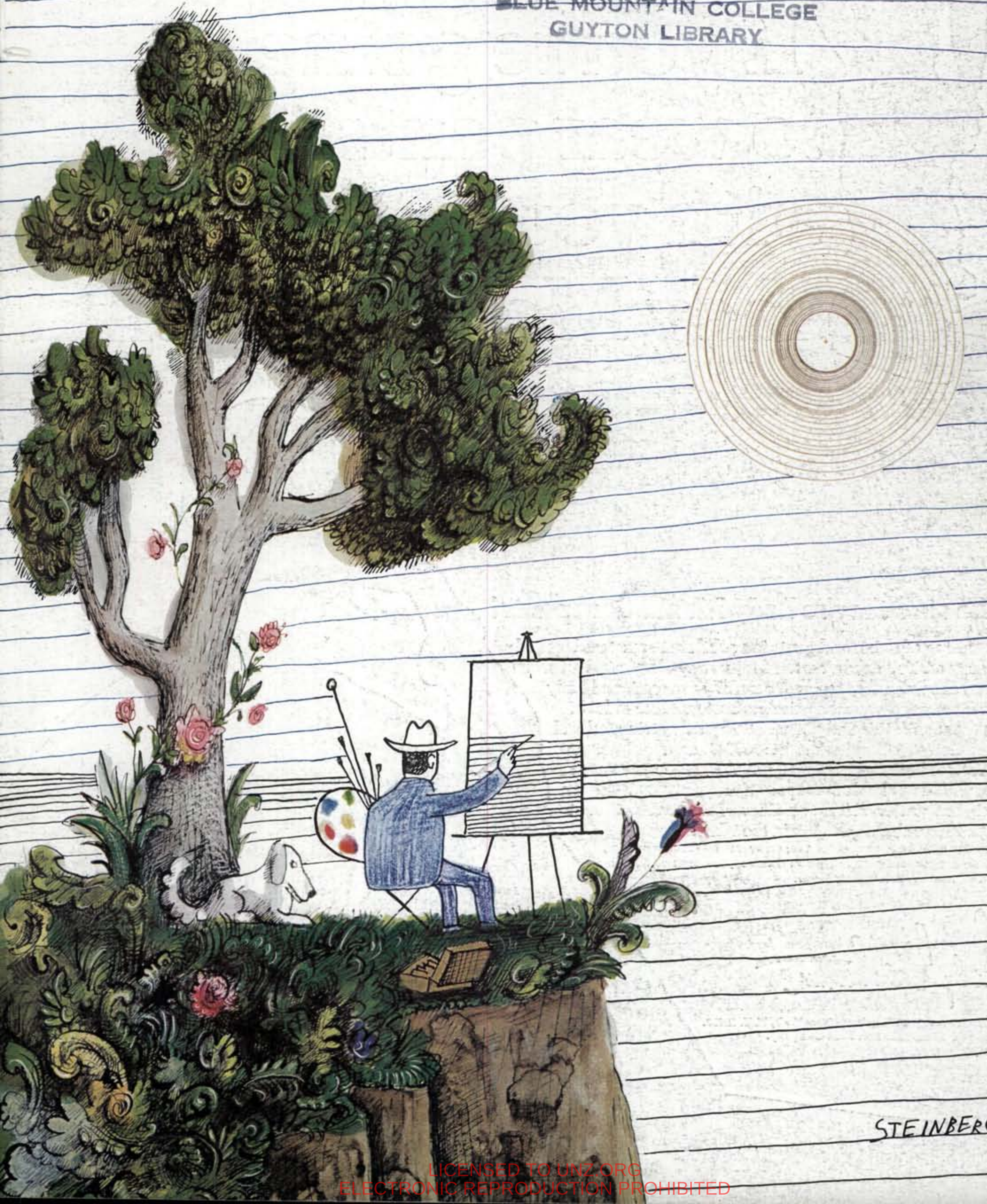

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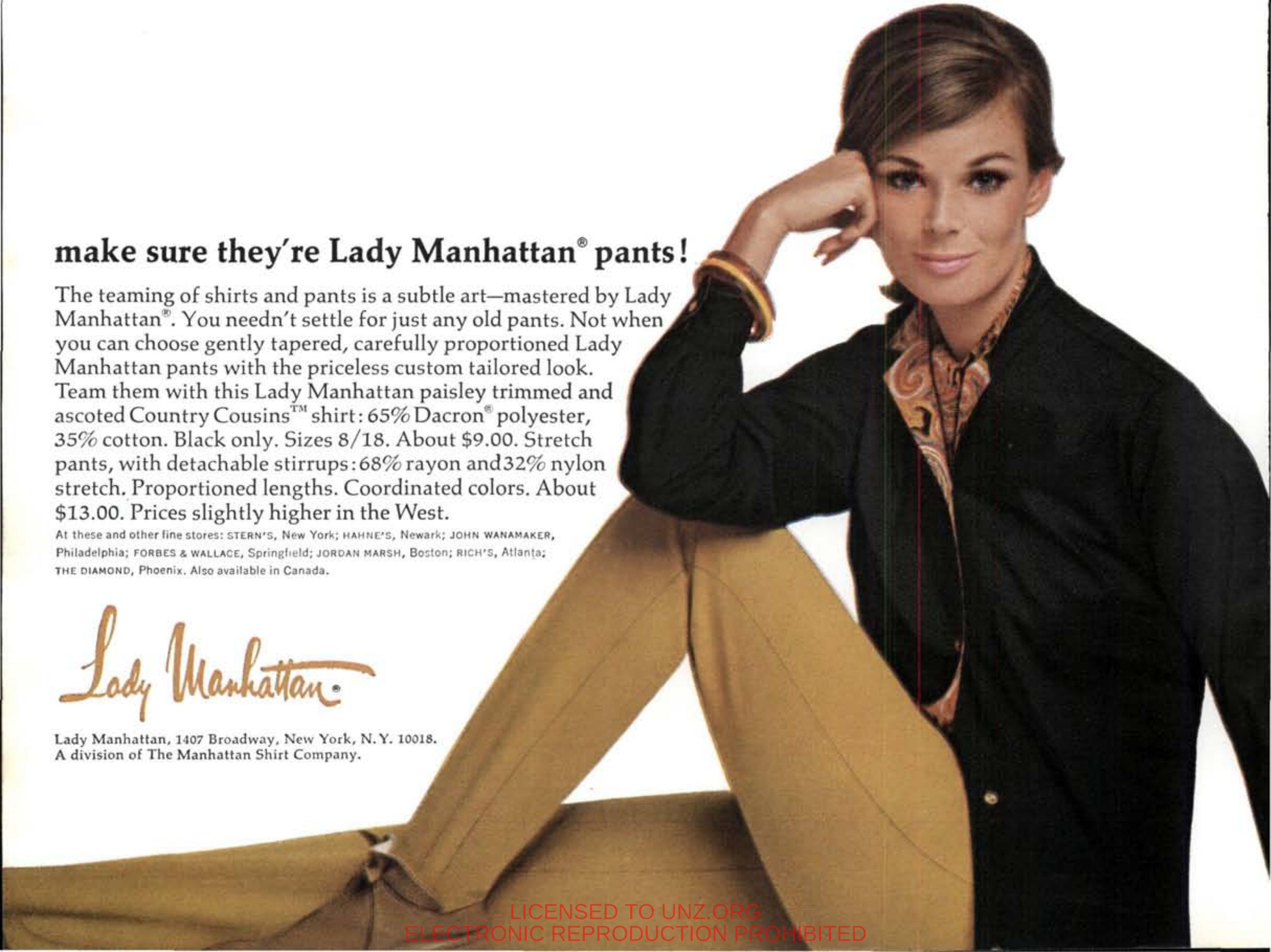

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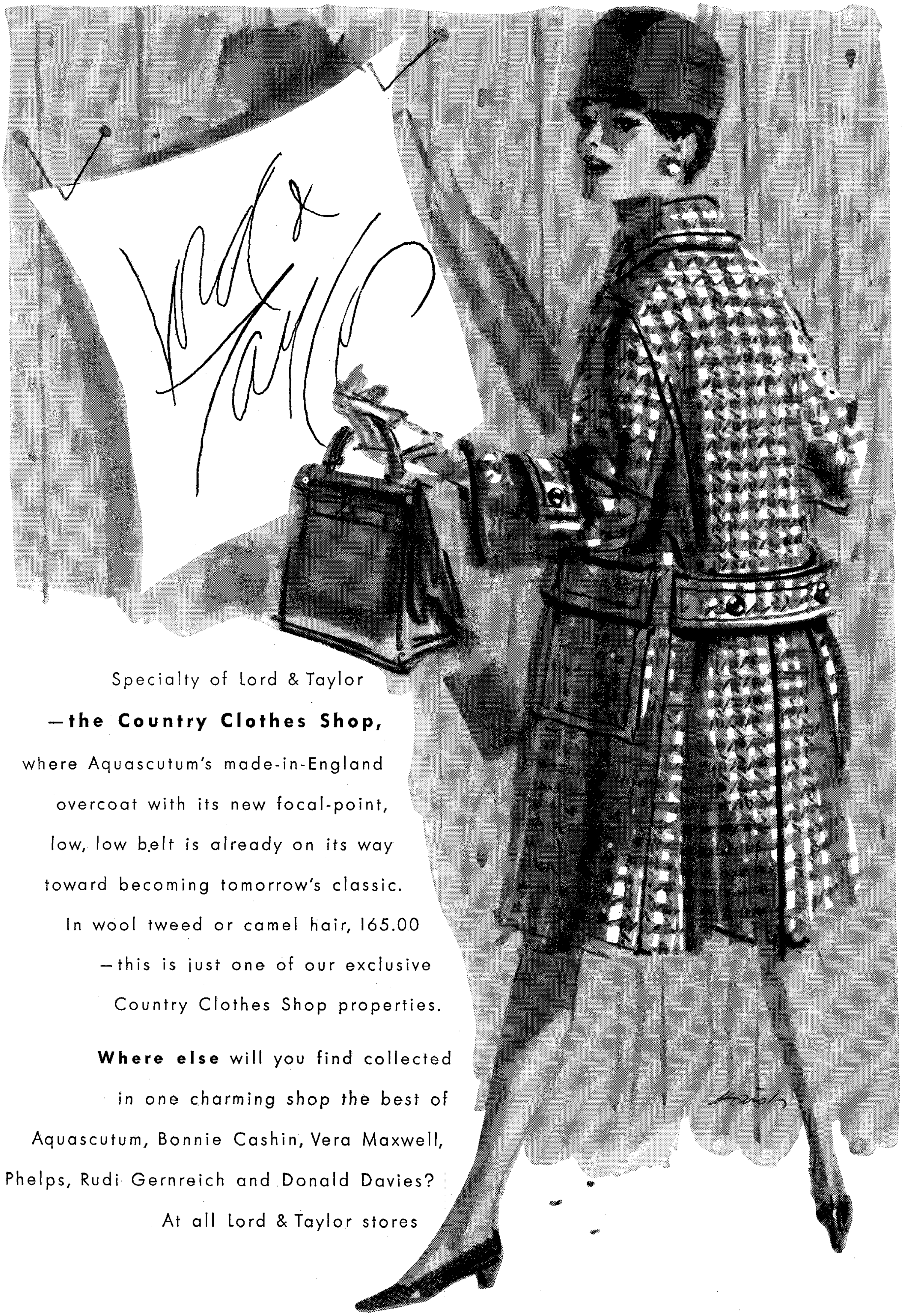

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Glass Menagerie—George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Jo Van Fleet in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment is by long odds the funniest thing that has come along this season. Mike Nichols directed it, and everybody in the cast, led by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, is admirable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A comedy by Bill Manhoff that contains two characters—one a pedantic would-be author with a weakness for voyeurism (Alan Alda) and the other a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). Intermittently amusing. Arthur Storch has directed the play most capably. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and Jeffrey Lynn. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Erik Rhodes are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the subject was roses:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Martha Scott, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Sherlock Holmes vs. Professor Moriarty in a musical bout that is only fitfully entertaining. Jerome Coopersmith wrote the book, and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel did the music and lyrics. Fritz Weaver is Sherlock and Inga Swenson a girl who loves him. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Richard Rodgers, not at the top of his game on this occasion, has composed some incidental music for a musical rendition of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo." The tunes are periodically pleasant but not outstanding, and the lyrics, by Stephen Sondheim, are not precisely catchy. Elizabeth Allen and Sergio Franchi play an American spinster and a married Venetian blade in pursuit of her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Tommy Steele disporting himself happily in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps" that is full of pleasant airs and diverting dances. David Heneker wrote the music and lyrics, Onna White did the choreography, and Gene Saks is responsible for the over-all direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oliver!—A return engagement of the London musical by Lionel Bart, with Robin Ramsay and Maura K. Wedge. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A dull bit of business, which finds Anthony Newley, as a small put-upon proletarian, pitted against Cyril Ritchard, as a big Establishment bully. About the only redeeming feature of the affair is a song called "Feeling Good," which is let loose by Gilbert Price. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Zero Mostel in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Luther Adler will succeed Mr. Mostel on Monday, Aug. 16. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.... **funny girl:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **golden boy:** All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers has just replaced Carol Channing in the role of Miss Dimples. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theater of Lincoln Center—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's **carousel,** with John Raitt, Eileen Christy, Susan Watson, and Edward Everett Horton, is the second of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. **war and peace:** Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Aug. 20, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 21, at 2:30 and 8:30.... ¶ Shaw's **man and superman:** Friday, Aug. 13, at 8; Sunday, Aug. 15, at 7:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 17-18, at 8. ... ¶ Giraudoux's **judith:** Saturday, Aug. 14, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2:30; and Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 12-13, at 8:40: "Iolanthe.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 3 and 8:40: "The Gondoliers."... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 17-18, at 8:40: "The Mikado." ... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Aug. 19-20, at 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 3 and 8:40: "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Leonard Bernstein's Theatre Songs—This pleasant diversion, as directed by Will Holt and as performed by Don Francks, Trude Adams (in orange), and especially Micki Grant (in pink), falls somewhere between a concert and a revue. Some of the numbers sound a bit frail without the backing of chorus or dancers, but the songs from "Candide" stand up very well indeed, partly, no doubt, because of Richard Wilbur's fine lyrics. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Live Like Pigs—Most of this apparently rowdy but actually wistful English play, by John Arden, consists of scenes from the home life of a daffish bunch who have been forced to move from an abandoned tram car into a tidy housing project. The play is lively at times and tedious at times, and the same can be said of its performance by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Troilus and Cressida," with Richard Jordan and Flora Elkins. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 28.)

Jones Beach Theatre—"Mardi Gras!," a musical based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Juanita Hall, and Wilbur de Paris's jazz band. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 5. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, Phyllis Diller, one of the great documenters of our time, is doing a faultless impersonation of Calamity Jane. She shows up at mealtimes; the music, which goes on all evening, comes mostly from the band of Lee Evans, which puts in some nice work. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—This outpost of Empire closes down on Saturday, Aug. 14, so that Freddie Jagels' orchestra, Freddy Alonso's band, and the entire cast of the Embassy can take three weeks in Darjeeling while the plains cool out.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The last of the great steam packets to call at our town. In the midst of all the ornate playfulness, Buddy Morrow's big band tags along behind his saxophone. The sound runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale crews works out every night in the Café Pierre, so no dance-lover's foot need ever be idle.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The important fact about Cilla Black, who ornaments the Persian Room, is not that she often sings like a girl Beatle but that her innocent amiability and artless conversation simply cannot be resisted. Her closing night is Saturday, Aug. 14. On Monday, Aug. 16, Robert Horton, who will be remembered from "110 in the Shade," begins his transition from musical comedy to night life. The singers appear at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-fifteen and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays; Milt Shaw's big band and Mark Monte's gadflies are around all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano tinkle away from four-fifteen to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, which is closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . .

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into a fashionable watering place in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastry-maker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—Beside a fountain lit up like a World's Fair, a casual orchestra murmurs from nine to two every night but Sunday, and the English Grill stands ready to nourish all participating athletes.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The top of the evening to you—i.e., the sixty-fifth floor and two rooms (cocktail and dining) with a view. Michael Longo's orchestra, an easy, *en-famille* group, does the dance tunes in the second of these cubicles from eight to one every night but Sunday.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This particular set of Alps turns a handsome pink at sundown and stays that way until well past bedtime. Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's ensemble, both of which stick to the real New York beat, ply their merry trade without surcease from eight to two. Closed Sundays.

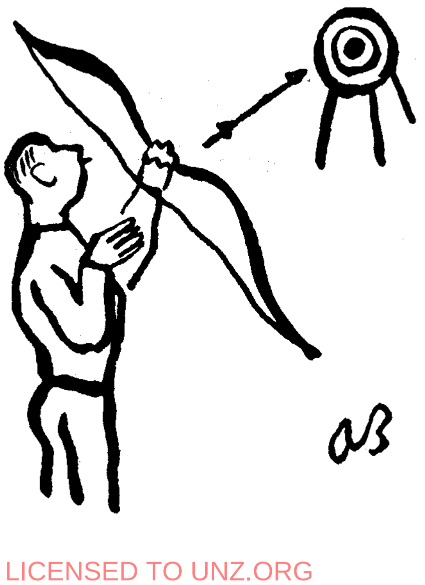
Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Summer camp for grown-ups, offering not only out-of-doors prancing (from seven-thirty until after the theatre every night but Monday) but the opportunity to be back in town in two minutes. Whenever the weather temporarily breaks up the drought, everyone just moves indoors and continues to carry on.

Note—Mass participation is no problem at all in **Roseland Dance City**, at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of the playing fields of Eton. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

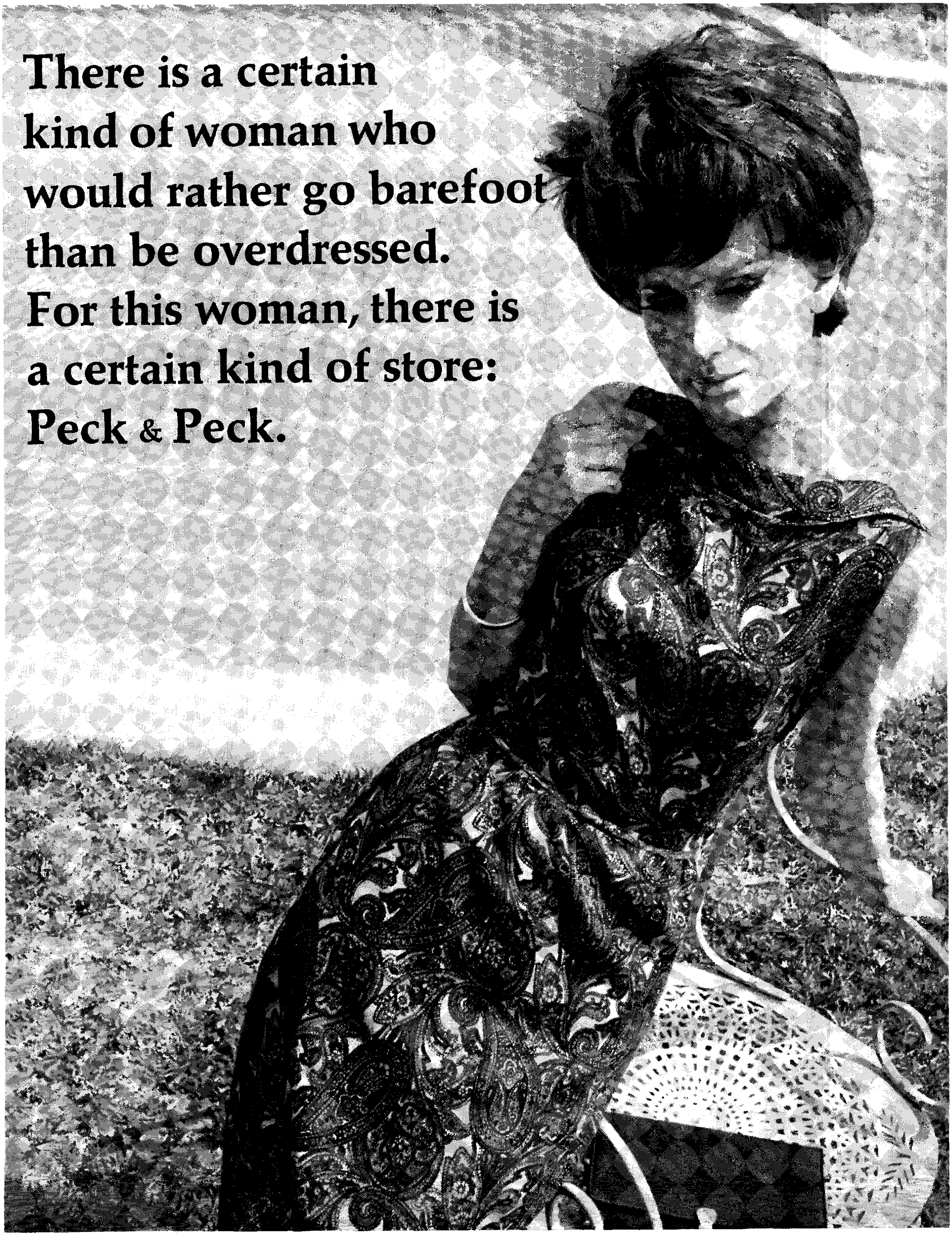
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Young America at table, at play, at ease. Oh, a few fogeys—old, middle-aged, and even quite youthful—too, but not many. The party begins at cocktail time with piano, operated just about without cease until early morning. The music—solo during the evening, four-handed after the theatre—issues from permutations and combinations of Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper in both Florentine and English keep showing up and being put to useful work. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A fairly diplomatic mission, presided over by the piano of Cy Walter, which keeps the room temperature at a most comfortable balance between warm and cool. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **Sheraton-East**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The kingpin of the Café Ambassador is Ray Hartley, whose piano regards show tunes as characters with distinct individual idiosyncrasies. He is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The old feudal system had a lot to do with the local architecture, which serves as a sounding board for piano and wandering violinist. On Monday, Aug. 16, the violin will once more be taken up by Norbert Faconi, the lifelong musician of this court. No music Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): One more medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated by an expense-account court jester. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Renaissance 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The New Spain can be as handsome as the Old. In the largest of the four rooms that prove this premise, a guitar (José Luis Franco) dwells, from eight until one, upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Renaissance 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, a decorators' delight, is a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (Gustavo Lopez) that holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Isle of Jamaica is pleasantly represented by this little consulate, which has a very Isle look and cuisine. A Jamaican wandering minstrel parades from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the neighboring arts at rest and at play. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a solitary pianist. . . . **Regency**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **Sign of the Dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A cote to delight the view of any bird's or biped's eye. In the bar, off the principal dining room, the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **L'Intrigue**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The games mistress is Nancy Steele, who sings a frolicsome song; the man of the house (and of the world) is Jimmie Daniels, the perpetual, who does a brisk ditty; the professor is Murray Grand, who plays a rich and reminiscent piano. This high-fidelity reproduction of club life in the outgoing days begins at eight-thirty, along with the jazz background of Ronnie Ball's duo. Closed Sundays. . . . **Spindletop**, 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): In the best sense, a theatrical boarding house. We civilians are there, too, and so (after nine) is a full-of-beans guitarist and singer (and they are Mexican jumping beans, at that) named Frankie Ray. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sherry-Netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the



There is a certain kind of woman who would rather go barefoot than be overdressed. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.



Note, especially, the fabric. It's sheer, light weight wool paisley. You really must see it. The dress is fully lined, has a slightly A'd skirt, and can be found only at Peck & Peck. In brilliant red or blue. 8 to 18, 40.00

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bar-restaurant. Johnny Ryan potters around the piano from six-thirty to one every night but Monday; Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one every night but Sunday.

NOTE—The discothèque, a fact of life distinguished more by its quantity than by its quality, is represented at its best by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): It's dreamy, mystic little old Egypt, all right, but scarcely the one invented by Thos. Cook & Son. From seven to ten, music to shivaree to is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until one on Sundays, until three or four on other nights. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The current Seventh Heaven for Park Avenue's dancing feet. Like the original Heaven, it has a St. Peter at the door to ask whether you have a reservation. The *music of distant and unearthly spheres is* interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **THE GARRISON**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079): A part of El Morocco in which the sole musician is a machine with a staggering memory for up tunes. Its summer holidays begin on Saturday, Aug. 14. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, 2 W. 55th St., in the Gotham Hotel. (CI 7-2200): An erstwhile *private enclosure that is now in the* public domain. The décor is clubhouse-den, the music (all of it direct from a pipeline) is mercifully less assertive than it is in most such establishments. The sound begins at nine and lasts until four; nothing doing Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ENTRE NOUS**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the principal consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and—from ten until three or so—a jockey is astride the record-player. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Profusion reigns (and pulchritude, too) when the young women of this temple of the arts flow onstage for their arcane eurythmic intertwinings. Lynda Gloria, a learned Folies-Bergère soubrette, is the most skillful member of the troupe. The incumbent humorist, John Byner, who is on loan from television, will be replaced on Wednesday, Aug. 18, by Buddy Hackett, a comedian who may not be everyone's cup of TNT. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The Supremes, a nationally advertised all-girl product of the rock-'n'-roll age, are cannon to the left, cannon to the right; Bobby Ramsen, *who just talks, may well have got* his jokes from a clipping bureau. Besides all this, there is a fetching group of ballerinas led by Jane Zachary, a truly let's-have-fun girl. On Thursday, Aug. 19, a new follies checks in. Its principal will be Jerry Vale, a boy troubadour who is first in the hearts of the disc jockeys. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, a sort of Beatle babble commences on the bandstand at ten, and there's not a moment's peace from then until four. Erskine Hawkins' quartet is the prime mover.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Six characters in search of an author who can do justice to their infinite capacity for harmonizing, both swing and seraphic. The characters are Dick Riddle, Alice Borden, Kitty Sullivan, Maggie Peters, Michael Maurer, and Lou Kristofer. The author (composer and pianist, too) they find every evening is William Roy, and the result is jubilee. Otis Clements is the intermission pianoforte man. The doors are unbolted at about nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest private army, is marching, singing, and gallivanting like mad. The daughter of the regiment is Luisita Sevilla, who kicks up an extremely vivacious and pretty pair of heels. These players give their vast all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra of Emilio Reyes offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The revue called "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter" is the Rise and Shine of Kaye Ballard, queen of the May, who makes the most of the lifework of the great littérateur. She is ably abetted by the voice and feet of sturdy Harold Lang. One small exception: The antics occasionally suggest that the producers have forgotten that nearly everything Mr. Porter wrote was pen-in-cheek to begin with. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at eleven as well, is the deal. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Some of the skits in the miniature revue called "The Game Is Up" are as ingenious amusement as the town affords; some are merely amateur. Ruth Buzzi is the leading lady; the rest of the cast is apt to be eager-beaver. The zero hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sonny Rollins, by turn benign, blustery, and comical, withdraws his quintet on Sunday, Aug. 15; Fats Wright's trio departs the same night. On Tuesday, Aug. 17, the Montessori school of music (every student for himself) will resume sessions under the leadership of Cecil Taylor, whose pianism has the sound of disorderly conduct. The Charles Lloyd quartet ventures forth now and again, too. Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions; Mondays are assigned to other musicians. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Thelonious Monk's quartet (a little kingdom of its own) checks out on Saturday, Aug. 14, and the octet of Herbie Mann, the indefatigable fifeman, checks out on Sunday, Aug. 15. Next evening, a couple of Latin bands and Symphony Sid, a commentator who seems to think he invented jazz, do their usual Monday stint, and on Tuesday, Aug. 17, Dizzy Gillespie's band and the Charlie Mingus Jazz Workshop should be settling in for a while. Dancing, too, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. One floor above the showroom, dinner and such are served in a restaurant and sidewalk café from five to eleven every night but Monday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffee mill that grinds exceeding small in its effort to produce a fine-grained product—folk music in excellent health and spirits. At the moment, the Bitter End Singers take blithe, not to say bumptious, care of this project, and there are reports from the back country by new people, Johnny Sea and Laura Sue York. On Friday, Aug. 13, they all give way to the Serendipity Singers and the slapstickers known as the Uncalled-For 3. Tuesdays are, as is the custom, given over to visitors. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Wes Montgomery's quartet moves out on Sunday, Aug. 15, and the really sharpshooting Roy Eldridge moves his fivesome in on Tuesday, Aug. 17. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Nothing but live ammunition is used on this old rifle range, which is also part steak house. The very happy gun club is once again headed by Eddie Condon, and Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Cliff Leeman, Dill Jones, and Herb Gardner are on the firing squad. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Gloria Coleman's quartet, which is boys and girls together, is willing to try anything, including an electric organ; Jorge Morel sticks to himself and an Iberian guitar. Music that

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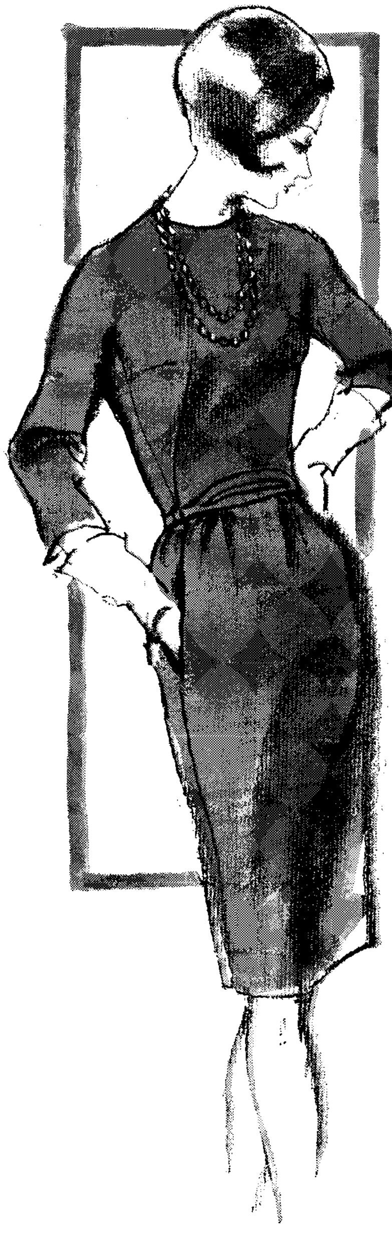

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rocks and even rolls happens on Mondays, and dancing as well. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and tone poems, has settled himself and his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard operator, gets in many a good lick. Mondays, they all stay home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): This youth haven is one part rock and one part roll for the participants in its track meet, and on a long-term basis—nine-thirty to four weekdays, eight to one-thirty Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MASUO IKEDA—An exhibition of color etchings that is running concurrently with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through Sept. 3. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

SCULPTURES—Constructivist pieces by American and European artists, among them Joseph Konzal, J. J. Subirachs, and Carel Visser; through Aug. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Thomas Eakins, Joseph Stella, Gaston Lachaise, and others; through Sept. 3. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century painters and sculptors, including Maurice Prendergast, Louis Bouché, and Robert Laurent; through Friday, Aug. 13. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Mary Cassatt, Hovsep Pushman, and Albert P. Ryder are among the artists with paintings on view in a show called "Americans, Sung and Unsung;" through Aug. 31.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Three of the participants in a showing of small watercolors, drawings, and lithographs for the budgeted collector are Robert Motherwell, Larry Rivers, and Mario Schifano; through Sept. 10. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, for instance) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Engravings and drypoints by the young Japanese artist Masuo Ikeda; through Sept. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good com-

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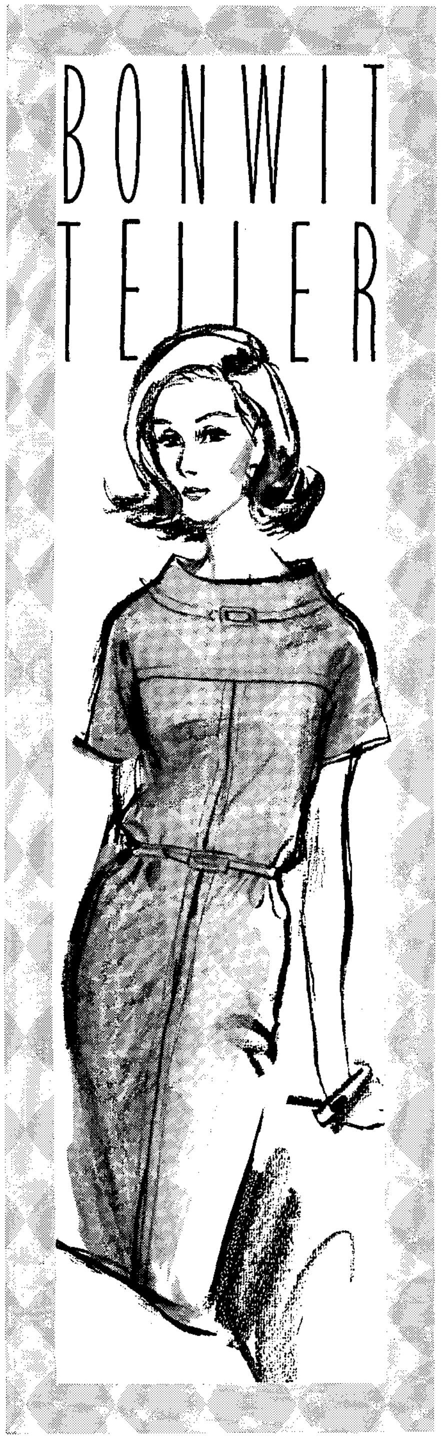

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plement to the Ikeda showing is his exhibition at the Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"American Art from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Goldstone;" namely, American paintings and drawings, plus American and European sculptures, by Edward Hopper, Lyonel Feininger, Jacques Lipchitz, and others; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (*Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.*)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Walter Lippmann, Joseph Mitchell, and John Cheever. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Marcel Breuer, and others; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Fra Bartolommeo to John Singer Sargent; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Stone sculptures from the state of Guerrero, Mexico; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Twenties Revisited," an exhibit of paintings, graphics, sculptures, photographs, and memorabilia done in the twenties by, for example, John Held, Jr., Peter Blume, and Jo Davidson; through Sept. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, nonsloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Jewish ceremonial objects, jewelry, miniatures, paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures by Ilya Schor; through Sept. 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the South Seas," a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, and jade) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America 1965," a showing by a group of thirty painters and sculptors under thirty-five years of age, among them Mary Bauermeister, Jim Dine, and Robert Murray; through Aug. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Central Park Concerts—Seiji Ozawa conducting the New York Philharmonic in the second in a series of three weekly concerts, this one with Benny Goodman, clarinet. (Sheep Meadow. Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute information can be obtained by calling 999-1234.) . . . ¶ Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (The Mall. Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the third in a series of four weekly concerts, this one with Theodore De Colo, clarinet. (The Mall. Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30.)

Carl Schurz Park Concerts—Abraham Kaplan conducting the Orchestra of America. (Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Jazz Concerts—Final concerts of the season—Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Milt Jackson's quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Buddy Tate's band, with Jimmy Rushing. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 13, at 8: Eleazar de Carvalho conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting (Aaron Copland will conduct one of his own works), with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2:30: Leopold Stokowski conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 8: A program of chamber music by Aaron Copland. . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of "Lohengrin" in concert form, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Rita Gorr, mezzo-soprano; Sándor Kónya, tenor; Jerome Hines, bass-baritone; and the Chorus pro Musica. Friday, Aug. 20, at 8: Act I, also with William Dooley and Calvin Marsh, baritones. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8: Act II, also with the Messrs. Dooley and Marsh. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 2:30: Act III. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Final folk and jazz concerts of the season—Saturday, Aug. 14, at 3:30: Pete Seeger. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Stan Getz. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 3:30: Theodore Bikel. (Lenox, Mass.)

Note—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival: Programs of ballet and modern and ethic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 14: The Robert Joffrey Ballet. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 17-21: Murray Louis and his company, Alonzo Rivera and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and Percival Borde and his company. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **American Dance Festival** (final performances of the season): Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Yuriko and her company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: José Limón and his company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 3: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Repeat performances of new works by José Limón and his company, Lucas Hoving, and Paul Draper. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **Yankee Stadium:** Yankees vs. Minnesota, Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Aug. 13, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 14, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 15, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 8; Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 7; and Thursday, Aug. 19, at 2. . . . **Shea Stadium:** Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 20, at 8, and Saturday, Aug 21, at 2:15.

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **Blind Brook Polo Club,** Purchase. . . . **Bethpage Polo Field,** Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At **Saratoga:** Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 14; the Saratoga Special, Monday, Aug. 16; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 21. . . . **Atlantic City,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 12. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia. Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At **Bridgehampton Race Circuit,** Bridgehampton: Saturday, Aug. 14, at 2:30, and Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2. . . . **Watkins Glen:** Saturday, Aug. 21, at 10 A.M., and Sunday, Aug. 22, at 1:05.

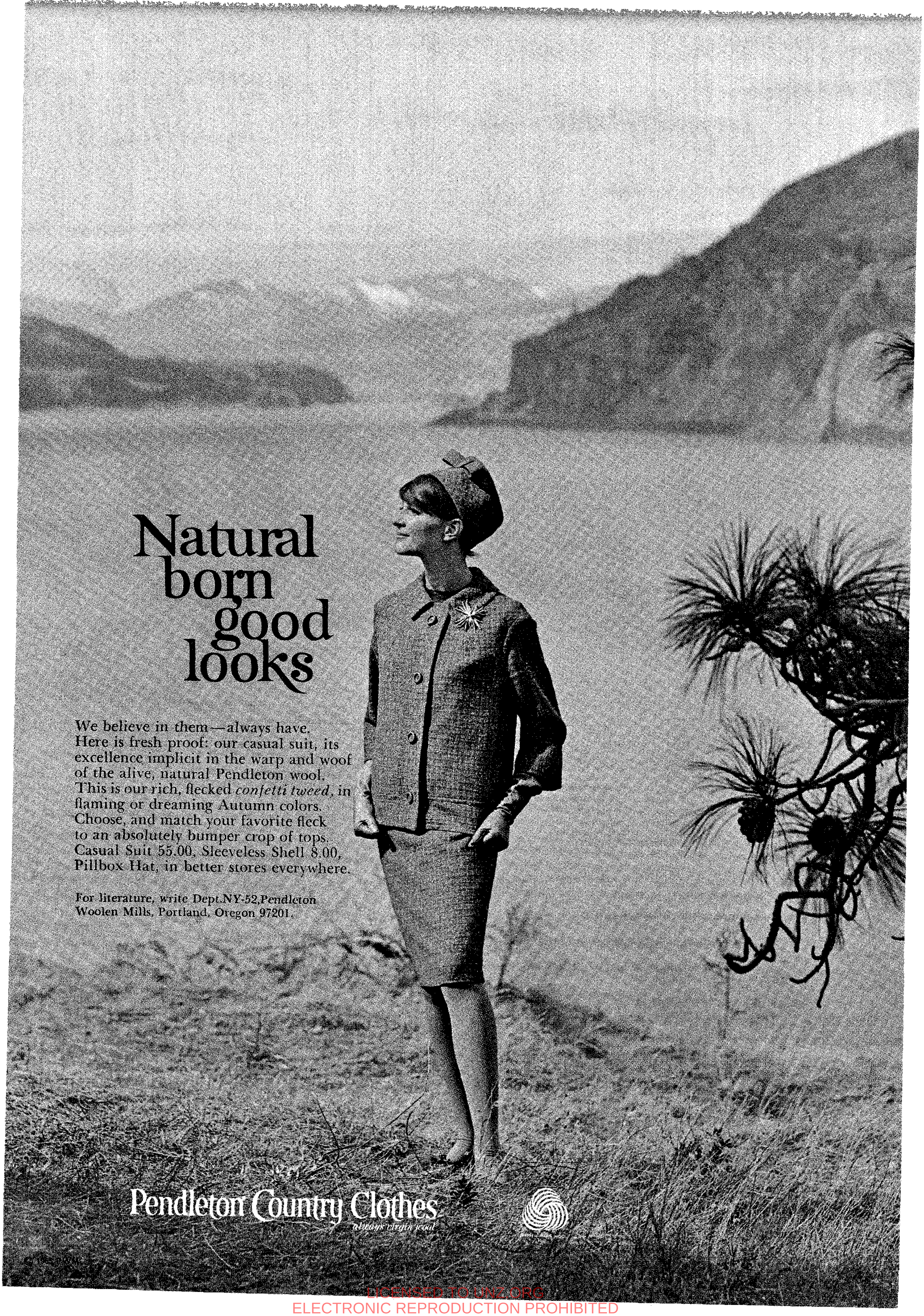
Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 15.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21.)

Trotting—At **Yonkers Raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Sept. 27. . . . **Saratoga Raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 17-22.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regu-



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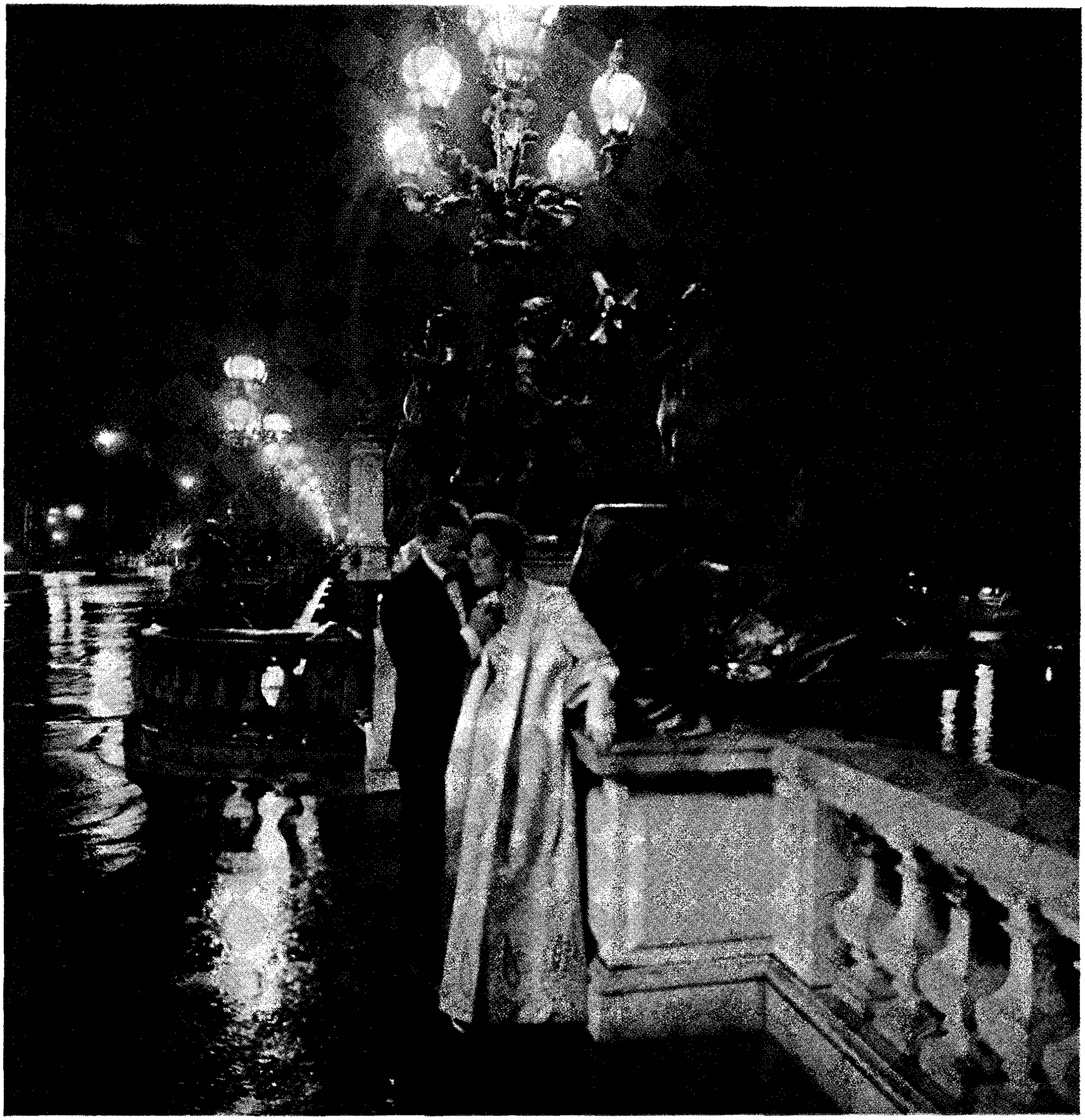

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lar sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 7:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. For some reason, almost everyone leaves the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go, since there is no waiting at any of the exhibits. Of the exhibits where waiting is necessary when the Fair *is* crowded, only Johnson's Wax and I.B.M. are worth it.

Admission—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Through August, admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays.

The Belgian Village—More restaurants (many with outdoor tables) serving a wide variety of good food at better prices than in all the rest of the Fair. It is possible to go to the Rathskeller (open until 2 A.M.) without paying admission to the Village, which is $1 for adults and fifty cents for children.

Pavilions—The Mexican Pavilion is one of the most beautiful at the Fair, and the exhibit of archeology and art has been enlarged and almost completely changed since last year. . . . ¶ Commendable restaurants can be found in the African, Danish, Mexican, Spanish, Swedish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions. Slightly less commendable, but interesting and not very expensive, is the restaurant in the Pakistan Pavilion. The outdoor tables, which provide a good view of passers-by, are preferable to those inside. . . . ¶ It isn't necessary to pay the Fair admission to get into the Top of the Fair restaurant. If you can get waited on, or even shown to a table, within half an hour of your arrival, at least on Saturday night, there is food, drink, and dancing. . . . ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar.". . . ¶ The New York State Pavilion is exciting to visit for any reason at all. . . . ¶ The Pennsylvania exhibit, new this year and situated near the Fountain of Planets in the Industrial Area, consists of two Boy Scouts and a reproduction of the Liberty Bell. . . . ¶ The twenty-minute Chrysler-Bil Baird puppet show has been rewritten so that it is more entertaining than it was. The star is still Carby Carburetor, who is said to be very popular with small children. Shows are virtually continuous and the theatre is constructed so that no waiting is necessary, a boon at this time of the year, when the Fair is most crowded. Free. . . . ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free.

Lake Area—The Florida Citrus Commission sponsors a water-ski show in the Amphitheatre. The show is put on six times a day, at 1, 2:30, 4, 5:30, 8, and 10 P.M., and except for the master of ceremonies, who is unusually irritating, it is worth the price of admission. Free. . . . ¶ "The killer snakes are loose again in the African jungle," is part of the spiel for a small exhibit of exceedingly lethargic reptiles languishing in cages at the southern end of the Lake Area bridge; among them are a python and two rhinoceros iguanas. Admission twenty-five cents.

GORDON-FORD

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Banana Peel—Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe have a wonderful time acting and watching each other act in a fast-moving French melodrama. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Aug. 17.)

Casanova '70—An Italian comedy in which little else matters except that Marcello Mastroianni plays the title role and that all his victims are beautiful. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Cat Ballou—This Western, which makes sport of Westerns, is much droller than you might expect. With Lee Marvin, Jane Fonda, and some other personable players. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Aug. 18, tentative.)

Darling—The English director John Schlesinger leads an expert cast—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey and others—through a crisp, brilliantly photographed morality tale about a pretty girl on the make. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—A Cinerama version of Christ's life, which has already been told well enough in the words of the New Testament. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Extra performances Wednesday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

How to Murder Your Wife—George Axelrod's latest examination of holy wedlock, and a very funny one it is. Jack Lemmon is the delightful star. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Aug. 18.)

The Ipcress File—One good spy deserves another and gets him in this splendid English thriller. Michael Caine is the much put upon but triumphant hero. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who directed "A Hard Day's Night," has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Moment of Truth—The Italian director Francesco Rosi offers his opinion of the beauty and horror of bullfighting, with the famous Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin in the leading role. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nothing but a Man—A young Negro's struggle to find a place for himself in the American South, perhaps at the cost of his life. The picture stars Ivan Dixon. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Aug. 18.)

Operation Crossbow—Daring top-secret ploys and counterploys, by which the Nazis are just barely kept from winning the Second World War. Starring George Peppard, Tom Courtenay, Trevor Howard, Sophia Loren, Lilli Palmer, and lots of other heroes and villains. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 18.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger in the title role makes this account of a corner of hell in Harlem one of the remarkable pictures of the year. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Ship of Fools—Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin—a fantastic cast in a romantic melodrama, well directed by Stanley Kramer. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A loosely historical, very funny account of an air race across the English Channel in 1910. Among the contestants are James Fox, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, and Gert Frobe. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Train—How the Nazis, losing the Second World War, attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. With Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 17.)

What's New Pussycat?—This anthology of private jokes is annoying as often as it is entertaining, but some of the lines and the cinematic high jinks do pay off. Peter Sellers, Peter O'Toole, Woody Allen, and Romy Schneider frisk around in a Paris setting. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

World Without Sun—A thousand feet down in the Red Sea with Captain Cousteau, who is not only an eminent oceanographer but a maker of beautiful pictures. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Aug. 18, tentative.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

REVIVALS

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 12.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 13-16.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 13-16.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 13-14.)

Days of Wine and Roses (1963)—Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick in a story about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 18.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 12.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 17.)

Heavens Above! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and with Peter Sellers. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 18.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 17.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French view of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau; directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 13-16.)

Mafioso (1964)—A glimpse into the workings of the Honored Society, here and in Sicily. With Alberto Sordi. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

The Pumpkin Eater (1964)—A survey of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 17.)

Room Service (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 13-14.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon (1964)—A British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 17.)

The Secret Passion (1962)—An account of the origins of psychoanalysis, directed by John Huston and starring Montgomery Clift. Formerly called "Freud." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

The Silence (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's survey of the human condition. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 15-17.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Aug. 18.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 13-14.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 15-17.)

Two Daughters (1963)—Sufferings of youth and age, as experienced in the steamy back country of Mother India. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 17.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad study of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 12.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellowmen. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 12.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd: Through Aug. 14: "Las Hurdes" (Spain, 1932), "L'Ile de Paques" (Belgium, 1934), and "Song of Ceylon" (England, 1934). . . . ¶ Aug. 15-18: "Night Must Fall" (1937), with Rosalind Russell and Robert Montgomery. (Showings every day at 3 and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8 and Saturday mornings at 11:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.). . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle: Two programs in a series called "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Through Aug. 14: Four Laurel and Hardy shorts plus a short with Patsy Kelly and Thelma Todd. . . . ¶ Aug. 17-18: Four Laurel and Hardy shorts. (Showings at 3 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Crazy Paradise" (in Danish).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Aug. 17: "Harlow," Carroll Baker.
From Aug. 18: Theatre closed.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 17: "China!," a documentary film.
From Aug. 18: "Murder Most Foul," Margaret Rutherford.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
MARY POPPINS.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 17: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
From Aug. 18: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 17: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni; and "Bay of the Angels" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From Aug. 18 (tentative): **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Aug. 17: "Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
From Aug. 18: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 17: "Harlow," Carroll Baker.
From Aug. 18: "Having a Wild Weekend," the Dave Clark Five; and "The Time Travelers," Preston Foster, Philip Carey.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Aug. 15: "Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.
From Aug. 16: "The Married Woman" (in French).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Aug. 12: "Any Number Can Win" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Alain Delon; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Aug. 13-16: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
Aug. 17: "Mexican Bus Ride" (in Mexican dialect), revival; and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (in Spanish), revival.
From Aug. 18: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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15	16	17	18			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MARY POPPINS.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DARLING.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 17: "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason; and "Behold a Pale Horse," revival, Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.
From Aug. 18 (tentative): **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WTHOUT SUN.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 17: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
From Aug. 18: "I'll Take Sweden," Bob Hope, Tuesday Weld.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 17: "The Family Jewels," Jerry Lewis; and "Seven Slaves Against the World," Roger Browne.
From Aug. 18: "Having a Wild Weekend," the Dave Clark Five; and "The Time Travelers," Preston Foster, Philip Carey.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 12: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival.
Aug. 13-16: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.
From Aug. 17: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 17: **THE TRAIN.**
From Aug. 18: **OPERATION CROSSBOW.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Aug. 12: **WINTER LIGHT** and **THE DEVIL'S EYE** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
Aug. 13-14: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
Aug. 15-17: **THE SILENCE** and **TORMENT** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
From Aug. 18: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
DINNER AT EIGHT, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 17: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
From Aug. 18: **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE**; and "I'll Take Sweden," Bob Hope, Tuesday Weld.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 17: **BANANA PEEL** (in French); and "Bandits of Orgosolo" (in Italian), revival.
From Aug. 18: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Aug. 17: "The Female Prince" (with Mandarin dialogue).
From Aug. 18: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through Aug. 16: "High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.
From Aug. 17: "Life Upside Down" (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Aug. 16: "China!," a documentary film.
From Aug. 17: "Maedchen in Uniform" (in German), Lilli Palmer, Romy Schneider.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 12: "The Merry Widow," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Maurice Chevalier; and "Sweethearts," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
Aug. 13-14: **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, revival; and **ROOM SERVICE**, revival.
Aug. 15-16: "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds; and "The Band Wagon," revival, Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse.
From Aug. 17: "Gunga Din," revival, Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 17: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**, revival; and **THE PUMPKIN EATER**, revival.
From Aug. 18: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**, revival; and "I'll Take Sweden," Bob Hope, Tuesday Weld.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 12: "Happy Anniversary" and two other short films; plus ten U.P.A. cartoons.
Aug. 13: "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Naked Autumn" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret.
Aug. 14: **MAFIOSO** and **UMBERTO D.** (both in Italian and both revivals).
Aug. 15: "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti; and "Gate of Hell" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.
Aug. 16: **THE SECRET PASSION** (formerly called "Freud"), revival; and "Psychiatry in Action," revival, a documentary film.
Aug. 17: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali), revival; and "The Playboy of the Western World," revival, Siobhan McKenna.
Aug. 18: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 17: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film.
From Aug. 18: To be announced.

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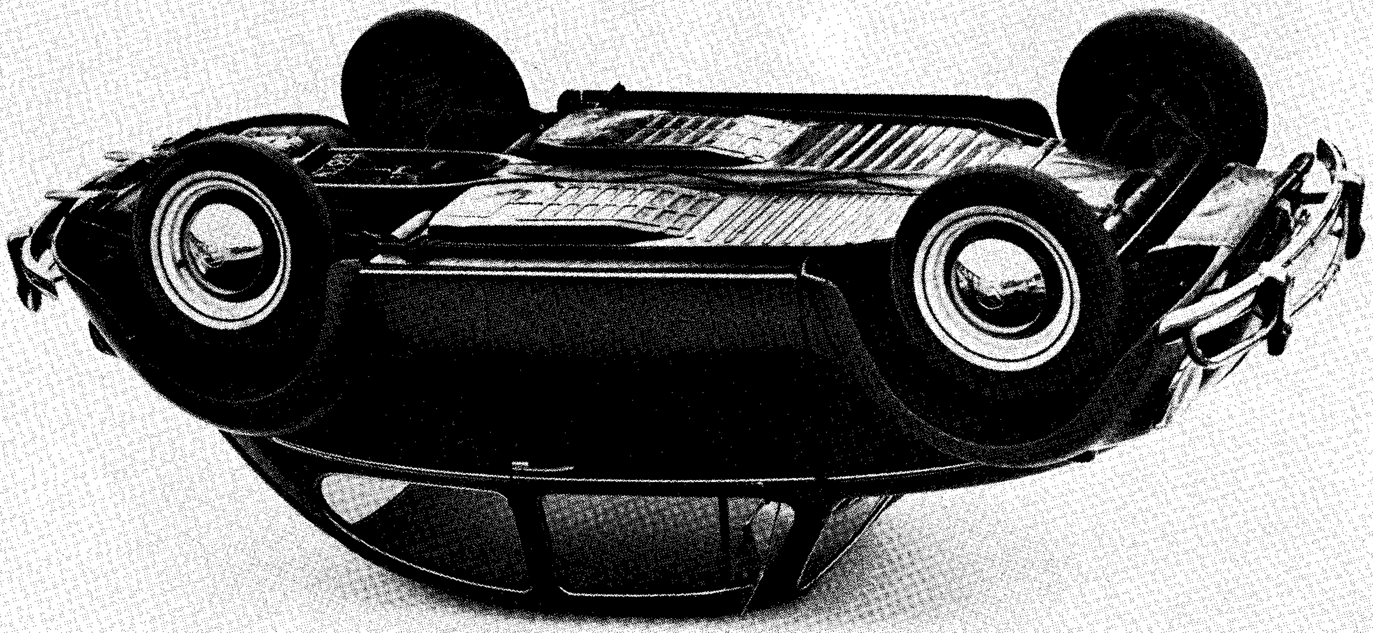

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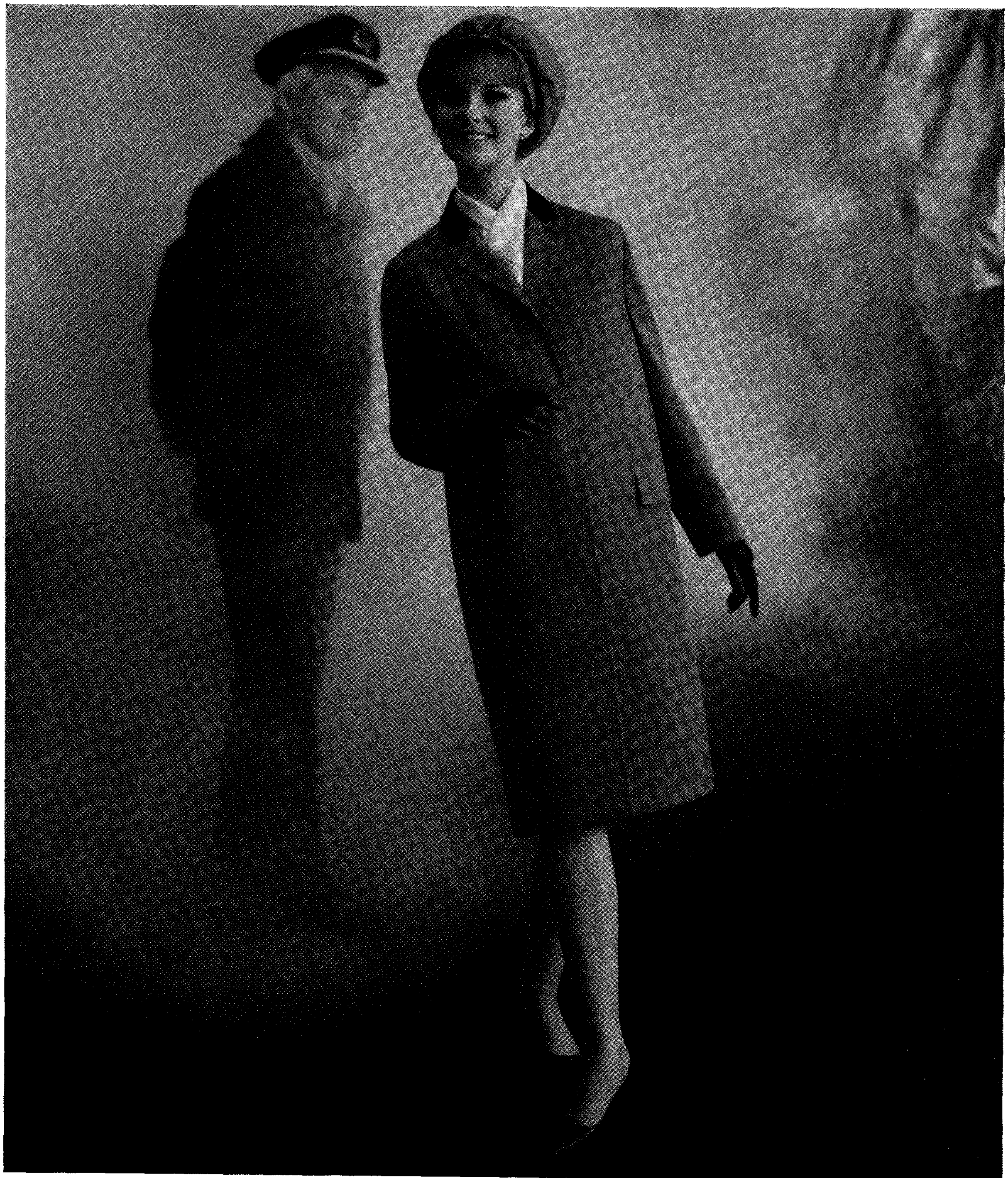

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In order to eject the ice after it has been frozen, you have to melt it just enough to allow the pieces to fall into the storage bin. Cubes and other shapes that have large flat surfaces are then more likely to freeze together. Instead of having a bin full of ice cubes, you can wind up with one big block of ice.

But the cylindrical shape of Norge's ice has no flat surfaces to freeze together. So they don't. And they don't dam up in your glass only to suddenly unleash a torrent of tea or soda or liquor down your shirt. So Norge's foolproof refrigerator ice maker is here to stay. In fact, Norge will soon offer it in food freezers as well as refrigerators.

Norge is good at a lot more than just making ice, though. In all, they market some 931 different appliance models. Washers, dryers, kitchen ranges, air conditioners, dishwashers. One of Norge's next goals is a remarkable new refrigerator that makes cold without moving parts to break down. They're also working on a washer so incredibly well engineered that it could actually outlast your home.

All of which goes to prove that when it comes to making appliances that work and work and keep on working, the great engineers of Norge have got it down cold.

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The great engineers

Keep your skin cool and moist all summer with

BEAUTY COOL

Icy-cold foam that melts on your skin like a snowflake—moisturizing, soothing, refreshing as rain on a wilted garden and cooling as a dip in a mountain stream. Beauty Cool restores the moisture your skin loses to summer wind and sun. It vanishes almost instantly into the skin, leaving a cool smoothness and delicate fragrance as its only trace.

Germaine Monteil

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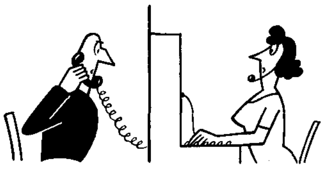
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

An inventive gentleman we know who chills his summer victuals in a Westinghouse refrigerator in Southampton recently hit upon a simple method of improving the design of his victuals-chiller, and he thought he'd tell the Westinghouse people about it. He lost no time in phoning the appliance-sales division of the company, or in reporting to us his conversation with one of the division's telephone operators:



Gentleman: "Hello, is this Westinghouse?"

Operator: "Yes."

Gentleman: "May I speak to one of your executives, please?"

Operator: "No."

Gentleman: "Why not?"

Operator: "Because they are all in meetings."

Gentleman: "All?"

Operator: "Yes, all."

Gentleman: "Well, thank you. Goodbye."

Operator: "Goodbye."

Bronze Medal

Duke Ellington, who is sixty-six, has had a bullish year. The Pulitzer Prize Advisory Committee's refusal this spring to honor him with a special long-term-achievement award in music has brought him twice the attention the award would have. He has produced three well-received albums—witty reshapings of the "Mary Poppins" score, of some of the Beatles' music, and of old big-band hits—and last month he appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival; a week or so ago he conducted the New York Philharmonic in the world première of his "The Golden Broom and the Green Apple," and a few days later he was awarded the Bronze Medal of the City of New York. We missed the "Golden Broom" première, but we were on hand at City Hall Plaza for the medal presentation. It was a hot, sunny day, and when we arrived, a five-piece Department of Sanitation band, stationed at one side of the platform, was doing wonders with Ellington's theme song, "Take the 'A' Train." We found an aisle seat on the platform beside a pleasant, bright-haired woman, who introduced herself as Mrs. Wallace Lomoe, of Milwaukee, and as an old friend and fervent admirer of Ellington's. On her left we recognized Willis Conover, of the Voice of America, and, on *his* left, Nesuhi Ertegun, vice-president of Atlantic Records.

"I'm staying at Delmonico's, and I'm having a fantastic week in New York altogether," Mrs. Lomoe told us. "On Friday night, I was at Philharmonic Hall for the première of 'The Golden Broom.' Duke made the Philharmonic *swing*. There were even some good solos, although the strings had trouble with a longish blues passage. And now I'm here at this marvellous ceremony. These are things that should happen often but do only rarely."

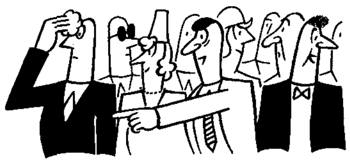
"There's Clark Terry and Billy Taylor and Bunny Briggs," Mr. Conover said. "And Jerome Richardson and Ben Tucker and Joe Benjamin. All the bass players in New York must be here. And there's Constance Baker Motley, the Manhattan Borough President, and Supreme Court Judge Edward Dudley."

Mrs. Motley and Judge Dudley took seats at the front of the platform.

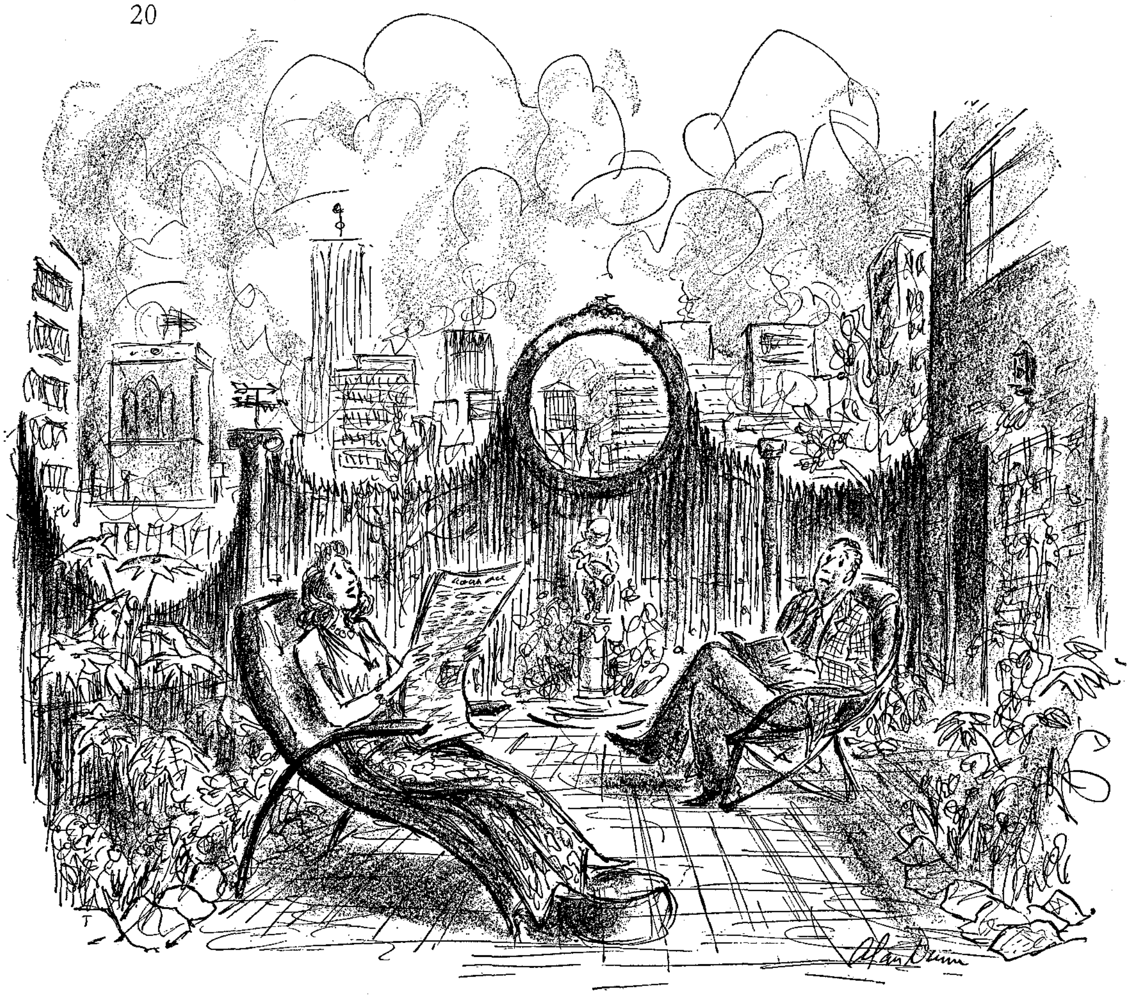
"There's John Popkin, of the Hickory House," Conover said. "Hi, John!"

Mr. Popkin sat down across the aisle from us, and the Sanitation Department band broke into "Perdido." It stopped abruptly and started "Take the 'A' Train" again. Ellington, accompanied by his wife and by his sister Ruth and his nephew Stephen, had arrived and was approaching the platform. Shaking well-wishers' hands, he mounted the platform, where he shook more hands, delivered several embraces, and made his way over to Mrs. Lomoe and Mr. Conover. "I've got to get out of this sun," he said, looking at the sky and shutting his eyes. "It will give me sunstroke." He leaned over and kissed Mrs. Lomoe, and waved at Mr. Conover. "Sweet kisses on you both," he said. "This scene is a complete shock to me. I thought they were calling me down here to some office to give me a certificate or something." Then he descended from the platform and, his family in tow, disappeared into City Hall. The Sanitation Department band took up "Perdido" again. It was hot and getting hotter. An elderly man with a kindly face, steel-rimmed glasses, and a wide-brimmed hat sat down in the front row.

"That's Arthur Spingarn, the president of the N.A.A.C.P.," Conover said, leaning across Mrs. Lomoe. "And the big man with white hair next to him is Dr. Arthur Logan, Duke's personal physician and the chairman of the city's Council Against Poverty. Over there is Robert F. Wagner, Jr."



The music stopped, there was a cheer from the audience in the Plaza, which was a sizable one, and Ellington appeared at the top of the City Hall steps and posed with Mrs. Ellington for pictures. "Take the 'A' Train" started again. Ellington conducted the Sanitation Department band briefly and shook each member's hand. Then he mounted the platform with Acting Mayor Paul



"If anyone wants to know, the big-bang theory of the universe is all right with me."

• •

Screvane and sat down between Screvane and Mrs. Motley. He was dressed in a dark-blue-green suit with soft black stripes, a subtle blue-green shirt, a black tie, and black socks and moccasins.

"Have you noticed the cuffs on Duke's pants?" Mrs. Lomoe whispered to us. "They're at least four inches high. He's starting a new fashion."

Robert Dowling, the city's cultural executive, who was the m.c. for the occasion, took his place at the lectern and introduced Dr. Logan, who quoted a biological definition of the word "sport" as "a sudden spontaneous deviation or variation from type" and went on to say that Ellington was a biological sport, a psychological sport, a physiological sport, and a sport in human relations. Ellington, shielding his head from the sun with a square, flat, gold-wrapped package, beamed. Mr. Dowling introduced Billy Taylor, pianist and Station WLIB disc jockey, who linked Ellington with all generations and with Beethoven and Debussy. Ellington looked quizzical.

Mr. Taylor introduced Clark Terry, Jerome Richardson, Benny Powell, Ben Tucker, and Grady Tate, who took over from the Sanitation Department band and immediately began "Take the 'A' Train." At the end of the number, Ellington gave them a short standing ovation and sat down and put up his sunshade again. Joe Williams sang "Come Sunday," from Ellington's "Black, Brown and Beige," and was given another standing Ellington ovation. This was followed by "Satin Doll" and still another s.E.o. Dowling took the microphone and said, "You have just heard the sound heard around the world. It makes us proud of our American musicality," and introduced the Reverend John Gensel, a Lutheran missionary to the New York jazz community. The Reverend Mr. Gensel closed some remarks on Ellington by saying, "All of us want him to know that we love him gladly." Dowling read a congratulatory telegram from the president of A.S.C.A.P. and introduced Acting Mayor Screvane, who closed *his* remarks, addressed to Ellington, by intoning, "Through the years of your eminence, you have avoided being misled by that which was merely popular. You survived the Charleston; you will outlast the Watusi. You have remained unaffected by passing fads and fancies. You built your repute and your work on the deep musical tastes of a people. You captured the spirit of a time and of a whole nation. You were able to do this by demanding of yourself and your associates the highest professional performance. Your standard was perfection." Mr. Screvane then rummaged around in the lectern, found the medal, which was the size of a small pancake, and read the inscription on its back: "Presented in appreciation to Edward Kennedy Ellington, Known as Duke—'Musician of Every Year'—distinguished composer and worldwide Ambassador of Good Will—by Robert F. Wagner, Mayor of the City of New York, by the hand of the Acting Mayor, on this 2nd day of August, 1965." Mr. Screvane handed the medal to Mr. Ellington, shook his hand warmly, and said, "God bless you."

Ellington's remarks were brief and gracious. He thanked Screvane and all the others present, explained that he needed a sunshade because he was "a night creature," explained the meaning of the title "The Golden Broom and the Green Apple," brought Billy Strayhorn, his alter ego, onto the platform and announced that Strayhorn—*not* Ellington—was the composer of "Take the 'A' Train" (Strayhorn's response: "Well, all I can say is 'Take the "A" Train' "), embraced Strayhorn, and somewhat hesitantly presented copies of Ellington albums to Screvane and Robert F. Wagner, Jr., apologizing for them as "a sort of understated commercial."

"What a marvellous man!" Mrs. Lomoe said.

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SIGN observed on a clean building in the East Sixties:

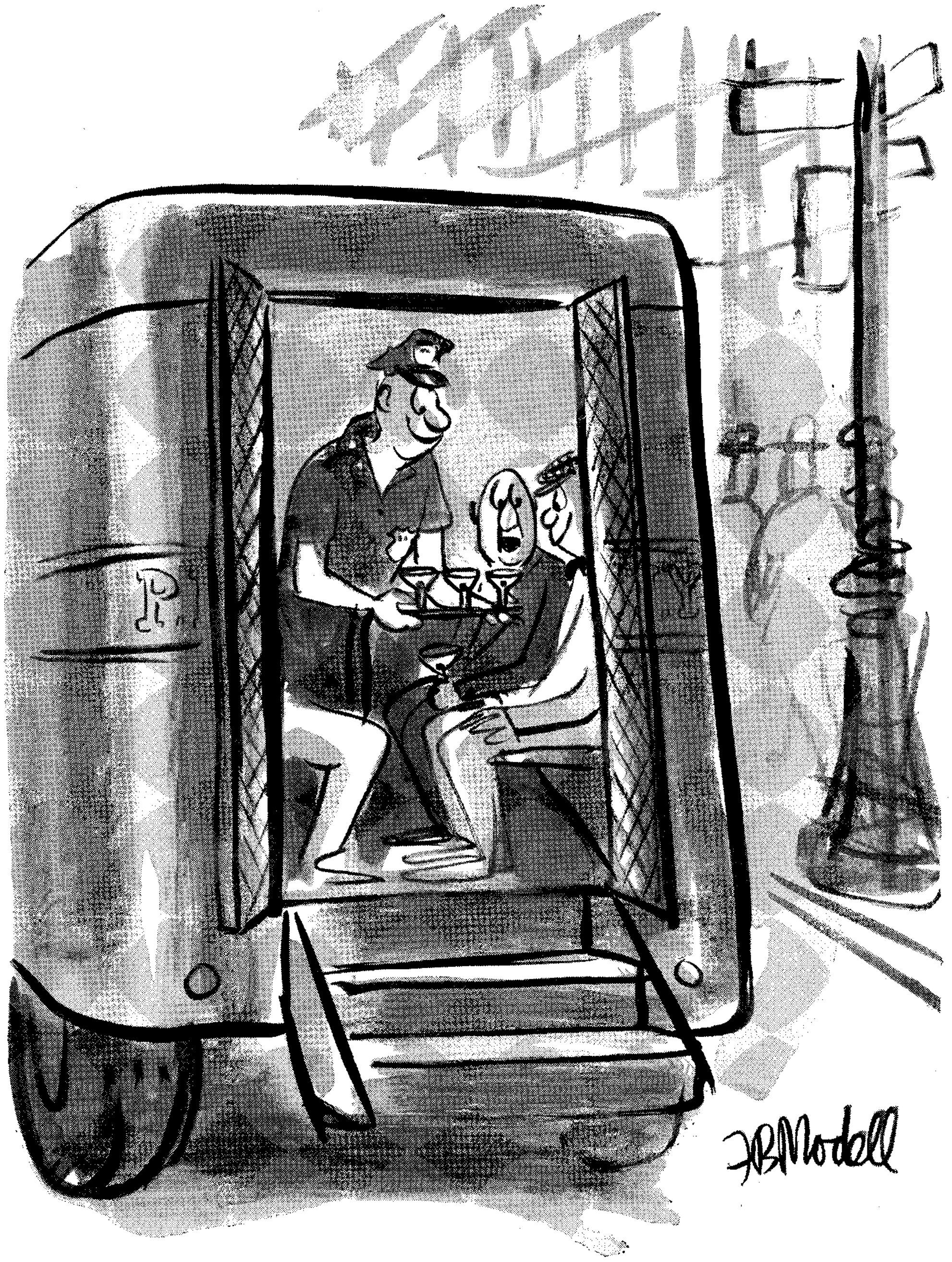
Attention Public!
We use only STEAM
NO WATER
to clean buildings. We cooperate
with the Water Department request.

Our Man in Trotton

THE other day, we had the pleasure of accepting an invitation to lunch with Sir Ernest Gowers, the distinguished British civil servant and amateur grammarian, whose most recent accomplishment is the revised edition of Fowler's "Modern English Usage," which, to the surprise of all concerned, has become a best-seller both in England and in America. The book was published in England on May 6th; the first printing, of fifty thousand copies, was sold out within a month; the second printing—another fifty thousand copies—is selling briskly. The American edition, also published in May, has already sold close to thirty thousand copies. "I can believe only that it is the advertising skill of the publishers," Sir Ernest said when we remarked on the book's success. He had earlier greeted us on the lawn of Rondle Wood, a beautiful country house in Sussex, near the village of Trotton, where Sir Ernest, a widower, lives with his attractive daughter Lady Shiffner, a widow. Sir Ernest is a tall, erect, handsome man with white hair and penetrating blue eyes who looks twenty years younger than his age, which is eighty-five. "It's too long," he said of his life span. "Oh, I think it's all rather deplorable. One has a feeling when one gets to my age that people regard one as a figure of fun rather than as a real person. Anyway, I can't do anything about it, can I?" Over a glass of sherry, he told us that he had bought Rondle Wood in 1937 and that the only structure on the property then was a Tudor cottage. "I built a house around it," he said. "The cottage is now the living room. I had just been to America. When I came back, I said, 'If ever I build a house, I'm going to have a bathroom for every bedroom.' That is very unusual in this country. It was a tight fit, but I did it. There are five upstairs bedrooms and five bathrooms. The property consists of approximately a hundred and fifty acres of more or less useless land. About twenty acres of it I cleared. I let these fields to a neighboring farmer for his young stock. They are rather nice things to have about. I do raise pigs, but I'm rather giving it up. I'm getting too old, and the man who looks after them is getting too old." Sir Ernest said that he had also given up serving as the regular organist in his parish church. "From the end of the war until last year, when I was ill, I used to play there twice every Sunday," he continued. "Now I play only on special occasions. I learned to play the organ when I was in school. It has been a source of pleasure for me all my life."

During lunch, we learned that Sir Ernest was born in London, the son of a famous neurologist (a part of the spinal nervous system is called Gowers' tract), and educated at Rugby and at Cambridge, where he took a first in classics. He then entered the Civil Service, and during the next four decades he held an exceptional variety of posts (private secretary to David Lloyd George, Permanent Under-Secretary for Mines, and Chairman of the Board of the Inland Revenue, among others), winding up, at the outbreak of the Second World War, as Regional Commissioner for Civil Defense, London Region. Although he retired in 1945, when he was sixty-five, he thereafter served as chairman of so many official committees and commissions that he was kept almost constantly occupied. The subjects with which these bodies dealt included historic houses, foot-and-mouth disease, the admission of women into the Foreign Service, and capital punishment. As a result of the last assignment, Sir Ernest became what he calls a convinced abolitionist, and wrote a book stating his reasons. "It was called 'A Life for a Life?' Not a very good title," he remarked. "Of all the commissions I have presided over, capital punishment was far and away the most interesting. Also, it gave me the opportunity of making the acquaintance of that great man, Mr. Justice Frankfurter. We became quite good friends. He was a convinced abolitionist, of course."

After lunch, Sir Ernest led us upstairs to his study, which had a comfortable, businesslike look. There were windows on two sides of the room. One overlooked a magnificent expanse of lawn, and the other a field in which



"So much for all those stories about police brutality."

cows were grazing. Hanging on light metal chains from the outside of the windows were two half coconuts. "I put them out for the birds," Sir Ernest said. "In winter, I get nuthatches, tits, woodpeckers—all sorts. At Christmas, I also put out the carcass of the turkey."

Getting around to Fowler, we asked Sir Ernest if he could remember when he first encountered "Modern English Usage."

"Oh, I think as soon as it was published, in 1926," he replied. "I bought it, and it fascinated me. I had always taken an interest in the subject—writing good, clear English. I don't know why. I suppose it was born in me. During the war, when things weren't too hot in London we at Regional Headquarters used to try to keep the troops amused by giving them entertainments and concerts and lectures and so forth. Somebody suggested that I should give them a talk. So I did give them a talk, on the writing of good English. Everybody seemed to enjoy it very much, so I had it privately printed, at my own expense. A copy got into the hands of the then head of the Civil Service, Sir Edward Bridges—Lord Bridges, as he is now. After the war, he wanted to start a regular course of instruction for new civil servants in the way they should use the English language. He asked me if I would write an introduction to the course. The result was a little book called 'Plain Words: A Guide to the Use of English.' When I had written that, I realized that it was not of very much use except as an essay. It had no index. So then I wrote 'The A.B.C. of Plain Words.' I later amalgamated the two and expanded and improved them. The result was a book with the ridiculous title 'The Complete Plain Words.' The books were a great success in England. They sold terrifically—something like a million copies."

The books also brought Sir Ernest many honors and, in 1957, an invitation from the Oxford University Press, publishers of "Modern English Usage," to bring that trusty work up to date. He accepted, and for the next eight years applied himself to the task; during the second half of that period he gave his full time to the job.

To get the project under way, Sir Ernest said, the Oxford University Press sent copies of the original edition of Fowler to half a dozen qualified people and asked them to make suggestions for the revision. "Some took their assignment very seriously and made a lot of suggestions," Sir Ernest said. "Others made only a very few. I read all the suggestions that these people had been good enough to make, and then I took the book and went through it. In the end, after thinking about it for myself, I just put down what I thought was the right thing." Though the revised edition, which runs to seven hundred and twenty-five pages, is slightly shorter than the original, the new book contains some three hundred and seventy-five new articles, all written by Sir Ernest. "I don't swear to that number, but if I may use the expression that Fowler himself said was so revolting, it is in the neighborhood of that figure," he said. Space for the new entries was made by using a more compact type, by paring some of Fowler's examples of wrong usage, and by scrapping some articles altogether.

"Of the articles that you retained, which were the hardest to revise?"

"I spent a lot of time on the hyphens. That article was entirely rewritten, from beginning to end, simply because I didn't think Fowler quite got that. I daresay I didn't, either, but I probably got a little nearer than he did. I had a *lot* of trouble with 'Shall and Will,' trying to bring it up to date. Fowler was quite obviously out of date there. Also, though it sounds odd, 'Feminine Designations' took me an awfully long time. I thought Fowler was often wrong there, and I tried to set him right."

"Did you find that Fowler was wrong in many other places?"

"I have the greatest respect for the old boy, but he had crotchets, you know. Of course, that is one of the main reasons he is so interesting. Sometimes it was a problem whether to leave the crotchet or to try to say what I thought was right. My rule was: If he has an arguable case, let him have his head—never mind what I think—but if he has quite clearly gone wrong, or if things have changed since he died, then he has to be altered. For instance, he still said when his book was published that nobody except an illiterate person would ever use the verb 'aggravate' in the sense of 'annoy.' Well, that's gone West. It's no longer true." Because of other changes in the verbal currency, Sir Ernest continued, he had had to alter many old Fowler favorites, such as "Sturdy Indefensibles" and "Vogue Words." The latter article is longer in the revised edition than it was in the original, because the use of "fashionable" words has become more popular since Fowler's day; the list of "words owing their vogue to the joy of showing that one has acquired them" now includes "allergic," "ambience," "ambivalent," "catalyst," "equate," and "seminal."

We told Sir Ernest that among the articles he had contributed to the revised edition two of our favorites were "Image" ("Though we may not care very much nowadays about the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us, we put a high value on that of persuading others to see us as we see ourselves") and "Relax" ("In the middle of the 20th c. the exhortation invariably addressed to anyone showing signs of strain is *Relax!* In the 19th c. it was *Buck up!* There is matter for an essay here, but this is not the place for it"), and asked him which articles he had especially enjoyed writing.

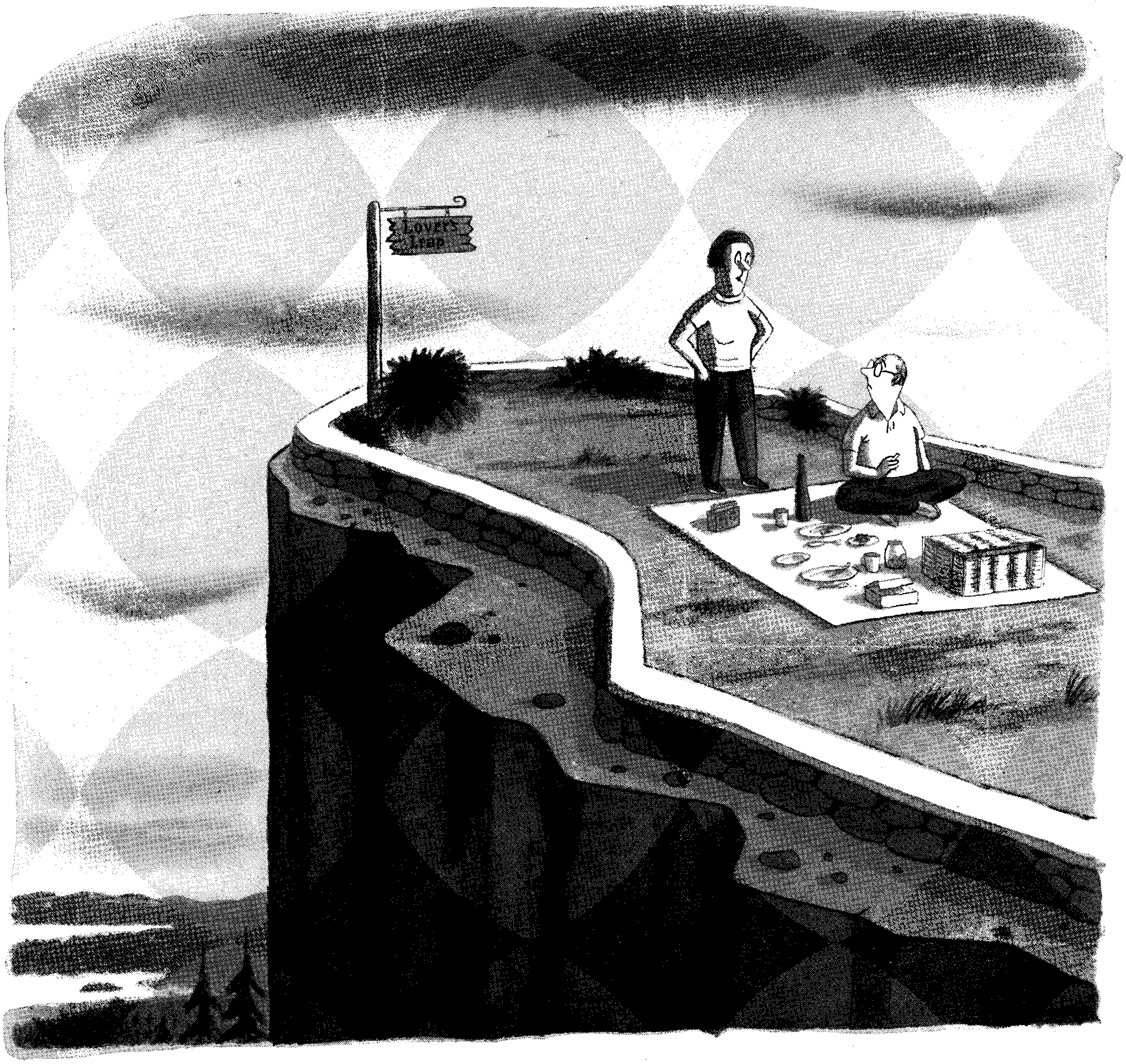
"I liked 'Image,' too," he said, leafing through a copy of the book. "I also rather liked 'Abstractitis': 'A writer uses abstract words because his thoughts are cloudy; the habit of using them clouds his thoughts still further; he may end by concealing his meaning not only from his readers but also from himself, and writing such sentences as *The actualization of the motivation of the forces must to a great extent be a matter of personal angularity*.' I liked 'Headline Language.' I thought 'Reduplicated Words' was great fun, and I rather liked 'Square': '*Stuffy* was square's immediate predecessor; those who used to call their parents stuffy are now squares to their own children.' "

We remarked that the reviews had greatly praised Sir Ernest for his preservation of the style and the spirit of the original work ("A masterly act of impersonation," the *Observer* said), and asked if he thought of himself in the way a contemporary once described Fowler—as "an instinctive grammatical moralizer."

"No, I wouldn't class myself as that. I think I would go nearer than Fowler ever would have gone to the modern grammarian who holds that everything that is used is right. If you read the article on 'Who and Whom,' you'll see how the ungrammatical 'who' is ousting the grammatical 'whom' in certain phrases in a way that can't be resisted in the end. Also, everybody would agree, I think, that nowadays in conversation it would be pedantic to say, 'That's I' and not 'That's me,' or 'That's he' and not 'That's him.' "

"Then—to borrow a phrase from your preface—you tend to be less a prescriptive than a historical grammarian?"

"Well, less than Fowler but not



"Well, I'm ready if you are."

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wholly so. But I do think he's right in saying that there is a proper and orderly way of placing words, not necessarily depending on Latin grammar or any prescription of that sort but depending on the proper way of doing it to make the whole relationship perfectly clear. That's what the old man was driving at all the time, much more than grammatical rules."

"His aim was clarity."

"Clarity, yes. My quotation from Swift in the preface says it in very few words: 'Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a style.' Fowler never quoted Swift, but that was his text. Proper places—that's just as important as proper words."

"What do you read for pleasure?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. I generally go back to the old books—Dickens, for one. I'm a great Dickensian. Just recently, I've been belatedly making the acquaintance of James Bond. I like it very much, but it's almost too exhausting. It's too breathless. You have to abandon all ideas of probability or verisimilitude to begin with, don't you? And when you've done that, you're carried away—carried a little too fast."

"One of the graceful remarks in the preface is the one in which you said, speaking of Fowler the man, 'He knew what he wanted from life; what he wanted was within his reach; he took it and was content.' Do you think that that also applies to you?"

"I think so. I've had a very happy life. I have no quarrel with it. I would no doubt do different things if I could have it over again. But I've been very fortunate. I've been very fortunate in living to my present age without, as far as I know, any marks of senility. I think it is a very pleasant thing to have this particular achievement—the new book—at this point. It gives me rather the sensation of going out not with a whimper but a bang, and that's very agreeable."

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NOTICE observed on an elevator door in the Columbia University Library:

TO GET TO TIER 10

Do *not* press button 10 until the elevator is moving. Press button 9 or 11, and when the elevator moves, press and hold button 10. This does not apply to the other elevator.

IN TRANSIT

AFTER the Cook's party of twenty-five Japanese tourists had departed for Oslo, only four people were left in the waiting room of the Helsinki Airport—a young French couple named Perrigny, who had not been married long, and an elderly pair who were identifiably American. When they were sure that the young people two benches forward could not understand them, the old people went on with a permanent, flowing quarrel. The man had the habit of reading signs out loud, though perhaps he did it only to madden his wife. He read the signs over the three doors leading out to the field: " 'Oslo.' 'Amterdam.' 'Copenhagen.'. . . I don't see 'Stockholm.' "

She replied, "What I wonder is what I have been to you all these years."

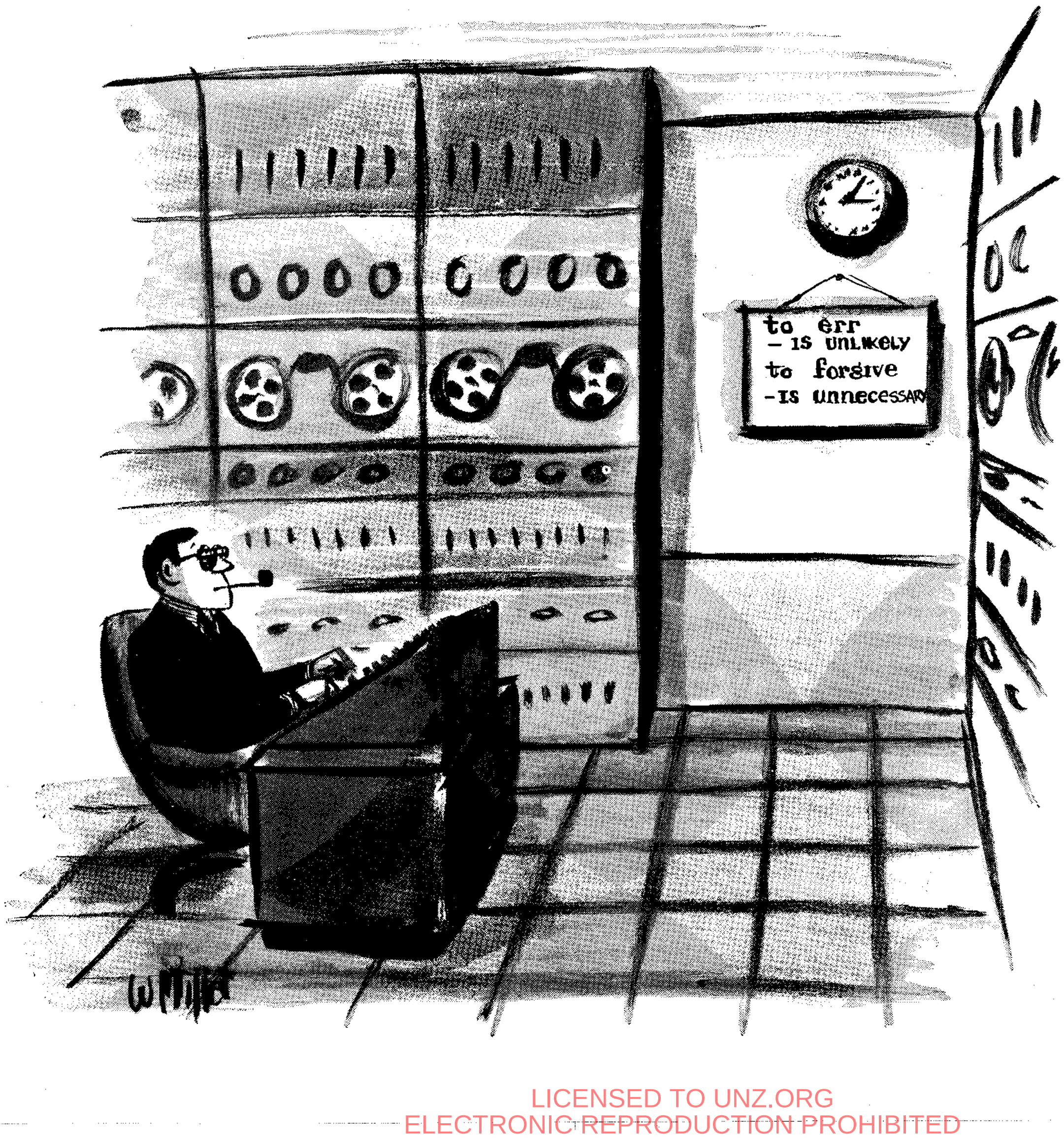
Philippe Perrigny, who understood English, turned around, pretending he was looking at Finnish pottery in the showcases on their right. He saw that the man was examining timetables and tickets, all the while muttering "Stockholm, Stockholm," while the woman looked away. She had removed her glasses and was wiping her eyes. How did she arrive at that question here, in Helsinki Airport, and how can he answer? It has to be answered in a word: everything/nothing. It was like being in a country church and suddenly hearing the peasant priest put a question no one cares to consider, about guilt or duty or the presence of God, and breathing with relief when he has got past that and on to the prayers.

"In the next world we will choose differently," the man said. "At least I know you will."

The wild thoughts of the younger man were: They are chained for the rest of this life. Too old to change? Only a brute would leave her now? They are walking toward the door marked "Amsterdam," and she limps. That is why they cannot separate; she is an invalid. He has been looking after her for years. They are going through the Amsterdam door, whatever their tickets said. Whichever door they take, they will see the circular lanes of suburbs, and the family car outside each house, and in the back yard a blue pool. All across Northern Europe streets are named after acacia trees, but they may not know that.

Perrigny was on his wedding trip, but also on assignment for his Paris paper, and he assembled the series on Scandinavia in his mind. He had been repeating for four years now an article called "The Silent Cry," and neither his paper nor he himself had become aware that it was repetitious. He began to invent again, in the style of the Paris weeklies: "It was a silent anguished cry torn from the hearts and throats . . ." No. "It was a silent song, strangled . . ." "It was a silent passionate hymn to . . ." This time the beginning would be joined to the blue-eyed puritanical north; it had applied to Breton farmers unable to get a good price for their artichokes, to the Christmas crowd at the Berlin Wall, to Greece violated by tourists, to Negro musicians performing at the Olympia music hall, to miserable Portuguese fishermen smuggled into France and dumped on the labor market, to poets writing under the influence of drugs.

The old man took his wife's hand. She was still turned away, but dry-eyed now, and protected by glasses. To distract her while their tickets were inspected he said rapidly, "Look at the nice restaurant, the attractive restaurant. It is part outside and part inside, see? It is inside *and* outside."



Perrigny's new wife gently withdrew her hand from his and said, "Why did you leave her?"

He had been expecting this, and said, "Because she couldn't concentrate on one person. She was nice to everybody, but she couldn't concentrate enough for a marriage."

"She was unfaithful."

"That too. It came from the same lack of concentration. She had been married before."

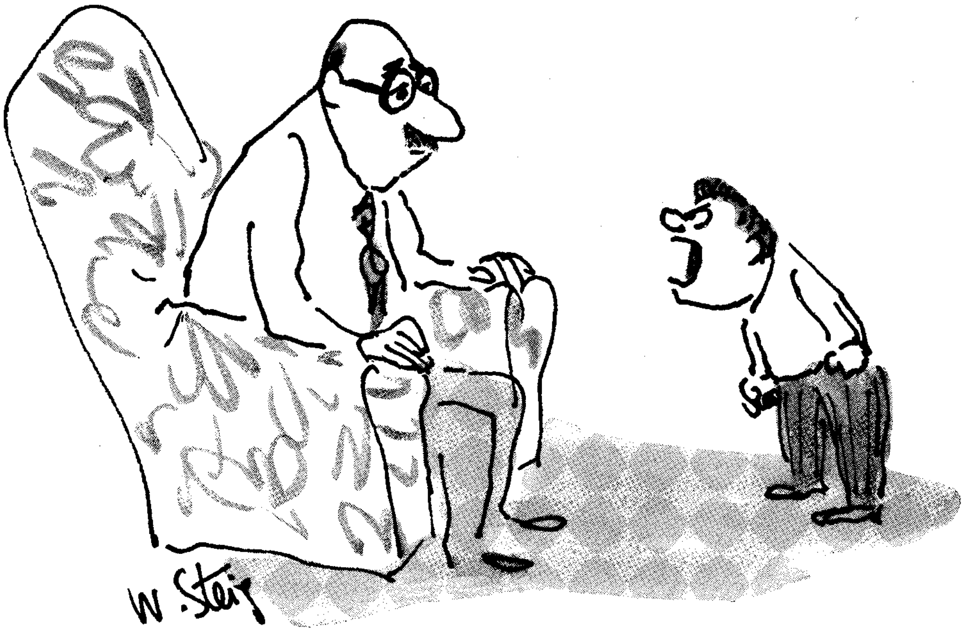
"Oh? She was old?"

"She's twenty-seven now. She was afraid of being twenty-seven. She used to quote something from Jane Austen—an English writer," he said as Claire frowned. "Something about a woman that age never being able to hope for anything again. I wonder what she did hope for."

"The first husband left her, too?"

"No, he died. They hadn't been married very long."

"You *did* leave her?" said the girl, for fear of a possible



"Apologize!"

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humiliation—for fear of having married a man some other woman had thrown away.

"I certainly did. Without explanations. One Sunday morning I got up and dressed and went away. I came back when she wasn't there and took my things away—my tape recorder, my records. I came back twice for my books. I never saw her again except to talk about the divorce."

"Weren't you unhappy, just walking out that way? You make it sound so easy."

"I don't admire suffering," he said, and realized he was echoing his first wife. Suffering was disgusting to her; the emblem of dirt was someone like Kafka alone in a room distilling blows and horror.

"Nobody admires suffering," said the girl, thinking of aches and cramps. "She had a funny name."

"Yes, terrible. Shirley. She always had to spell it over the phone. Suzanne Henri Irma Robert Louis Émile Yvonne. It is not pronounced as it is spelled."

"Were you really in love with her?"

"I was the first time I saw her. The mistake was that I married her. The mystery was why I ever married her."

"Was she pretty?"

"She had lovely hair, like all the American girls, but she was always cutting it and making it ugly. She had good legs, but she wore flat shoes. Like all the Americans, she wore her clothes just slightly too long, and with the flat shoes . . . she never looked dressed. She was blind as a mole and wore dark glasses because she had lost the other ones. When she took her glasses off, sometimes she looked ruthless. But she was worried and impulsive, and thought men had always exploited her."

Claire said, "How do I know you won't leave me?" but he could tell from her tone she did not expect an answer to that.

Their flight was called. They moved out under "Copenhagen," carrying their cameras and raincoats. He was glad this first part of the journey was over. He and Claire were together the whole twenty-four hours. She was good if he said he was working, but puzzled and offended if he read. Attending to her, he made mistakes. In Helsinki he had gone with her to buy clothes. Under racks of dresses he saw her legs and bare feet. She came out, smiling, holding in front of herself a bright dress covered with suns. "You can't wear it in Paris," he said, and he saw her face change, as if he had darkened some idea she'd had of what she might be. In a park, yesterday, beside a tall spray of water, he found himself staring at another girl, who sat feeding squirrels. He admired the back of her neck, the soft parting of her hair, her brown shoulder and arm. Idleness of this kind never happened in what he chose to think of as real life—as if love and travel were opposed to living, were a dream. He drew closer to his new wife, this blond summer child, thinking of the winter honeymoon with his first wife. He had read her hand to distract her from the cold and rain, holding the leaf-palm, tracing the extremely shallow head line (no judgment, he informed her) and the choppy life—an American life, he had said, folding the leaf. He paid attention to Claire, because he had admired another girl and had remembered something happy with his first wife, all in a minute. How would Claire like to help him work, he said. Together they saw how much things cost in shopwindows, and she wrote down for him how much they paid for a meal of fried fish and temperance beer. Every day had to be filled as never at home. A gap of two hours in a strange town, in transit, was like being shut up in a stalled lift with nothing to read.

Claire would have given anything to be the girl in the park, to have that neck and that hair *and* stand off and see it, all at once. She saw the homage he paid the small ears, the lobes pasted. She had her revenge in the harbor, later, when a large group of tourists mistook her for someone famous—for an actress, she supposed. She had been told she looked like Catherine Deneuve. They held out cards and papers and she signed her new name, "Claire Perrigny," "Claire Perrigny," over and over, looking back at him with happy triumphant eyes. Everything flew and shrieked around them—the seagulls, the wind, the strangers calling in an unknown language something she took to mean "Your name, your name!"

"They think I am famous!" she called, through her thick flying hair. She smiled and grinned, in conspiracy, because she was not famous at all, only a pretty girl who had been married eight days. Her tongue was dark with the blueberries she had eaten in the market—until Philippe had told her, she hadn't known what blueberries were. She smiled her stained smile, and tried to catch her soaring skirt between her knees. Compassion, pride, tenderness, jealousy, and acute sick misery were what he felt in turn. He saw how his first wife had looked before he had ever known her, when she was young and in love.

—Mavis Gallant

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"When we match the projection in employment changes by type of occupation against the readership of newspapers by occupation, the correlation is a happy one," Mr. Tannenbaum said.

"Newspaper readership," he added, "tends to be the highest among those occupational groups which will grow most rapidly, and conversely will be the lowest in those groups which do less newspaper reading."—*The Times.*

Nothing escapes Tannenbaum.

ROLAND MAGRUDER, FREELANCE WRITER

DURING the first week of summer, at a beach party in East Hampton, a portly man wearing tan Levis and a blue-and-white gondolier's shirt told Marlene Drentluss that he was a "socio-economic observer" currently working on a study entitled "The Appeal of Chinese Food to Jewish Intellectuals." Marlene had already suggested that the rejection of one dietary ritual might lead inevitably to the adoption of another when it occurred to her that he might not be telling the truth. Later in the evening, she was informed that the man was in fact the assistant accountant of a trade magazine catering to the pulp-and-paper industry. She was more cautious a few days later, nodding without commitment when a man she met at a grocery store in Amagansett said he spent almost all of his time "banging away at the old novel." A few days later, she saw his picture in an advertisement that a life-insurance company had taken in the *Times* to honor its leading salesmen in the New York-New Jersey-Connecticut area. She eventually decided that men automatically misrepresent their occupations in the summer on the eastern end of Long Island, as if some compulsion to lie were hanging in the air just east of Riverhead. The previous summer, in another Long Island town, everybody had said he was an artist of one kind or another; the year before that, in a town not ten miles away, men had claimed to be mystical wizards of the New York Stock Exchange. Around East Hampton, she seemed to meet nobody who did not claim to be a writer. When Marlene drove past the Sunday-morning softball game in East Hampton, she was fond of saying—even though she was invariably alone—"There stand eighteen freelance writers, unless they're using short-fielders today, in which case there stand twenty freelance writers." Marlene was beginning to pride herself on her cynicism.

Occasionally, she met writers who were not freelance writers, since they were employed by some magazine or newspaper, but they all said that their jobs meant nothing more to them than a way to finance their real writing—and they demonstrated this fact with stories about their office heresies. One of them—a slim young man who said his real writing was "a children's book for adults about a boy and girl in Carl Schurz Park"—told Marlene that he wrote the Religion section for *Time* and that he drove the editors to distraction by putting the word "alleged" before all questionable religious events, so that he would write, "The Gospels were written fifty years after the alleged Crucifixion," or "The Jews wandered in the wilderness for forty years after the alleged parting of the Red Sea." Marlene realized that the alleged writer did not in fact write the Religion section of *Time* when she finally placed his face as belonging to one of the countless Wall Street wizards she had met two summers before. It turned out he was neither a Wall Street wizard nor a Religion writer but a salesman who tried to sign up young executives for the Alexander Hamilton Business Course. Marlene was not surprised. A week later, she dismissed with one loud guffaw a young man who said he conquered the anonymity of the *Times* News of the Week in Review by spelling out "LOOK, MA, IT'S ME, IRV" vertically with the first letter of the first word in each paragraph of his stories.

Not long after she had disposed of the would-be Religion editor, she met a man named Lester Kranitt, who said he supported himself while writing his novel by working for a company called After Dinner, Inc. According to Kranitt, After Dinner, Inc. earned a great deal of money by providing after-dinner speakers with well-written speeches on any subject. "It's really *too* sordid," said Kranitt, smiling at the recollection. "I work for a very crude man who never says anything to me but 'Hey, champ, can you knock me out eight hundred words on the place of foundation garments in our private enterprise system by six tonight?' or 'Hey, champ, why don't you sit yourself down and work me up the two thousand words Eddie O'Brien will have to say at a testimonial dinner called Eddie O'Brien's Twenty-five Years Behind the Wheel of a Five-Passenger Checker, by ten tomorrow morning?' "

Marlene listened to Kranitt for about ten minutes before recognizing him as a man who had once waited on her at Bloomingdale's. She said, "Listen, champ, why don't you knock me out fifty words on brushing off a phony." If he had been a decent phony, she thought later, he would have at least quoted her a price for a brush-off speech.

AFTER all these experiences, Marlene was understandably skeptical when, at a party at Bernie Mohler's summer place near East Hampton, a young man named Roland Magruder answered her question about his occupation in the usual way. "What *kind* of writer?" she said, suspiciously. She could not believe that he had not heard how difficult she was to impress with this approach.

"A freelance writer," said Magruder, who was quite aware of how difficult she was to impress with this approach, and had even heard odds quoted on the matter.

"What kind of freelance writer?" asked Marlene.

"A sign writer."

"A sign painter?"

"No," said Magruder. "I write signs. Cities retain me to write signs on a freelance basis. I specialize in traffic work. 'Yield Right of Way' is a good example."

"Somebody *wrote* 'Yield Right of Way'?" asked Marlene.

"*I* wrote 'Yield Right of Way,' " said Magruder, permitting a tone of pride to creep into his voice. "Do you think something like 'Yield Right of Way' writes itself? Do you think it was written by the gorilla who installed the signs on the Expressway? He would have probably written 'Let the Other Guy Keep in Front of Ya.' Have you been going under the impression that 'Vehicles Weighing Over Five Tons Keep Right' was composed by Robert F. Wagner, Jr.?"

"But these messages are obvious," argued Marlene.

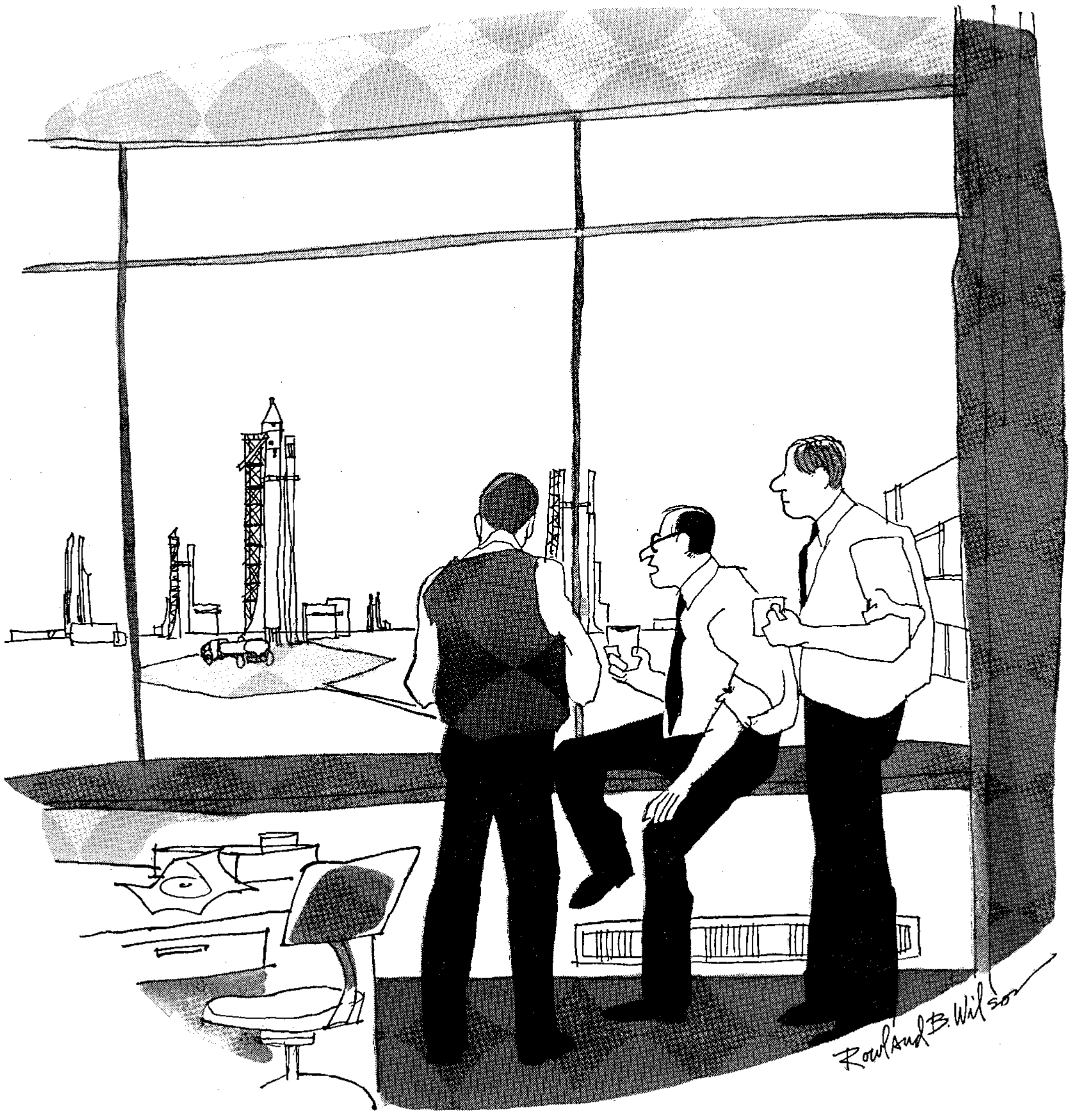
"You would have probably said that it was obvious for Brigham Young to say 'This is the place' when the Mormons reached Utah, or for Pétain to say 'They shall not pass,' or for MacArthur to say 'I shall return.' I suppose you think those lines just happened to come out of their mouths, without any previous thought or professional consultation. I think, by the way, if I may say so, that my 'No Passing' says everything 'They shall not pass' says, and without succumbing to prolixity."

"You mean to say you're being paid

for writing ‘Stop’ and ‘One Way’ and ‘Slow’?” asked Marlene. She tried to include as much sarcasm as possible in her voice, but Magruder seemed to take no notice.

“A certain economy of style has never been a handicap to a writer,” he said. “On the other hand, while it’s true that traffic signs are a vehicle that permits a pithiness impossible in most forms, I do longer pieces. ‘Next Train for Grand Central on Track Four’ is one of mine—at the Times Square subway station. There’s another one at the Times Square station that you certainly haven’t seen yourself but that I think has a certain flair: ‘This Is Your Men’s Room; Keep It Clean.’ I’ve heard several people talk of that one as the ultimate expression of man’s inability to identify with his group in an urban society.”

That was almost too much for Marlene. She had found herself beginning to believe Magruder—his self-confidence was awesome, and, after all, who would have the gall to take credit for “One Way” if he hadn’t written it?—but bringing in sociological criticism was a challenge to credulity. Just then, Bernie Mohler passed by on his way to the patio and said, “Nice job on ‘World’s Fair Parking,’ Roland.”



“On the other hand, if we launch after the twenty-first, Neptune will be dominant in the twelfth house, with Capricorn on the ascendant.”

• •

“What did you have to do with World’s Fair parking?” asked Marlene.

“That’s it,” said Magruder. “ ‘World’s Fair Parking.’ It’s on the Expressway. Do you like it?”

Before Marlene could answer, a blond girl joined them and asked, “Was that your ‘This Is Water Mill—Slow Down and Enjoy It’ I saw on Highway 27, Roland?”

Magruder frowned. “I’m not going to get involved in that cutesy stuff just to satisfy the Chamber of Commerce types,” he said. “I told the town board that ‘Slow Down’ says it all, and they could take it or leave it.”

“I thought your ‘No Parking Any Time’ said it all,” remarked a tall young man with a neat beard. “I’ve heard a lot of people say so.”

“Thanks very much,” Magruder said, looking down at the floor modestly.

“Oh, did you do that?” Marlene found herself asking.

“It wasn’t much,” said Magruder, still looking at the floor.

“You don’t happen to know who did the big ‘NO’ sign at Coney Island?” Marlene asked. “The one that has one ‘NO’ in huge letters and then lists all the things you can’t do in smaller letters next to it?” Marlene realized she had always been interested in the big “NO” sign.

“I introduced the Big ‘NO’ concept at the city parks several years ago,” said Magruder. “Some people say it’s a remarkable insight into modern American urban life, but I think that kind of talk makes too big a thing of it.”

“Oh, I don’t,” said Marlene. “I think it’s a marvellous expression of the negativism of our situation.”

“Well, that’s enough talking about me,” said Magruder. “Can I get you another drink?”

“I’m really tired of this party anyway,” said Marlene.

“I’ll drive you home,” said Magruder. “We can cruise by a ‘Keep Right Except to Pass’ sign, if you like. It’s on the highway just in front of my beach house.”

“Well, O.K.,” said Marlene, “but no stopping.”

“I wrote that,” Magruder said, and they walked out the door together.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

The ruling of Circuit Judge James Walden that a Hollywood septic tank service did not violate a court order prohibiting open-field sludge dumping because the sludge was buried underground reminds me of that old chestnut of a camel burying head and eyes in the sand to elude dangers.—*From a letter in the Fort Lauderdale (Fla.) Sun-Sentinel.*

Or the way a pelican saves water against a rainy day.

SLAVE QUARTERS

In the great place the great house is gone from   in the sun
Room, near the kitchen of air   I look across at low walls
Of slave quarters, and feel my imagining loins

Rise with the madness of Owners
To take off the Master's white clothes
And slide all the way into moonlight.

Let me stand as though moving

At midnight, now at the instant of sundown
When the wind turns

From sea-wind to land, and the marsh grass
Hovers, changing direction.
                              There was this house
That fell before I got out. I can pull
It over me where I stand, up from the earth,
Back out of the shells
Of the sea,
              become with the change of this air

A coastal islander, proud of his grounds,
His dogs, his spinet
From Savannah, his pale daughters,
His war with the saw-grass, pushed back into
The sea it crawled from. Nearer dark, unseen,
I can begin to dance
Inside my gabardine suit
As though I had left my silk nightshirt

In the hall of mahogany, and crept
To slave quarters to live out
The secret legend of Owners. Ah, stand up,
Blond loins, another
Love is possible! My thin wife would be sleeping
Or would not mention my absence.
                                    The moonlight

On these rocks can be picked like cotton
By a crazed Owner dancing-mad
With the secret repossession of his body,

Phosphorescent and mindless, shedding
Blond-headed shadow on the sand,
Hounds pressing in their sleep
Around him, smelling his footblood
On the strange ground that lies between skins.
Who seeks the other color of his body,

His loins giving off a frail light
On the dark lively shipwreck of grass,   sees
Water live where
The half-moon touches,
The moon made whole in one wave.
                                    I come past

A sand crab pacing sideways   his eyes out
On stalks   the bug-eyed vision of fiddler
Crabs sneaking a light on the run
From the split moon   holding in it a white man stepping
Down the road of clamshells and cotton   his eyes out
On stems   the tops of the sugar
Cane soaring   the saw-grass walking.
                                    I come past

The stale pools left
Over from high tide   where the crab in the night-sand
Is basting himself with his claws   moving ripples outward,
Feeding on brightness
                    and above
A gull also crabs slowly,
Tacks, jibs   then turning the corner
Of wind   glides down upon his reflection.

My body has a color not yet freed.
In that ruined house let me throw
Obsessive gentility off,
Let Africa rise upon me like a man
Whose instincts are delivered from their chains
Where they lay close-packed and wide-eyed
In muslin sheets
As though in the miserly holding
Of too many breaths by one ship. Now

Worked in silver   their work lies all
Around me   and I pass through the ghost of a slave
Born in this place of a white man   the fields dissolving
Into the sea   I stoop to the soil   working
Gathering   moving to the rhythm of a music
That has crossed the ocean in chains,

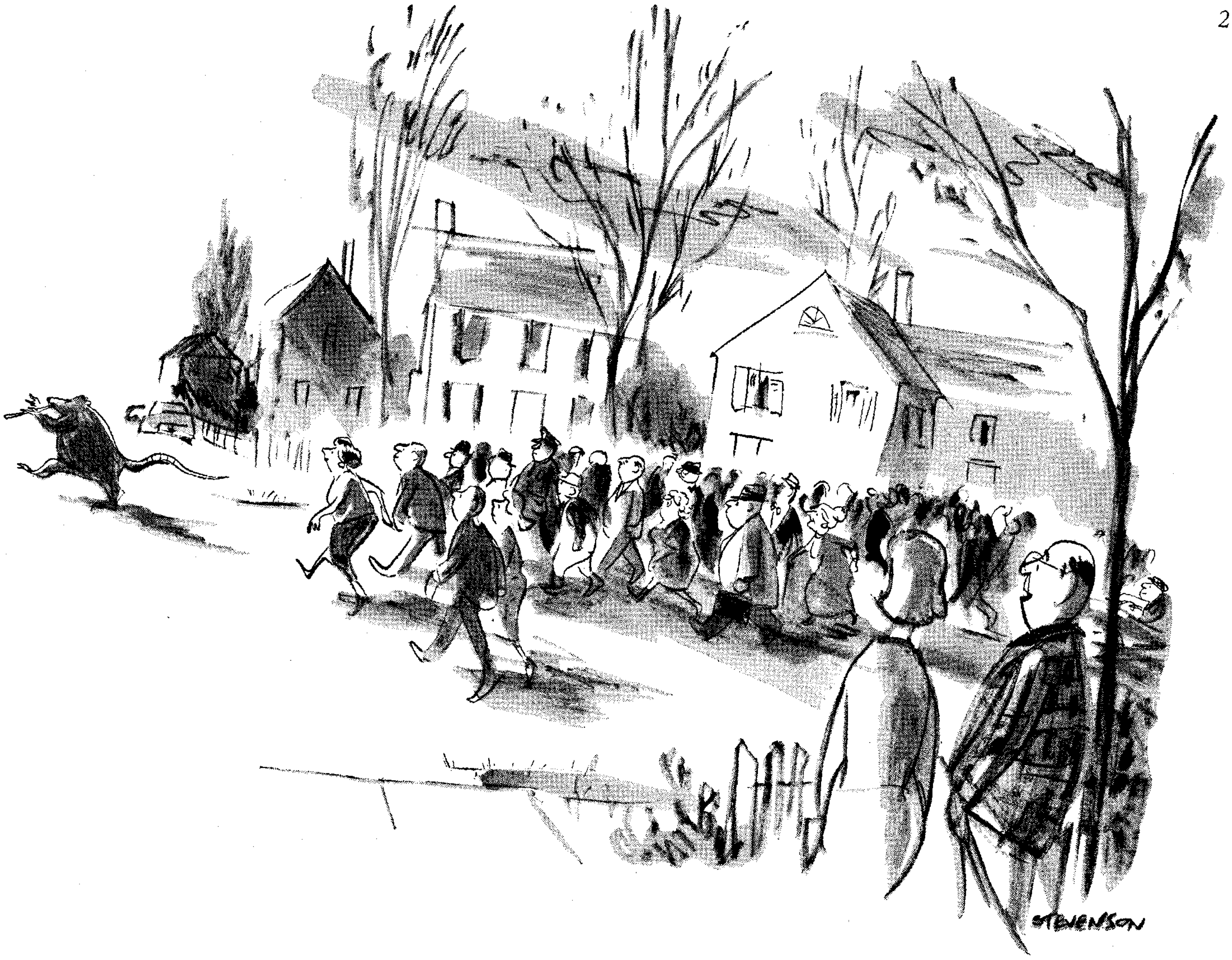
In the grass the great singing void of slave

Labor about me   the moonlight bringing
Sweat out of my back as though   the sun
Changed skins upon me   some other
Man moving near me on horseback   whom I look in the eyes
Once a day.
                    But now I am here
In slave quarters,   am white   and know what I came for.
There in that corner

Her bed turned to grass. Unsheltered by these walls,
The outside fields form slowly
Anew, in a kind of barrelling blowing,
Bend in all the right places. How take on the guilt

Of slavers? How shudder like one who made
Money from buying a people
To work as ghosts
In this blowing solitude?
I only stand here upon shells   dressed poorly
For nakedness   poorly
For the dark wrecked hovel of rebirth,

Picking my way in thought
To the black room
Where starlight blows off the roof
And the great beasts that died with the minds
Of the first slaves stand at the door, asking
For death, asking to be
Forgotten: the sadness of elephants,
The visionary pain in the heads
Of incredibly poisonous snakes
Lion   wildebeest   giraffe   all purchased also
When one wished only
Labor
              those beasts becoming
For the white man the animals of Eden,
Emblems of sexual treasure   all beasts attending



“Say, I like that tune!”

• •

Me now   my dreamed dogs snarling at the shades
Of eland and cheetah
On the dispossessed ground where I dance
In my clothes beyond movement.

In nine months she would lie
With a knife between her teeth to cut the pain
Of bearing
A child who belongs in no world   my hair in that boy
Turned black   my skin
Darkened by half   his, lightened
By that half exactly   the beasts of Africa reduced
To cave-shadows flickering on his brow
As I think of him.   A child would rise from that place
With half my skin. He could for an instant
Of every day   when the wind turns   look
Me in the eyes. What do you feel when passing

Your blood beyond death
To another in secret: into
Another who takes your features   and adds
A misplaced Africa to them,
Changing them forever
As they must live? What happens
To you   when such a one bears
You after your death into rings

Of battling light   a heavyweight champion
Through the swirling glass of four doors,
In epauletted coats   into places
Where you learn to wait
On tables   into sitting in all-night cages
In parking lots   into raising
A sun-sided spade in a gang
Of men on a tar road working
Until the crickets give up?
What happens when the sun goes down

And the white man's loins still stir
In a house of air   still draw him toward
Slave quarters? When the moon begins to come
Apart on the water
And two hundred years are turned back
On with the headlights of a car?
When you learn that there is no hatred
Like love in the eyes
Of a wholly owned face? When you think of what
It would be like   what it has been,
What it is to look once a day
Into an only
Son's brown, waiting, wholly possessed
Amazing eyes, and not
Acknowledge, but own?

—James Dickey

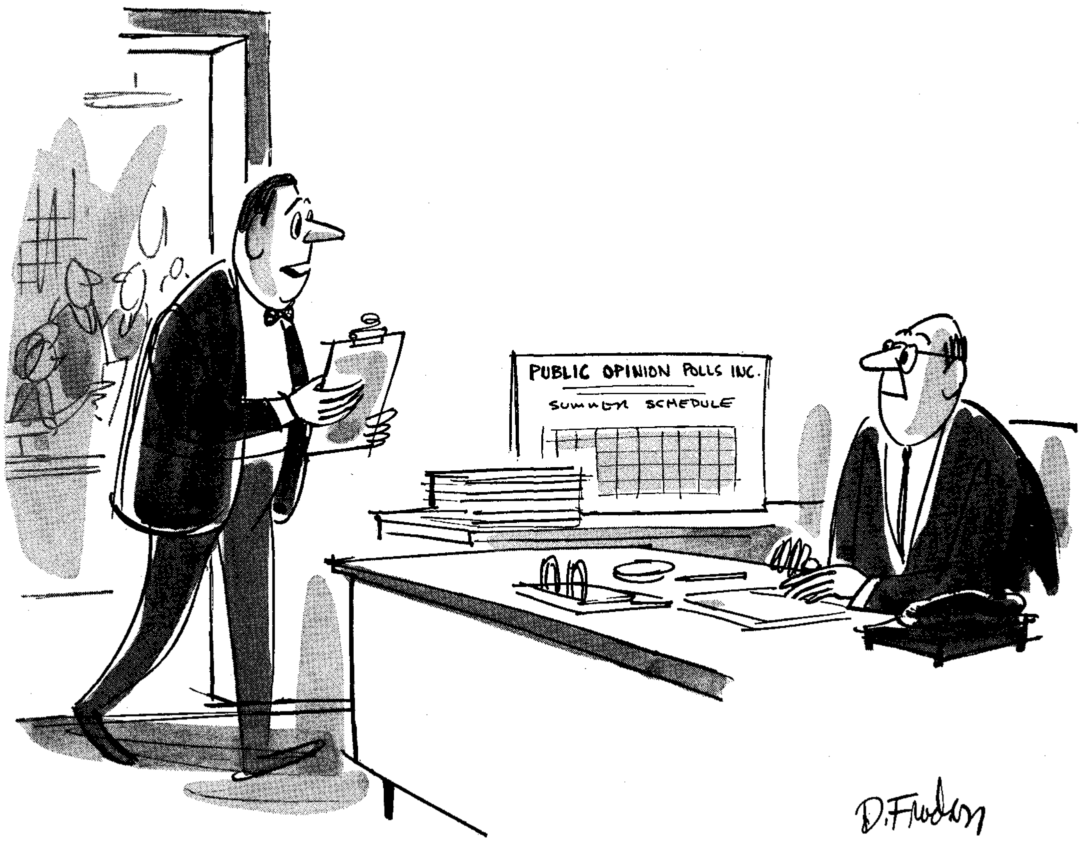
THE SHADOW OF KINDNESS

Mrs. Bagot missed the children. They had been gone twenty-four hours. It was exactly that length of time since she had put them on the train, in the care of the guard, and sent them off to her sister and brother in the country, where they were going to spend a month. She wished the month was over. She didn't know what to do with herself when they were away. Without them the house had neither substance nor meaning. The house was lonely, that is what it amounted to, and Mrs. Bagot felt the house was making her lonely. But the house was going to look very nice when the children came back. She was already planning what she would do to welcome them. She was going to put flowers all around—she would cut all the flowers in the garden. And she was going to bake a cake and put both their names on it in icing: "Lily," "Margaret." And then there were other things she was going to do, but these preparations, which she had already memorized and timed to the minute, still left her with nothing to do for a month but look *forward*, and she knew a grown woman should have more life of her own. Even if she had children, a woman should have a life of her own that would stand up when the children were out of the house for any length of time. She knew that. It was not right to let yourself get so lost in your children that you could find no trace of yourself when they were gone. What would she do when they grew up? Of course, it was silly to think of it; not silly—morbid. She was letting her imagination run away with her. She would make herself a cup of tea and cheer herself up. The tea would cheer her up. Still, she did not move. She continued to stand by the big window looking out into her garden.

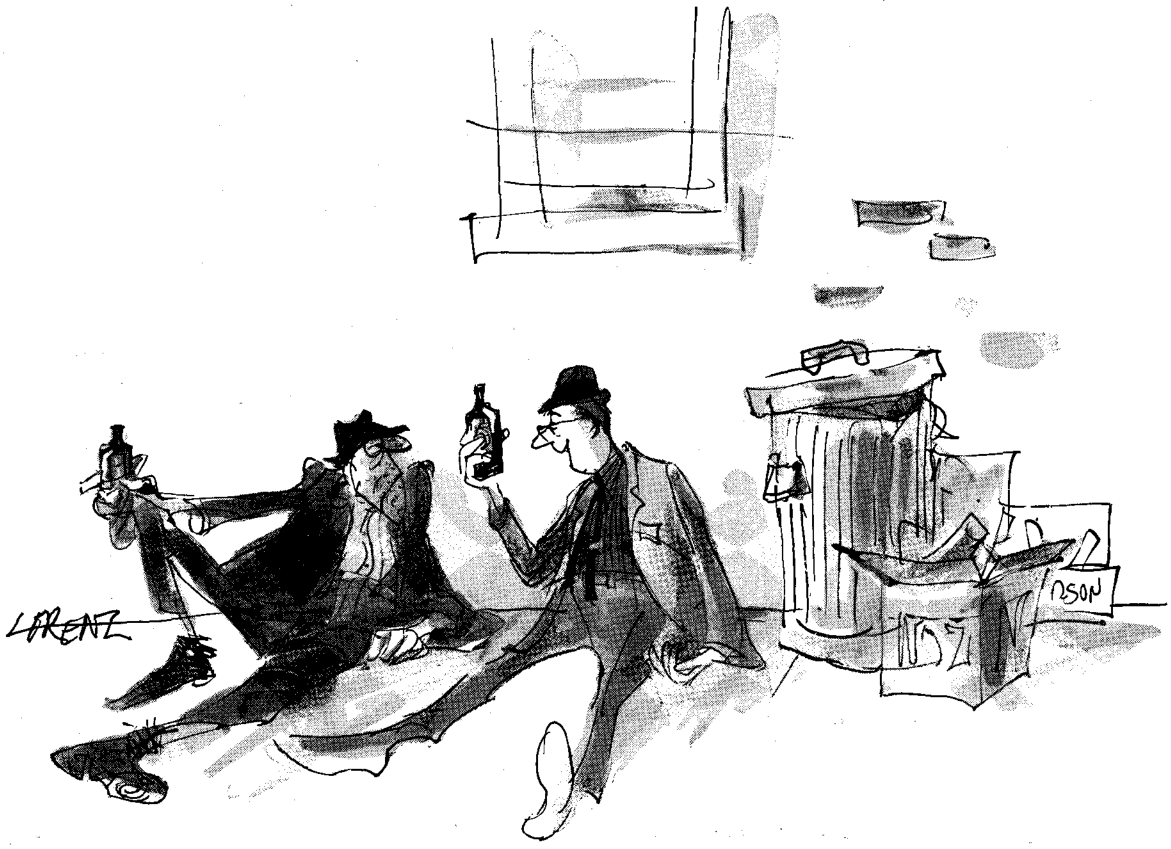
The big window was the window in the dining room. It was very big, a sash window, and almost square, and at the moment it was very bare, because she had taken the curtains down for washing. The garden was almost out of sight behind the rain. The yellow rosebush seemed far away, a steady blur of brightness, like a street lamp in the fog. And the other flowers, not as intimately massed around one center as the roses were, and not so strongly defined, seemed to be moving about by themselves, swimming slowly about in the wet gray air and arranging themselves in different patterns from the ones she had imagined and seen come to life as the summer wore on. This was the heaviest rain they had had for a long time and she was glad to see it—it was needed. And she was glad it had come today and not yesterday. The children would not have liked travelling in the rain. They had been looking forward to the view from the train windows. And then there would have been all that worry about damp feet and damp heads. Yes, it was fortunate the rain had held off until now.

Earlier in the day, in the morning, when she saw the rain getting heavier, she went out and cut all the full-blown and half-blown roses. She cut the white, the pink, and the red—all but the yellow. The yellow rosebush had been in the garden when she and Martin moved here, and she had a particular affection for it, because she felt it had encouraged her to set to work and make the lovely garden she had out there now. She seldom cut a yellow rose, and this year, as they bloomed, the roses on that bush had arranged themselves so marvellously that it was as though a great artist had made them grow in that certain way to match a picture he had in his mind. And so this morning she had left all the yellow roses to survive or fall together. As well as she could see, they were holding up, in a round shape that tapered slightly toward the top—a dense, delicate ball of yellow that was like a Christmas tree ornament or an Oriental roof. It was accidental, that grouping. It might never occur again. She was glad she had not disturbed them.

The white roses, and all the pinks and all the reds, made quite a big bunch. She had put them around in this room and in the front room and in the hall, and then, foolishly, she had put a small bunch in the children's room to make it seem less deserted. When she wrote to Lily and Margaret tonight she would tell them there were flowers waiting for them in their room, beside their window, on the little table that was all marked and stained with chalk and ink and putty and plasticine. The window in the children's room corresponded with this window where she stood—they had the back bedroom. The paper on the walls of that room was cream-colored and covered with miniature garlands of small blue flowers. The flowers were faded and as indistinct as the real flowers in her garden were today in the



"Believe it or not, here's one with zero per cent for, zero per cent against, and a hundred per cent undecided."



"It's a really great diet. I've lost over fifteen pounds in just two weeks."

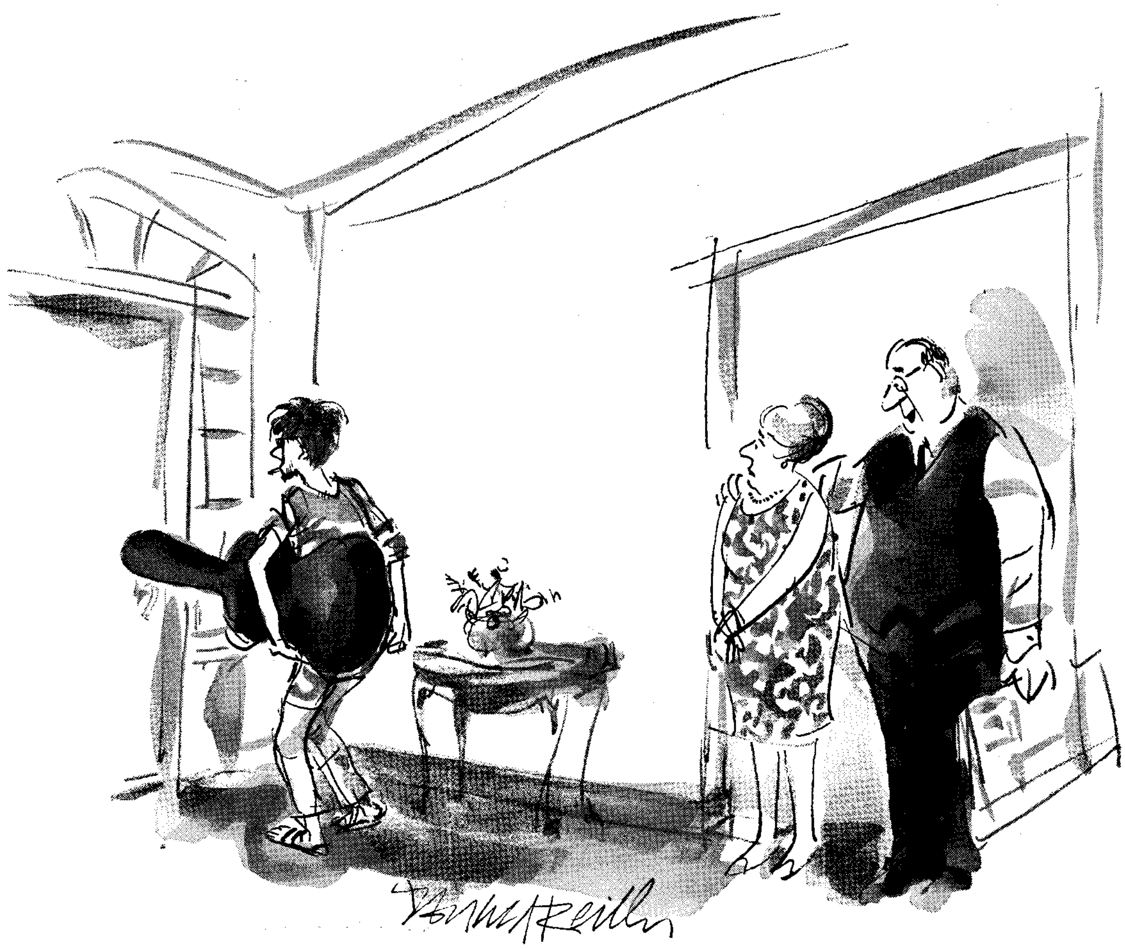
rain. It was old wallpaper and, like the yellow rosebush, it had been here when she and Martin moved in, years ago.

All the windows in the house were closed tight against the rain, but the damp had crept in anyway. Mrs. Bagot turned from the window. Her feet and legs were cold—that was how people got rheumatism. On a day as bad as this, if the children were here, she would have lighted the fire hours ago, even if it was an extravagance. There was no use risking colds and coughs. She took the box of matches from the mantelpiece and knelt down on the hearthrug. It was between two and three weeks since they had needed a fire, and the coals were nearly hidden under a litter of tiny balls of paper, thrown in there, she knew, by Lily. She hated to burn them up. She took one ball and smoothed it out and, as she expected, it was a code. Lily was always hoping to discover a code that would be easy to write and impossible for anybody except herself to understand. Mrs. Bagot thought of taking the others out, just to look at them, but then she thought better of it. If she continued to think like this about the children she would bring bad luck on them. She struck the match impatiently and touched it here and there to the newspaper at the bottom of the grate. There were tears in her eyes. She wanted the children to enjoy themselves, but she wondered if they thought of her at all when they were away from her. They would be falling in love with their aunt and uncle. They would come back at the end of the month pining for the farm and the animals and all the freedom they had down there. Well, it couldn't be helped, and she had better get over this jealousy of her sister, and of her brother, too, although she was fonder of him. Michael was a nice fellow, and it wasn't his fault she had got nothing out of the house after their mother died. It was her sister, Nell, who had not bothered to let her know her mother was dying. They had not even let her know in time to allow her to get down to the funeral, and now she could hardly bear the thought of ever going there again, although she had been born and grown up in that house and she had as much right there as any of them. But all that was in the past, and if the children were going to be spending their holidays there she had better try and get over it all.

She started to stand up, when a warm body touched her leg. It was Bennie, the white terrier, who had come out of his sleep on the rug beside the folding doors to hear a match being struck and a fire beginning. He looked up at her. He had small brown poverty-stricken eyes and limp ears, but the line from his black nose to his chin was fine and square, and she often told the children Bennie had very good blood in him. She put her arm around him and felt how close his bones were to the flat white coils of his fur. She wondered how old he was. You never could tell with a stray, and poor Bennie had been on his last legs when she found him on the street one morning on her way from Mass and took him home. She might have been able to walk past him, but some young boys were tormenting him, and she knew she would never be able to look herself in the face again if she abandoned him to their cruelty. He had been in the house five years now. Sometimes he seemed like a puppy and sometimes he was a very thoughtful, grown-up dog. He was very faithful. He had never once snapped at the children. He had never even snapped at the cats, although Sebastian, the big orange one, was very greedy and often put his face into Bennie's food dish in the hope of finding a morsel there he might fancy for himself. "Good Bennie," Mrs. Bagot said, and pressed him closer to her side, and he stretched his neck up to her, and the storm of devotion in his eyes could never have found expression in speech. His silence burned with devotion, and so it would as long as he was alive.

She rubbed his shoulder and smiled at him and then she stood up. She moved easily, rising from her knees to stand with no effort, but when she was on her feet she felt dizzy. It was her own fault. She had not bothered to eat anything at breakfast time. She had had a cup of tea when she got up, and then, in the middle of the day, more tea, and that was all. She had felt angry with the children at breakfast time, because while she could feel angry she believed she did not miss them, and then, in the middle of the day, when her false anger, her pretense, had faded, she felt shame at the picture of herself going to trouble over food that the children would not be there to share.

There was plenty of food in the



"Don't worry too much about it. Look at Max Eastman. He wound up on 'Reader's Digest.'"

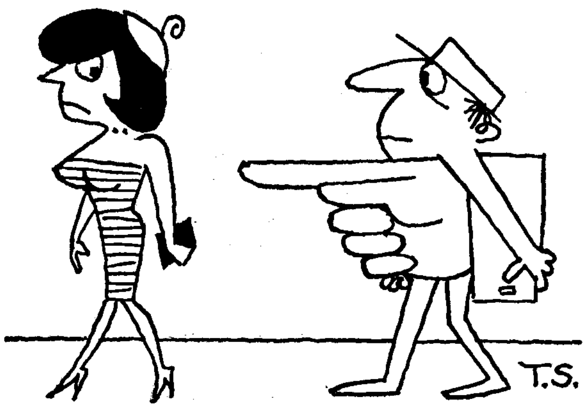
• •

house. There was even chicken, because she had given Lily and Margaret a special dinner before taking them to the train. She had cooked a chicken on purpose, because she knew their Aunt Nell would have a chicken to welcome them—one of her own chickens that she raised—and of course the children would be delighted, and of course they would tell their aunt that they had had chicken at home just before they left. Well, Mrs. Bagot thought, it was mean of her to spoil Nell's pleasure at the start of their visit, but she didn't care. There were four full sets of china down there, lovely china, and Nell had not even thought to offer her one of them. And there were other things Mrs. Bagot remembered that she would like to have, things she remembered from the beginning of her life, but Nell had never suggested giving her anything, and Mrs. Bagot told herself that the skies would fall before she would ask her sister for anything. But she had always been fond of Nell. Maybe Nell was only keeping the china for the time when Lily and Margaret got married, so that she could give them a set apiece. It would be just like Nell to imagine the china would keep better down there than here in this house where it *belonged* and where the children lived and could look at it every day and look forward to owning it in houses of their own. But who knew what went on in Nell's mind. She might be planning to surprise the children, in which case, of course, the china should remain down there where it would be nearly unfamiliar to them when they finally got it. But Mrs. Bagot wondered if Nell ever considered the possibility of Michael's getting married. Michael's wife would hardly be willing to let any of the nice things in the house go without a fight. It was very unfair. Mrs. Bagot could have had the china, and other things, too, when she left the house to be married, but she hadn't wanted to deprive her mother of them, and also she hadn't wanted to seem to be lording it over Nell, who was condemned to stay at home while her younger sister went off free. But Nell had had her chances. Michael had had chances, too, although, of course, it was different for a man. Michael would marry yet. He was the eldest of them, but still under forty. He would marry, and where would Nell be then, set in her ways as she was. They were both set in their ways—Michael was as solemn as an old bachelor. Not that it mattered to Mrs. Bagot. A person had a right to the life he or she chose, but she wished she had got her hands on that china when she had the chance. There was no use thinking about it, and she should know better by this time than to let herself fall into this train of thought. In the beginning, at the beginning of their marriage, Martin had warned her often enough against thinking, because thinking led to self-pity and there was enough of that in this world. What he had really told her was that she must stop forcing herself, stop *trying* to think, because her intelligence was not high and she must not put too much of a strain on it or she would make herself unhappy. "I don't want you to make yourself unhappy," he had said, and she remembered the nice tone his voice used to have when he spoke to her. Things had not been the same between them since Jimmy died. Jimmy would have been ten now—nearly two years older than Lily. Poor little mite, he had lived only three days, and she had not been herself for a long time afterward, and perhaps she had said things she shouldn't have said. She was sorry now for the things she shouldn't have said and that she couldn't clearly remember saying, but when she thought of that time, her mind turned to ether and she got all sleepy, and she knew it was unhealthy, not the right frame of mind for her to be in, and when the children were at home she was so busy with them that she had no time to let her thoughts go back. And she must always remember that Martin was very nice with Lily and Margaret, a very good father. He was very fond of them, and sometimes on Sunday afternoons he took them for a walk. He always asked Lily about her schoolwork, and took an interest in her. And he invented games for Margaret, to make her laugh. Lily took after him—she was very clever and always got good marks. Lily was a bit too sure of herself, perhaps, but she was a good child, and there would be a letter from her tomorrow, Mrs. Bagot was sure of that. Where the children were now, in the country, the postman went his rounds on a bicycle, and Lily would have been watching for him this afternoon.

It must be raining there, too, raining down on the trees and the fields and on the house where it stood at the end of the lane from the village. The lane was a mile long—a long ride for anyone on a bicycle—but the postman would have arrived, with the letter she had sent to them secretly the day before yesterday, when they were still here with her, and Lily would have been on the watch for him, to give him the letter for her mother. And the letter would come into Dublin on the night train, and it would be here in the morning. Well, Mrs. Bagot thought, with luck she would have it in the morning, but if it came in the morning post, she would have to give it to Martin—he would be sure to ask if there was a letter from Lily, so that he could take it along to the office to show his friends what a clever daughter he had. And then ten chances to one she would never see it again. It would stay there in the office and get mixed up in the papers on his desk and maybe be thrown out, unless someone took it. She would ask Martin to bring it back, and he would promise to bring it to her, but he would forget, and she might ask him the second time but not the third time—it was too much like nagging. And all this brought home to her how little she meant to anyone in the world except the children. And Bennie and the cats. Martin objected to the animals, and he had told her to get rid of them, but she refused to get rid of them. She had stood up to him there. Anyway, he hardly saw them. He woke up late, naturally enough, considering how late at night he had to work, and she brought him up his breakfast on a tray, and then he dressed himself and went off and came back in the early hours of the morning. He did not like her to wait up for him, and besides she couldn't and still get enough sleep to be able to give proper attention to the children. But she would always wait up for him if she thought that was what he wanted. But the times she had been up, when he got home at eleven o'clock, for example, instead of at one or two—at those times he had come in and hung his coat and hat in the hall and gone straight upstairs to his room without even saying good night to her. There were times when it seemed that he could not control his dislike of her, and yet she knew very well he did not dislike her. One night, not so very long ago, he had come into the front bedroom where she slept and waked her and asked her to heat up some milk for him, and when she brought him the milk he thanked her and told her he did not know what he would do without her. She had gone back to her own bed and lain there in an ecstasy of gratitude—a gratitude she did not understand and did not question. She knew positively that everything was going to be all right, and she was so sure of that—that everything was going to be all right—that she did not even wonder what she meant, or who or what it was she was thinking about. She only knew that her memory had lighted up and that all she remembered were times so happy that they must surely cast their radiance far into the future, over years so far ahead that she could not even dream of them.

Once, shortly after she and Martin were married, shortly after they moved to Dublin, she had wanted to get material for curtains for the back bedroom, which was still unfurnished then, because there were only the two of them in the house. Martin said he had heard of a good shop, and he volunteered to go with her, and he said, she remembered very well, that he would take her there and see that she had someone to wait on her but that then he would have to leave her, because he had an appointment. But when they got to the shop, he didn't leave her. He stayed and watched while the man behind the counter showed her what they had in the way of cretonne. The man behind the counter gave Mrs. Bagot a chair, but Martin refused to sit down. "I feel like a bull in a china shop," he said, "but at least I needn't be a sitting bull." They all laughed, and a woman standing nearby waiting for her parcel to be wrapped laughed and smiled at Mrs. Bagot, and the man behind the counter winked at Mrs. Bagot and said, "That is a witty man you have there, Mrs. . . ." And she had said "Mrs. Bagot," in such a high voice that Martin burst out laughing and said to the man behind the counter, "She's still surprised at her new name." And then Martin said, "We're only four months married," and he spoke so proudly that even she could see his pride, and she couldn't take her eyes off him—she looked at him, she gave him the same devoted, desperate look that Bennie always gave to her.

Yes, that day had been wonderful. After they left the shop the day did not end; they did not part. She was certain when they walked out onto the street that he would hurry away, and she was ready for that—to turn and go her own way home alone—but Martin said, looking up and down the crowded, busy street, "I could stand a cup of tea. What about you, Delia? After all this exertion you'd like a nice cup of tea, wouldn't you?" He was grinning at her, and then he said in a false, funny voice, "A nice cup of tea for the lady of the house?" Two or three times over the years, she had gone back to that tearoom, but the tables were always full, and so she had never gone in there again. The tea had been very good, and the cakes, and the girl had given them special attention, just as the man in the shop had done. And after tea they had gone for a walk, strolling around, looking in the shopwindows, and when she reminded him of his appointment he said, "They can wait, I can see them any time. But when will I get another chance to show you off like this?" It was strange that at the start of that long-ago day, when she got out of bed in the morning, she had not had a hint that she was seeing the beginning of a day that would never cease to unfold in her memory and that would always be waiting there, undimmed and undamaged, providing her with a place where her mind could rest and find courage.



Martin had given up sleeping in the big front bedroom, because she and the children got up early and disturbed him, moving about, and now he slept in the small room next to the bathroom, on the landing halfway up the stairs. Lately she had been hoping he would say something to her that would give them both a chance of a talk, but he had said nothing. She knew things were not as they should be between them, but while the children were at home she did not want to say anything for fear of a row that might frighten the children, and now that the children were away she found she was afraid to speak for fear of disturbing a silence that might, if broken, reveal any number of things that she did not want to see and that she was sure he did not want to see. Or perhaps he saw them and kept silent out of charity, or out of despair, or out of a hope that they would vanish if no one paid any attention to them.

But here she was now, doing herself no good—it was only storing up trouble to let herself get weak with hunger simply because she longed for a *real* reason to feel sorry for herself. She would make the toast and have tea with it. But before she did anything she would open the folding doors into the front sitting room and let some of the warmth of the fire steal in there. The room where she stood was less a dining room than a back sitting room, because she and the children spent their time there when they weren't in the kitchen. The leaves of the big table had been let down and it stood flat against the wall, with a bowl of her roses on it from this morning. The floor was covered in linoleum, but the rug Bennie had been sleeping on before he crossed to lie in the warmth of the fire fitted very neatly under the folding doors, very much as though it had been specially made, and it gave the room a nice, well-furnished appearance. She opened the doors back carefully. The front room was dim. The curtains were still up on the windows in this room—long French windows that curved out into a bow—and the gray houses across the street were dark in the falling rain. Her own house, she supposed, looked dark to her neighbors over there. She saw that some of them had their lights on, although it was only five o'clock. There was an upright piano against the wall opposite the fireplace in this room. She had put a bowl of pink roses on the piano earlier in the day, and a small vase of them on the mantelpiece. She thought that what light there was in the room came from the roses and from the shining wood of the piano. Also, the fragrance of the roses was stronger in this room than in the back room where she had been standing for so long. Standing doing nothing, she thought. But instead of reproaching herself she went to the windows and looked out into the street, which was short and narrow and had two facing rows of houses, all identical with her own. She liked to watch people going up and down the street, and she sometimes came in here to attend to her collection of ferns so that she could watch what was going on outside without seeming curious.

The ferns, all of them tall and feathery and all in the same bright shade of green—bright moss green, grass green—were arranged on a table that stood inside the bow window. She had to leave a space between the two middle pots so that Minnie, the small black cat, could sleep there. Minnie's favorite spot was in the center of the table between the ferns, and if a suitable place was not left for her she would make one, squeezing herself in until the pots rattled dangerously. Minnie was there now, half asleep, and Mrs. Bagot stroked her and watched the street. The street was safe for the children to play in. It was a dead end, and there were no garages, and in any case very few of the people had cars. The milkman came early in the morning and the bread man at eleven, but otherwise Mrs. Bagot hardly ever had to open the front door, except for the children when they came home from school at half past three. At noon every day she walked to the school with the children's lunch.

The school was not far away—a short walk along the main road and then a longer walk down a side street that was wider and busier than this one, with much bigger houses, except at the end, where the houses were suddenly very small and close together. The school was across from the small houses, behind a high cement wall with a narrow iron gate in its center. The gate opened into a cement yard, where the children played at lunchtime, and the school building, gray and high, with a few large, oblong, institutional windows, fitted and matched the

FRANKFURTERS
ICE COLD
LEMONADE!
ICE COLD LEMONADE
HOT F… RS
E.EICHLE

THE POND

With nets and kitchen sieves they raid the pond,
Chasing the minnows into bursts of mud,
Scooping and chopping, raking up frond after frond
Of swollen weed after a week of flood.

Thirty or forty minnows bob and flash
In every jam jar hoarded on the edge,
While the shrill children with each ill-aimed splash
Haul out another dozen as they dredge.

Choked to its banks, the pond spills out its store
Of frantic life. Nothing can drain it dry
Of what it breeds; it breeds so effortlessly,
Theft seems to leave it richer than before.

The nostrils snuff its rank bouquet—how warm,
How lavish, foul, and indiscriminate, fat
With insolent appetite and thirst, so that
The stomach almost heaves to see it swarm.

But trapped in glass the minnows flail and fall,
Sink, with upended bellies showing white.
After an hour I look and see that all
But four or five have died. The greenish light

Ripples to stillness, while the children bend
To spoon the corpses out, matter-of-fact,
Absorbed—as if creation's prodigal act
Shrank to this empty jam jar in the end.

—ANTHONY THWAITE

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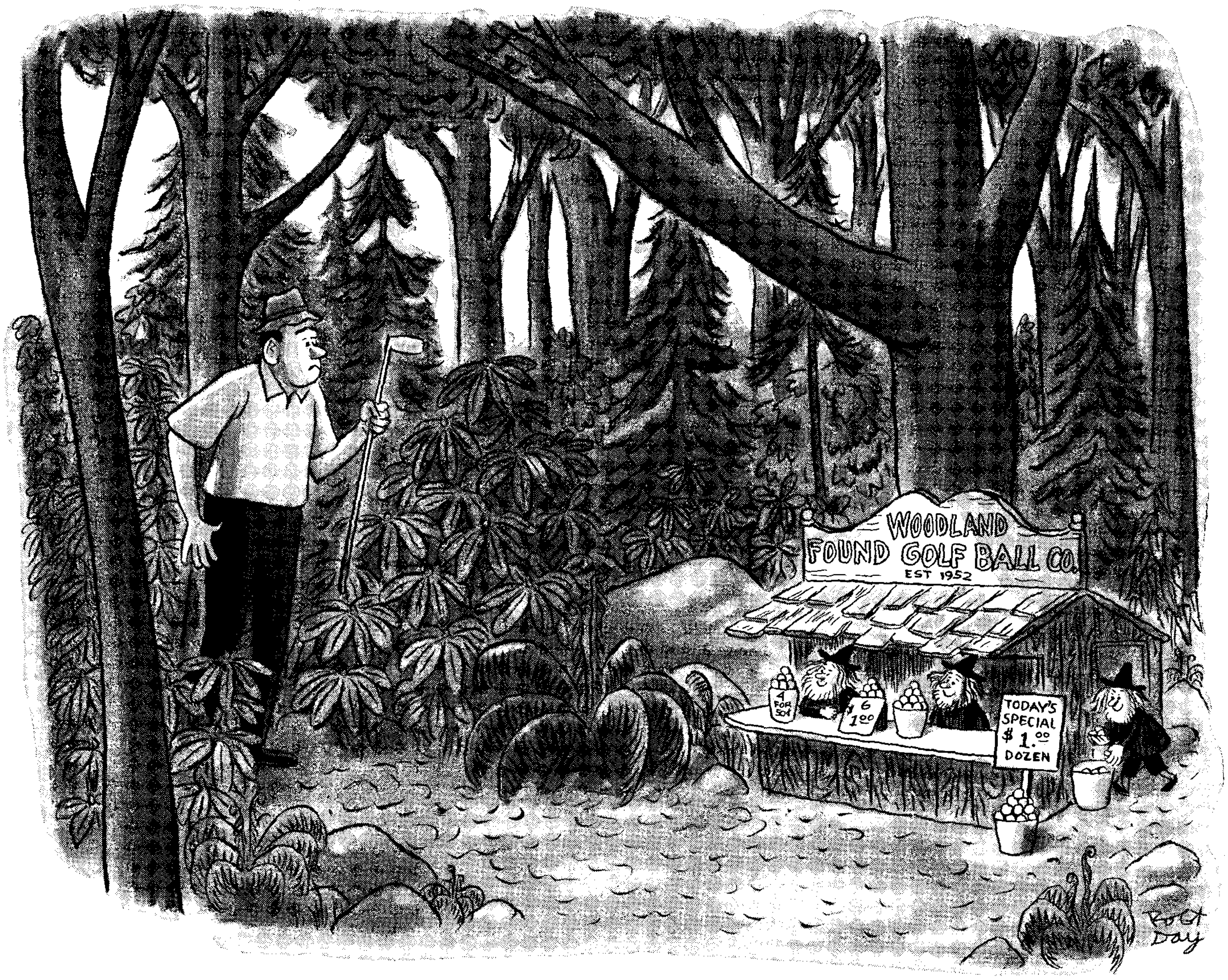

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yard exactly, as though a child had drawn and colored it. The yard was completely closed in by high cement walls, and to the right, looking from the gate, there was a very long, low wooden bench where the smallest children sometimes sat in a row and did their lessons. There were children in the school who were no more than three years old, and some of them, Mrs. Bagot suspected, were only two. But they were able to walk—that was all the school required—and Mrs. Bagot would not have admitted to anyone that one of her reasons for going to the trouble of bringing Lily and Margaret their lunch every day was so that she could see the little boys and girls who were just able to walk. The little ones were let out to play before the rest of the school, and by the time she got to the gate they were generally running around, stumbling like moths from one side of the yard to the other and beating at the air with their hands, and looking up at their teacher as though they imagined she produced the light by which they played. There was no one to question Mrs. Bagot's right to stand and watch the children. If anyone questioned her she would simply say she had to bring Lily and Margaret their lunch. Well, there would be no bringing lunch for a while. It would be more than five weeks before they had to go back to school.

Mrs. Bagot turned from the street and from Minnie and from the ferns, and was surprised to see how like a mirror the big naked window in the back room was, but like a mirror that you could see through, a mirror that went both ways and showed both sides. It was like a painting. She saw the wet, reluctant daylight air out there in the garden, and the rain was falling so strong and straight that she was sure she could make out every separate driving line of it. Beyond and through the rain, as in a dream, there were the indistinct colors of the garden, and then, coming back through the glass to herself, she could see herself, with the folded-back door over there to her right, and behind the wavering green heads of her ferns, and behind the ferns the starched white net curtains making a ghostly and final wall. She knew that what she saw was beautiful, and at the same moment she knew that she did not want to look anymore at the window or the garden or the ferns or anything. She was tired. She hurried out of the room and down to the kitchen, where she filled the kettle and put it on to boil for her tea. While the kettle was boiling she would wash her face and hands and straighten her hair. The cold water on her face would wake her up—she felt that she had been sleeping for hours, and not sleeping happily. She hurried upstairs. The narrow stairs from the hall had a wine-red runner that was held in place at each step by thin brass rods that she pulled out and polished every Monday. The rods shone more steadily in this evening's dimness than they ever shone on a sunny day, and the wooden banister glowed with the same warm and reverberating depth, as though the dying light called up sources of strength that went unnoticed in the self-sufficient daytime. The house was full of secret light that she never noticed when the children were at home.

After washing her hands, she hurried up the four top steps to the upper landing, where there were two doors opening into the front bedroom and into the smaller back room where the children slept. Both doors were closed, and instead of going into her own room, where her brush and comb were, she turned into the children's room and went across and looked into the small framed mirror that stood on their chest of drawers. She began to smooth her hair with her hands, but her reflection was so lost and pale that it frightened her, and she put on the light to reassure herself. She bent forward to the mirror again, and carefully pushed a loose strand into the neat bun at the back of her head, but as she moved, something moved with her, something much larger and even more silent than she was. Her shadow was on the wall to the side of the mirror and it was following her, and now it was bending with her, bending toward her, and she stared at it. The light in her own bedroom gave her no shadow that she had ever noticed. She paused and the shadow paused also, waiting for her as she waited for it. She looked closer and at that moment, as it bent its head, she knew what she was looking at. That was her mother's shadow there on the wall. There was no mistake about it; that was her mother.

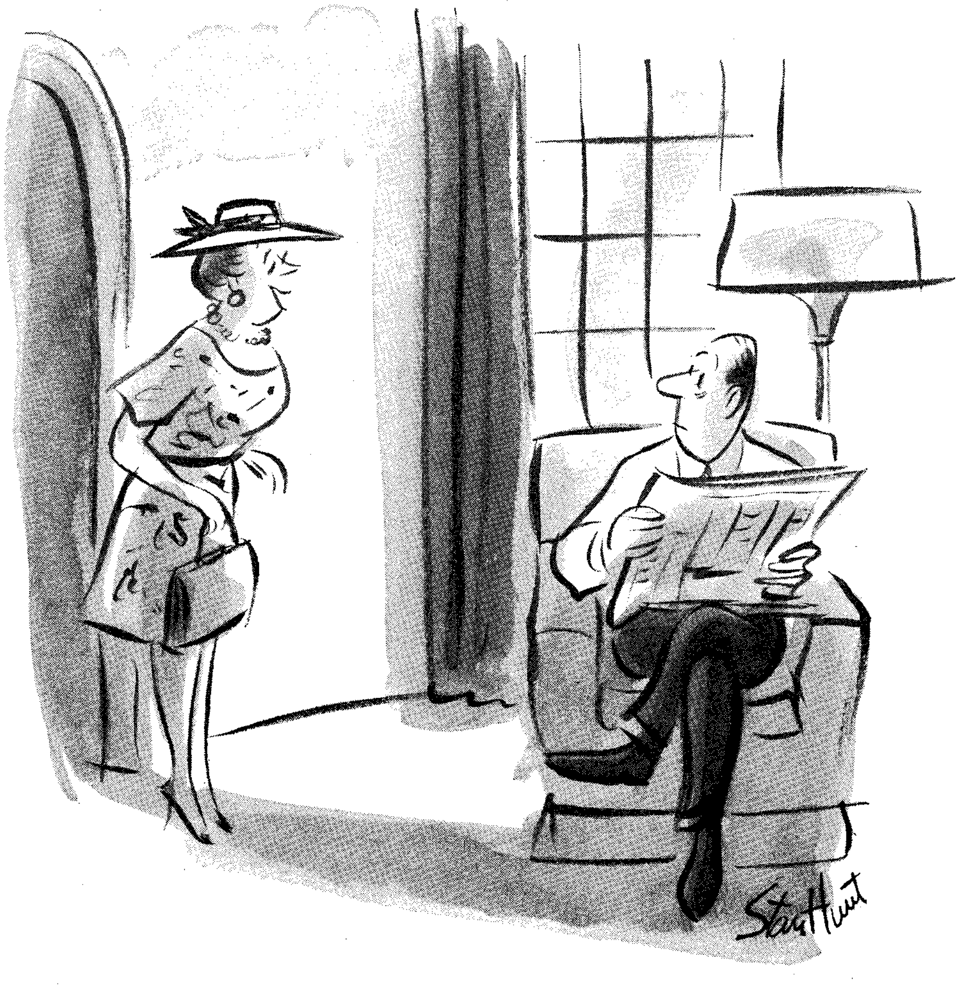
Mrs. Bagot could not understand it. She and her mother had not looked alike. But there it was, her mother's shadow as she had often seen it—the thin line of the cheek, the indentation at the eye, the high curve of the forehead, and, above all, the little straying hairs that always escaped the brush to wave independently at the sides of her mother's forehead and at the back of her neck. The little stray hairs were never more than the length of a straight pin, and there were only a few of them. Mrs. Bagot thought she recognized every one of them, there in the shadow. She thought that if she put out her hand she would surely feel that hair again. She put out the light and then put it on again at once. There again was the neat, bent head, with the thin hairs making a frail pattern on the wall, a frail pattern that was more real at this moment than the pattern on the wallpaper, as the pencilled rain in a Chinese watercolor is more real than the strong and enduring landscape that lies beyond. It is my mother, Mrs. Bagot thought; there she is; how patient she is.

She sighed once and smiled at herself without looking at herself, and then she put out the light and went down to the kitchen, where she found the kettle boiling furiously.

THE tea was soon made and so was the toast. She took down Martin's breakfast tray and set it carefully for herself, even putting a clean white cloth on it, but when everything was arranged, instead of carrying the tray up to the fireside, she pulled a chair up to the kitchen table and sat down and poured herself a cup of tea. She was too hungry and too thirsty. She could stand no further delay; she must have something to eat at once. She thought about the shadow that had been waiting for her up there in the children's room all these years and that had remained hidden from her until tonight. She had never seen it in any other room in the house and she did not think it was to be seen in any other room of the house.

She looked around her, but the shadow was not in the kitchen. Bennie was sitting on the tiled floor at her feet and she broke off a piece of toast and gave it to him. Sebastian and Minnie had suddenly appeared and were sitting thoughtfully beside their milk saucer near the door that led out into the garden. She got up and poured milk for the cats, and then she went back to the table and poured herself another cup of tea. She decided to make more toast, and to eat some of the chicken. She felt all different—not sad, not tired anymore. She felt very hopeful all of a sudden. It was wonderful how seeing that shadow had raised her spirits. It was wonderful knowing that shadow was upstairs and that it would never go away. It was almost like having somebody in the house.

—Maeve Brennan



"*Remember that fender I crumpled last week? I just crumpled it back again!*"

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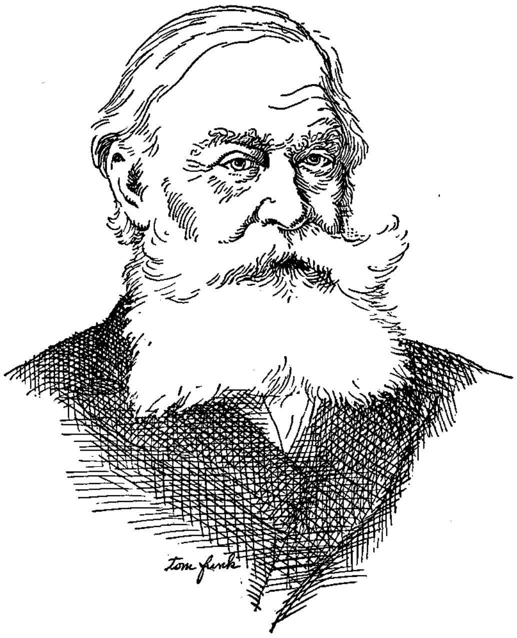
How is your vegetable garden doing? Word has come from Washington that home-grown produce won't save you so much money this year as last. Market prices are going down.

There are two major exceptions. Most gardeners grow one, but not both. Prices of both have gone up sharply in supermarkets. So . . . cut your fresh lettuce leaves and enjoy both the taste and the savings. But what will you do about potatoes? —*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

If we make enough lettuce, who cares?

THAT WAS NEW YORK

TOWN TOPICS—I



Colonel William d'Alton Mann

BY the second week in July of 1905, according to that year's summer edition of the New York *Social Register*, 2,649 of the 7,816 families on its roster had left for the seashore, 3,925 had taken to the mountains or other inland resorts, and 195 were cruising on their yachts, while 847 had departed for Europe. It was a terribly hot summer, and everyone who could get away from the city undoubtedly did, but if the *Social Register's* figures were correct, only two hundred socially eligible families were left in town. As it happens, the *Register* was not wholly accurate. For instance, the dilatory domicile it listed that summer for Mr. Edwin Post, a popular member of the New York Stock Exchange, was Tuxedo Park. His wife, Emily, was indeed established there, with their two young sons, but Mr. Post had decided to remain in town. Among other matters bearing on his decision was an appointment he had at two o'clock on the afternoon of July 11th in the gentlemen's washroom of the Holland House, a hotel at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirtieth Street. He showed up there at the stipulated hour, and was met by a slight, dapper young man named Charles P. Ahle, to whom he handed an envelope containing five one-hundred-dollar bills. Having made a quick count of them, Ahle remarked that, as usual, the swag would be divided up among various members of the staff of *Town Topics*, a weekly magazine with whose tactics Post was becoming painfully well acquainted. Ahle went on to suggest that Post was getting off lightly. "We've had scandals worth twenty thousand dollars," he said, and then, patting an oversize black satchel he was carrying under his arm, added expansively, "In fact, *Town Topics* makes most of its money from the suppression of stories." At that moment, by prearrangement, Detective Sergeant Bernard Flood stepped out of one of the cubicles, confiscated the satchel and the envelope, and arrested Ahle on a charge of extortion. Then, after pausing a moment to telephone the good news to the District Attorney's Office, in the Criminal Courts Building, on Centre Street, Flood hauled his prisoner off to the Elizabeth Street Station. In 1905, only one telephone was available to the District Attorney and his staff in their headquarters, and that was on the wall next to a long table at which reporters assigned to cover their activities lounged, cut for deal, and, on this stifling July afternoon, waited restlessly for anything that would interrupt the monotonous diet of insurance-company scandals to which the front pages had been restricted for months. Assistant District Attorney Paul Krotel took the call from Detective Flood, and when he stepped away from the phone it was with an air of triumph that brought the reporters running. In the next morning's newspapers, all word of actuarial peccadilloes had been shunted to the inside pages to make room for the *Town Topics* blackmail scandal.

When Post arrived on the floor of the Exchange that morning, he got a rousing cheer from his fellow-members, and trading was temporarily suspended while they crowded forward to wring his hand and, in some instances, mumble that they had been in the same boat themselves. Two days later, Post himself, in testifying at Ahle's hearing at the Tombs, where the young man had been arraigned and held in default of thirty-five hundred dollars' bail, described in some detail what he had been through. About three weeks before, he said, Charles Stokes Wayne, the managing editor of *Town Topics*, had got in touch with him and told him he "had better see" a man named Ahle, who would be calling on him the following day. Ahle had duly arrived, armed with a letter of introduction from Wayne and a galley proof of a paragraph that the managing editor proposed to run in a section headed "Saunterings"—a regular feature of *Town Topics* that consisted primarily of chatty items about society people and was signed "The Saunterer," a pseudonym of the magazine's owner, Colonel William d'Alton Mann. The paragraph that Ahle had brought with him concerned Post and a "little white studio" in Stamford, which it claimed he had shared with "a fair charmer" who had a penchant for "white shoes with red heels and patent leather tips." This idyllic tidbit would be withheld from *Town Topics* readers, said Ahle, if Post cared to fork over five hundred dollars in payment for a flattering writeup about himself in a forthcoming publication, a sort of society *Who's Who* to be called *America's Smart Set*. Should Post choose this course, he would find himself in excellent company, Ahle went on, fishing out of his satchel subscription blanks signed by John Jacob Astor, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Hamilton McK. Twombly, and a dozen other prominent citizens, some of whom had apparently been so enthusiastic about the contemplated volume—not a word of which, it turned out, had yet been written—that they had paid fifteen hundred dollars apiece, or three times the bargain rate being offered Post, for their subscriptions.

Post went on to testify that he had told Ahle he would let him know his decision within a few days. He had then consulted his lawyer, who informed him that the District Attorney's Office had been trying for years to establish proof of Mann's involvement in this kind of shady deal but that up to that time none of the Colonel's victims had been willing to stand up in court and admit to having done anything that might conceivably be of interest to a blackmailer. Post, who was having a bad year in the market, reflected on the habit-forming properties of successful extortion and decided to put a stop to the swindle then and there, provided that his wife—with whom he had been on rather distant terms for some time—would give her consent. An emissary was dispatched to Tuxedo Park to explain matters, and Mrs. Post sent back

"Oops! Wrong room!"

unflinching word that the right—if humiliating—thing should be done, *pro bono publico*, a philosophy that would not be out of keeping with "Etiquette, the Blue Book of Social Usage," which she published seventeen years later. Post thereupon notified the District Attorney's Office that he was prepared to act as live bait for the trap, after which he called Ahle and arranged the rendezvous at the Holland House. On the basis of Post's testimony and some corroborating statements by Detective Flood, Ahle was bound over for action by the grand jury.

Meanwhile, the local newspaper editors, having shaken off their months-long bemusement with tontines, sequestered premiums, and other insurance esoterica, showed no intention of waiting around for the law to take its cumbrous course in exploring the ramifications of this new and titillating scandal. The morning after the confrontation in the gentlemen's washroom, half a dozen reporters invaded the offices of *Town Topics*, at Fifth Avenue and Fortieth Street, in order to stage a confrontation of their own with Wayne, who was not only its managing editor but also editor of *America's Smart Set*. Wayne, a bald, pudgy man in his forties, with large, melancholy eyes and a drooping mustache, put forward the notion that the whole trouble would be traced to some fearful misunderstanding on the part of Post, who, he said, must be "half insane." He then referred his callers to Moses Ellis Wooster, a former employee of *Town Topics* who had become the director of *America's Smart Set*, which had its headquarters at 503 Fifth Avenue, two blocks north. There, in a one-room office, the reporters found Wooster, a blond, smiling, smooth-shaven young man, coolly waiting for them in the noonday heat. He expressed outrage at Post's behavior, and assured them that Ahle was well known as a most gentlemanly solicitor. As for the fact that some of the men whom the reporters were interested in were obviously wearing two hats—Wayne, for one, and, for another, W. L. Daniels, who was treasurer of *Town Topics* and secretary-treasurer of *America's Smart Set*—Wooster explained that this was "sheer chance." There was no connection between the magazine and the book, he maintained, and added that Colonel Mann himself would be glad to confirm this if he were on hand, but unfortunately he had sailed for Europe at the end of May and would not be back until sometime toward the end of summer. Pending his return, said Wooster as he maneuvered his visitors toward the door, they would perhaps do well to consult Joseph M. Deuel, presiding justice of the Children's Court, who, he understood, had been occupying the Colonel's office for the past few weeks—after court hours, naturally.

When the Children's Court adjourned that afternoon, its presiding justice found a number of reporters waiting for him in his chambers. Immediately upon catching sight of them, Justice Deuel, a stout little man of sixty, with picturesquely curling white hair and a white handlebar mustache, set aside his usually jovial manner. He made it clear that he did not regard Ahle as an innocent victim in the case. Ahle was "that wretch," who must be prosecuted to the full extent of the law, not only for his attempted holdup of Post but for his deception of Wayne, who had written Ahle the letter of introduction to Post "out of the kindness of his heart." The reporters, however, having acquainted themselves with the file on *Town Topics* kept by the District Attorney's Office, displayed less interest in Ahle than in an uncanny resemblance they professed to have detected between the plans for *America's Smart Set* and another projected vanity book—this one an acknowledged *Town Topics* enterprise, to be called *Fads and Fancies of Representative Americans*. Wasn't it true that the major selling point of these two publications was identical: pay up or get roasted in *Town Topics*—except that in the case of *Fads and Fancies* the boodle had been far more substantial than anything the solicitors for *America's Smart Set* were trying to collect, ranging, in fact, from fifteen hundred dollars to ten thousand dollars an entry? And wasn't it also true that although the subscription list for *Fads and Fancies* had closed two years earlier and the book was still unpublished, its subscribers had curiously failed to complain about the fact? How much had *Town Topics* cleaned up on *Fads and Fancies* anyhow?

"Not a penny!" shouted Deuel, grabbing at the last and least embarrassing query. The idea for *Fads and Fancies* and the responsibility for soliciting subscriptions to it had been strictly Wooster's. *Town Topics* was to publish the book, that was all, and it would probably lose money on the deal, since it was the Colonel's intention to make it "the volume of the century." Each copy, Deuel went on, was to be printed on Japanese vellum and bound in the flawless hide of an entire calf; indeed,

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EAU DE COLOGNE

Dana

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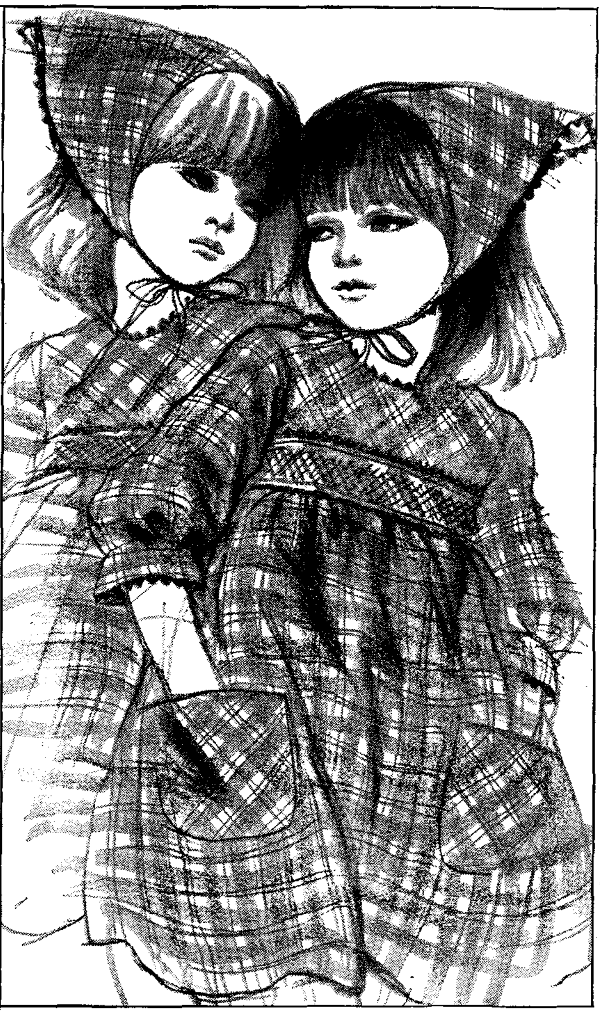
sometimes a hundred skins had had to be discarded before one sufficiently worthy was found. Naturally, this sort of thing took time, but *Fads and Fancies*, said the Justice, was "by no means a myth," and would be in the hands of its patient subscribers any month now. As for *America's Smart Set*, he knew nothing of that.

And what, the reporters asked, was his official connection with *Town Topics*?

None at all, Deuel replied, and, upon being pressed, explained that he was aware of a section in the city charter forbidding any member of the judiciary to engage in the private practice of law; he neglected to mention a point on which he testified some time afterward under oath—that he was vice-president of the Town Topics Publishing Company. It was true, he said, that each week, just before *Town Topics* went to press, he was in the habit of spending some hours in the magazine's office going over galley proofs of the forthcoming issue—"for my own delectation," he explained, and in the role of "a personal adviser to my friend Colonel Mann."

The issue of *Town Topics*—or *Town Topics, the Journal of Society*, to give it its full name—that appeared on the Thursday following Ahle's arrest bore witness that Justice Deuel's version of the misadventure had prevailed over Wayne's. Leading off the "Saunterings" department was a formal one-paragraph statement, signed "William D. Mann," that denounced Ahle "with all the emphasis of which I am capable" and, after promising to help bring him "to speedy justice," continued, "*Town Topics* is not in any way interested in the publication for which he canvassed. No one, for a pecuniary or like consideration, can buy his name into or out of the columns of this paper. Anyone making different representation is an impostor, and, if arrested, *Town Topics* will assume the burden of prosecution." Despite the signature, connoisseurs of the Colonel's style had their doubts about the origin of the statement, finding in it little trace of the fanatical devotion to English syntax for which he was widely known in his profession; they were not surprised when it was later revealed that the paragraph had been turned out by Justice Deuel.

On the morning of Ahle's hearing, Wooster surrendered the books of *America's Smart Set* at the request of Assistant District Attorney Krotel, who was handling the case. They showed that in the twelve months since



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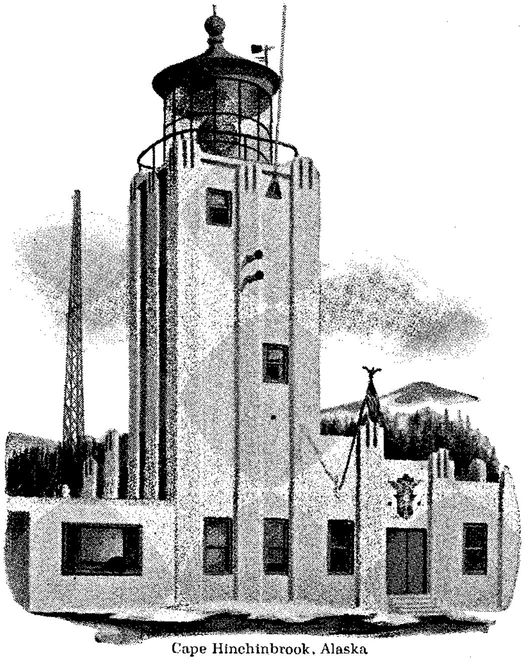

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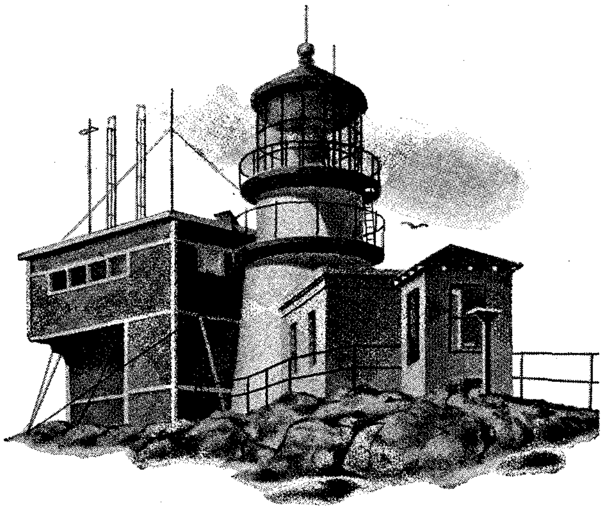

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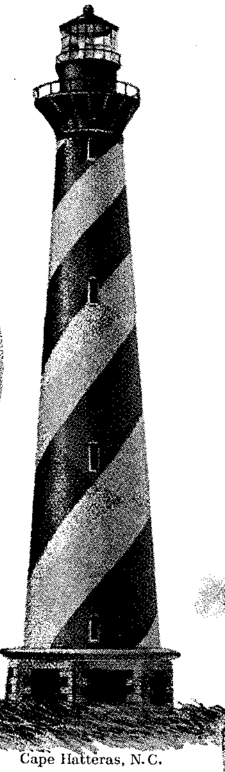

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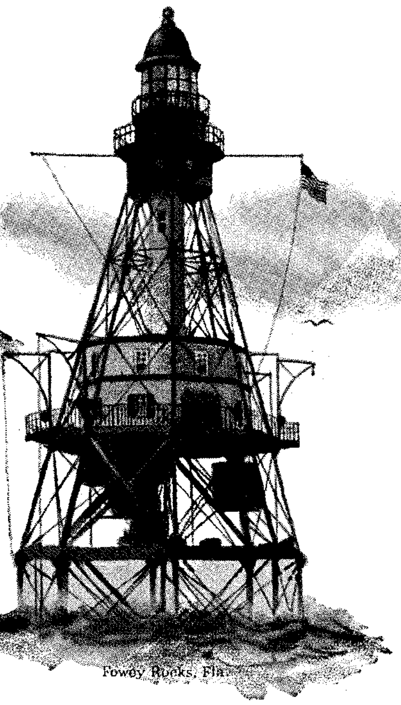

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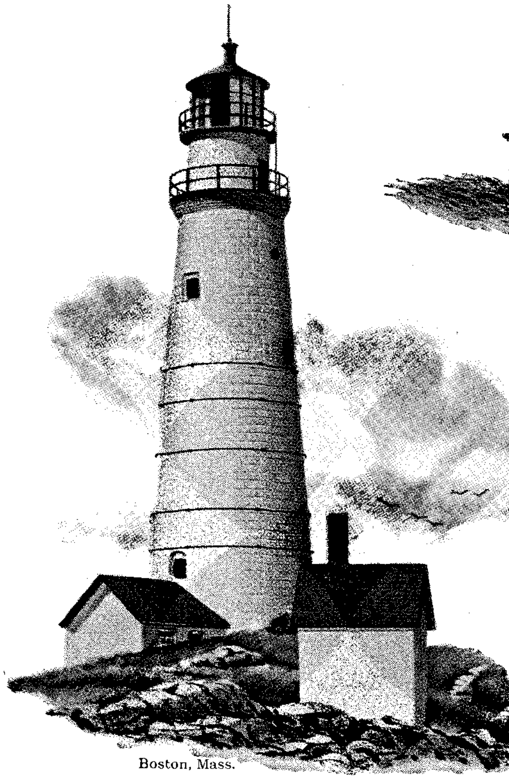

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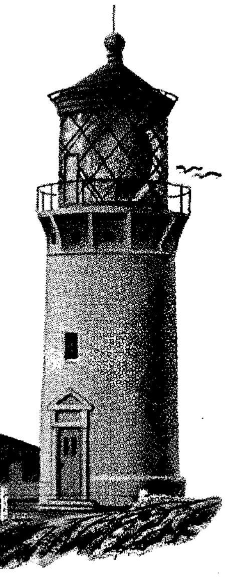

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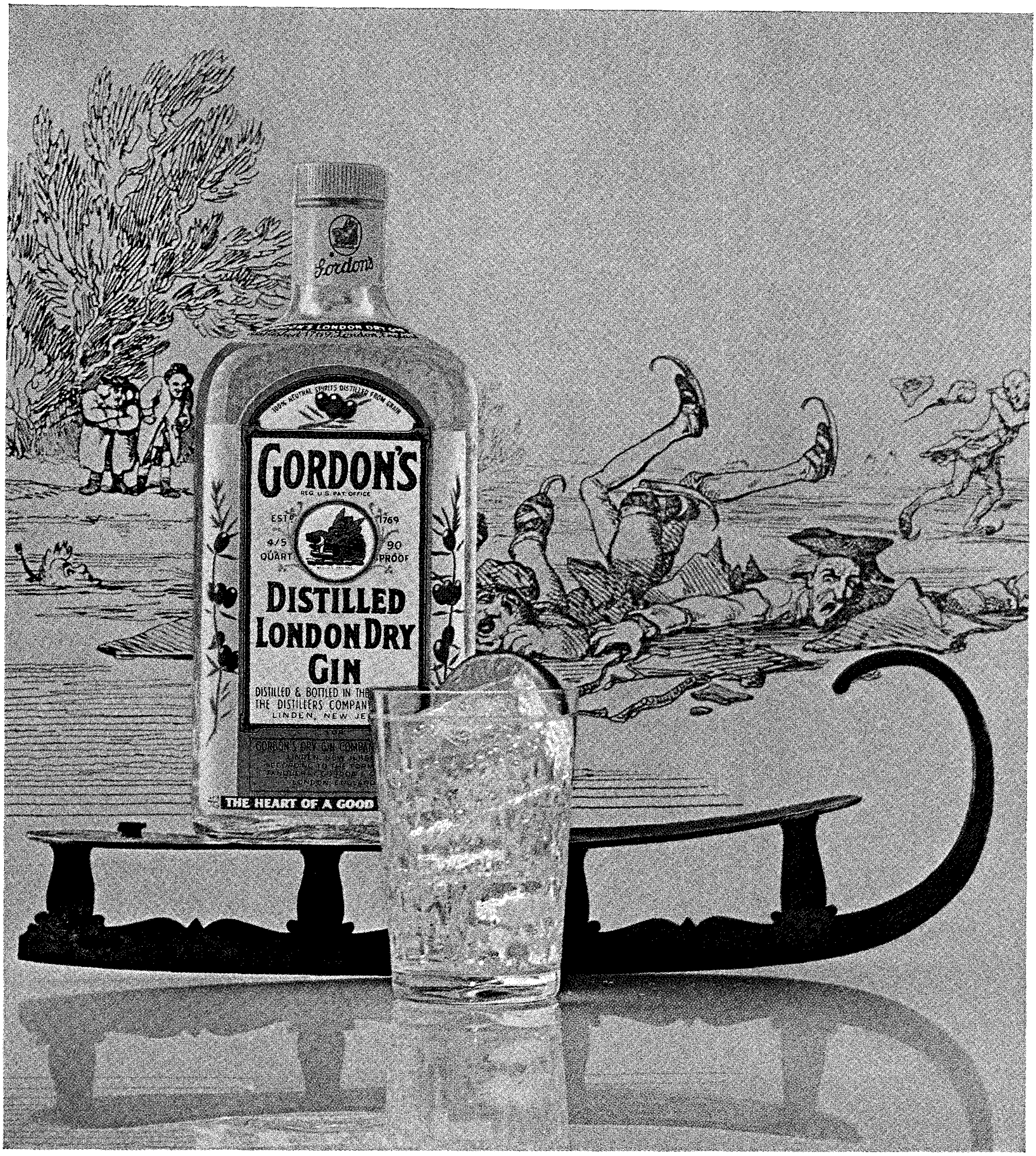
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the launching of the project eighteen subscribers to the volume had been relieved of $26,700, of which Wooster had got half, the rest being divided, after a deduction of six hundred dollars for office expenses, among Wayne, Ahle, and Daniels. As for the roster of subscribers, John Jacob Astor had been the first to fall in line, and those who followed his lead included Clarence Mackay, of Postal Telegraph; Judge Elbert Gary, of United States Steel; Isaac Guggenheim, of American Smelting and Refining; Harold McCormick, of International Harvester; and, among the Vanderbilts, not only William K., Jr., but Reginald and Alfred. Perhaps realizing that he had nothing to gain from playing the town halfwit any longer, Wooster admitted that he had modelled his *America's Smart Set* campaign on the campaign for *Fads and Fancies*—one that had proved to be a bonanza for him. It had also been one for Colonel Mann, he said, and he had tried to get Mann to come in on the new project, but the Colonel had wanted too big a cut, so he had gone ahead without him, later taking in Daniels and Wayne from the *Town Topics* staff. During the time he had worked for *Fads and Fancies*, he said, some two hundred thousand dollars had been collected, of which he had received approximately a fourth, the remainder having been divided among the Colonel, the Town Topics Publishing Company, and Justice Deuel.

For the moment, Justice Deuel put the books of *Fads and Fancies* under lock and key and recommended to the authorities that they hold everything until the return of Colonel Mann, who was now revealed to have cut his trip short and to be on his way home from France. Krotel, declining to be thus easily put off, set about trying to reach individuals he believed had subscribed to either *America's Smart Set* or *Fads and Fancies*, or both. All at once, however, it appeared that the summer edition of the *Social Register* had, if anything, understated the case in describing a mass flight of the elect from their urban haunts, but when Krotel sought to communicate with their dilatory domiciles he failed to flush them there, either. Up and down Newport's Bellevue Avenue, the piercing ring of the telephone went unanswered. Gatehouse guards on the North Shore were reinforced. At Throgs Neck, in the Bronx, Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, who was said to have paid ten thousand dollars in cash for a flowery writeup in *Fads and Fancies* about her late hus-

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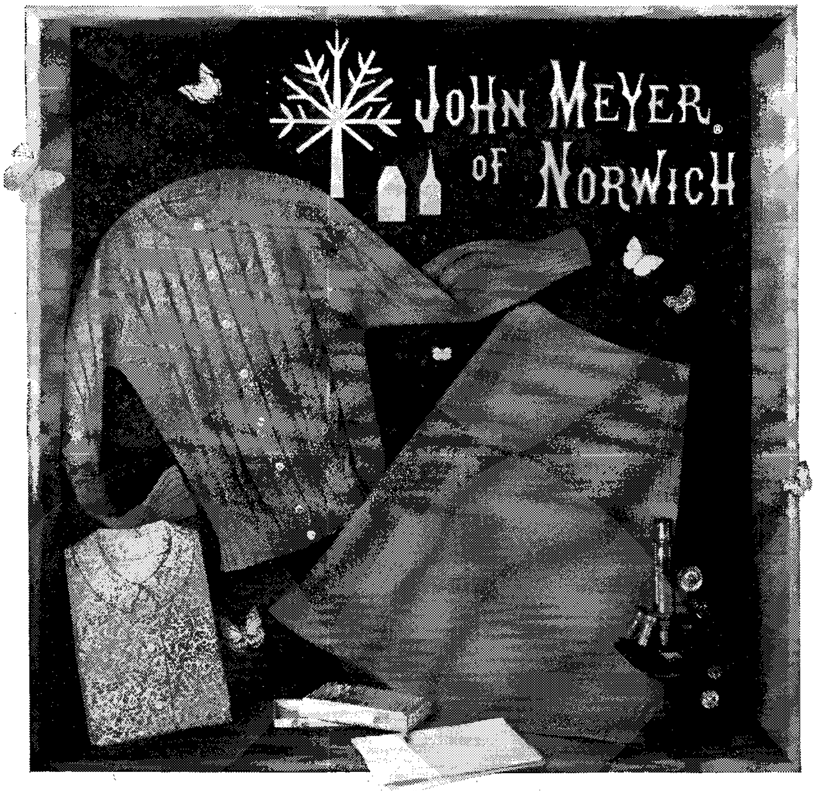

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band, the president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, decamped from her mansion in the dead of night upon receiving word that Detective Flood was headed her way bearing a subpoena. The process server had to content himself with returning to Manhattan and serving subpoenas on Daniels, Wayne, and Wooster.

Reporters poking into the provenance of these three in the hope of showing that they constituted a team of old hands at blackmail were disappointed in Daniels. A bookkeeper for Colonel Mann since the late eighties, he had put a thousand dollars into the *America's Smart Set* enterprise, had got it back with a hundred and fifty per cent interest, and now blandly announced his resignation from that publication, because of the pressure of his duties at *Town Topics*. Wayne, a pulp novelist on the side, had worked for the Colonel on and off for seventeen years, the unsteadiness of his employment being traceable to a weakness for alcohol. Like Daniels, he had no discernible legal record, but in 1897, during one of his off intervals, he had turned up in Colorado Springs and founded a magazine called *Facts*—a Rocky Mountain version of *Town Topics*—in which he printed sprightlier accounts of life among the local cotillion leaders than his readers had ever found in the society pages of their favorite newspapers. A few months later, having been threatened, literally, with tar and feathers, he left town on twenty minutes' notice and beat his way back East to a less headstrong clientele. Wooster, for his part, was no stranger to the District Attorney's Office. Around 1900, he and an associate had organized something called the Blue Pencil Club in a loft on Spruce Street. Ostensibly a social gathering place for newspapermen, it soon attracted wealthy playboys eager to join in their revels, and from there it easily progressed to the business that was its primary purpose—the shakedown. It was eventually raided and closed, but its proprietors had walked off with a profit that some reports put as high as two hundred thousand dollars.

While newspaper readers were being introduced to these and other members of the cast, Ahle, the first in order of appearance, remained in the Tombs. He had arrived in New York only a couple of years earlier, as an obscure migrant from St. Louis, but had evidently been quick to prosper, for the *Times* reported that by late 1904 he had set himself up, together with a newly acquired wife, in "a luxuriously

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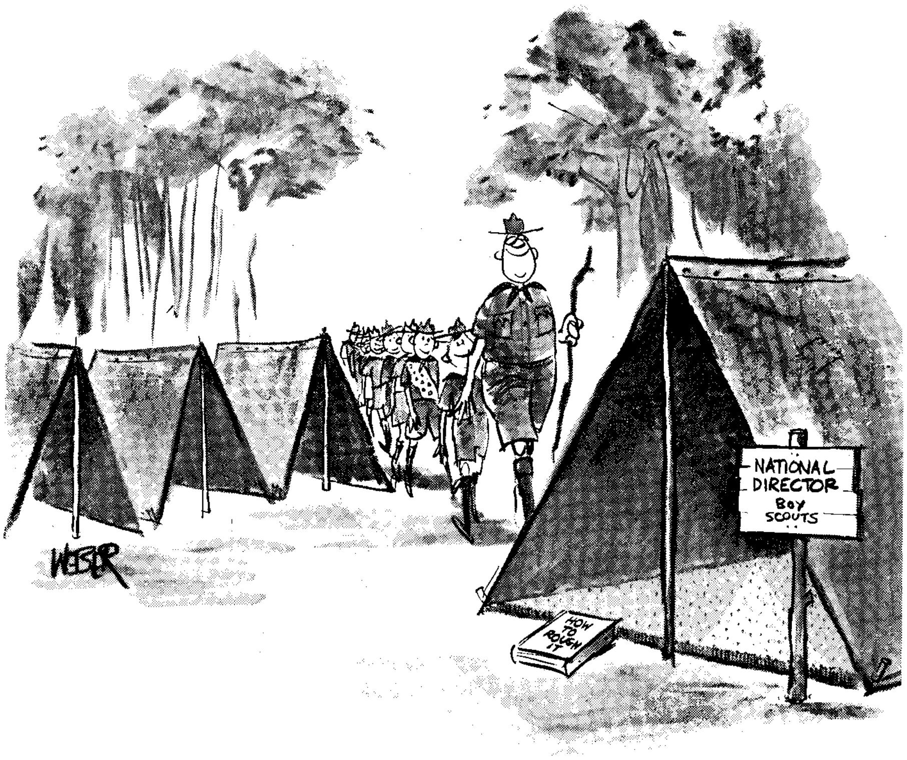

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furnished home at Northport, Long Island, where they went out with the best people." None of the best people came to Ahle's assistance after his arrest, nor did any of his colleagues on *America's Smart Set*, even though the city's heat wave, continuing unabated, prompted the perspiring Krotel to observe that it was no kind of weather for a man with friends to be in jail. On July 18th, however, Mrs. Ahle persuaded Martin Engel, an Essex Street saloonkeeper, to put up the thirty-five hundred dollars needed to spring her husband from his cell, in which he had by then sweltered through seven days and nights. The Ahles thereupon engaged in some footwork so nimble that within a week they had sold everything they owned and lit out for the cooler shores of the Continent, without even a thanks-and-goodbye to Engel. Except for Engel, however, few New Yorkers paid much heed to the couple's departure, because attention was now focussed on a rapid sequence of juicy new disclosures. Justice Deuel, for example, had finally agreed to let Krotel have a look at *Town Topics'* financial records, in the presence of Daniels, the treasurer of the magazine. Not ten minutes after Krotel had started digging, he came upon an entry of twelve hundred dollars disbursed as an annual retainer to the Justice, and at that point Daniels, plainly at the end of his tether, had snatched the records out of Krotel's hands and locked them up again. On July 20th, United States Senator Chauncey Depew, himself deeply involved in the Equitable Life investigation, which later revealed that that company had paid him an annual retainer while *he* was holding public office, returned from a trip to Europe to find himself, as he put it, "in the storm center." The storm he had in mind was the insurance scandal, but he soon found himself also at least on the fringes of the tempest over *Town Topics*. According to newspaper reports, he had remarked, shortly before leaving for Europe, that in 1902 he had signed up for a copy of *Fads and Fancies* because at the age of sixty-six he was about to take a young wife and "he wanted the boys to speak well of him." Now, upon being asked about this by reporters who met him at the pier, he had nothing to say except, "Colonel Mann? An excellent gentleman. I know him very well." The most forthright position on the subject was taken by Charles M. Schwab, a *Fads and Fancies* benefactor who went so far as to receive Krotel in the office he occupied as president of Beth-

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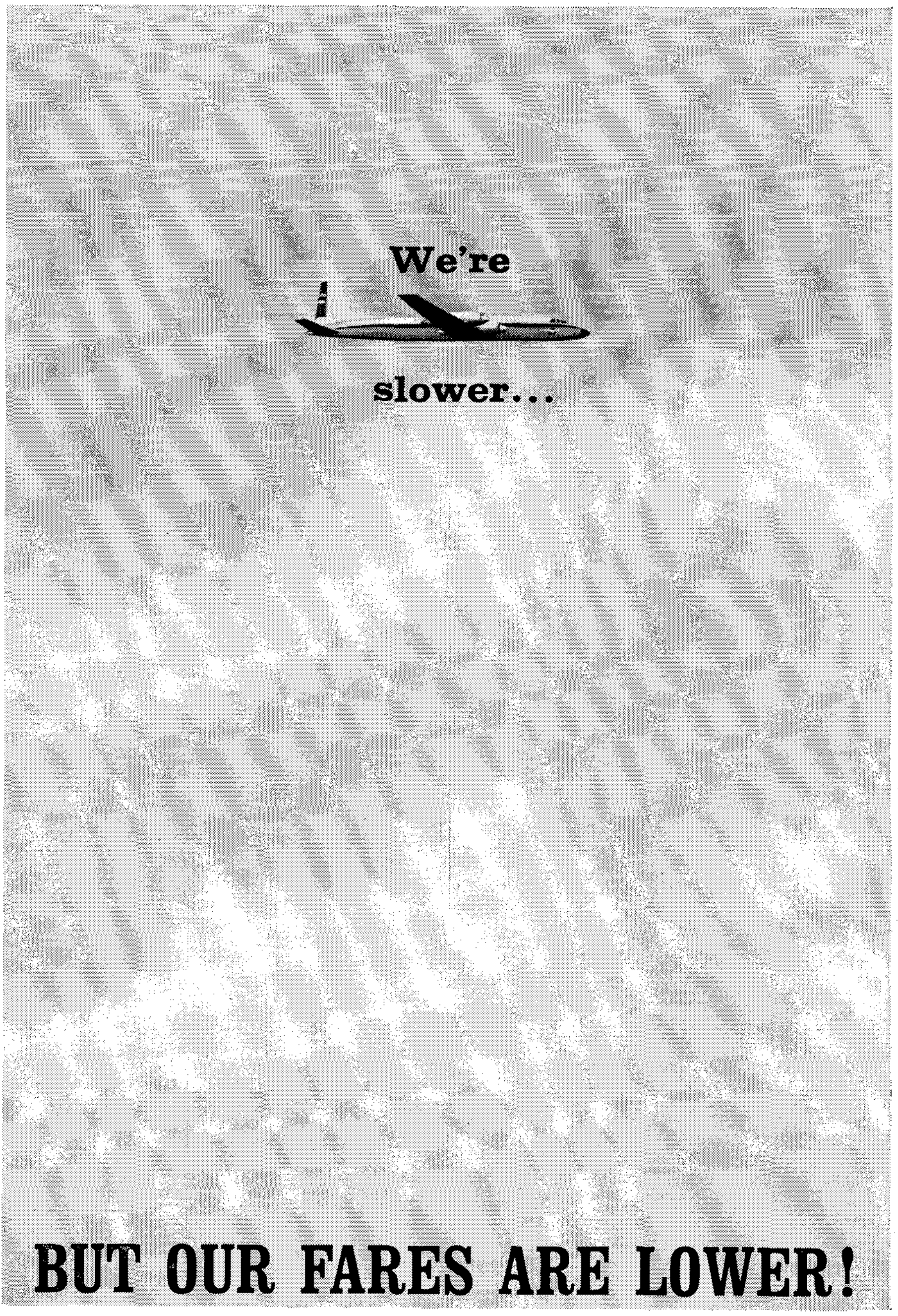
GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.C., 80 PROOF lehem Steel. Schwab told Krotel that he had paid fifteen hundred dollars for a copy of the book because *Town Topics* had once been the only publication to carry an accurate account of an incident involving him and the bank at Monte Carlo and "I felt such accuracy should be rewarded." Krotel asked if there was any truth in a rumor to the effect that Schwab had further rewarded the Colonel with a recent twenty-five-thousand-dollar loan, and Schwab replied that the rumor was inaccurate. (It was indeed, according to later court testimony, since although there turned out to have been a loan, it was for a mere ten thousand dollars.) "But if I *had* been blackmailed," Schwab continued, "do you suppose I would talk about it?" Schwab, who was nearing completion of the Riverside Drive mansion that is said to have cost him seven million dollars, was obviously a man to whom fifteen hundred dollars or ten thousand dollars or even twenty-five thousand dollars was no great sum—a fact that was also true of most of the other subscribers to *Fads and Fancies*, and one that Mann indirectly alluded to when, just before sailing home aboard the Red Star liner Zeeland, he cabled a statement for publication in *Town Topics*. In it the Colonel commended Post "most heartily" for his action in putting the kibosh on *America's Smart Set*, which he characterized as "that swindling undertaking." But, said Mann, *Fads and Fancies* was something else again. "We stand sponsor for that . . . beautiful book," he declared, adding that if admission to its pages had come rather high, "I have always supposed that men of wealth had the unquestioned right to buy such innocent luxuries as they desired and to pay for them what they chose." In this supposition the Colonel was joined by Krotel, who said he realized that spending ten thousand dollars for a literary knickknack meant no more to some people than parting with a dime did to others. "But," he went on sternly, "we want to know with certainty that these large sums were paid out of vanity and not out of fear."

LATE in the evening of July 24th, the Zeeland docked in the North River, and presently the sixty-five-year-old Colonel Mann appeared on deck. A bushy mane of white hair swept back from a bald spot on the top of his head and a vast, snowy beard combined to give him the semblance of a Biblical patriarch. His nose was beaklike, his eyes were large and piercing, his face



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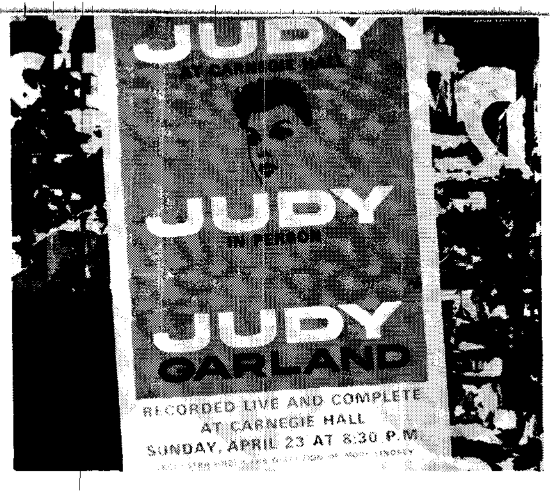
was tanned from the Biarritz sun, and his step was light and brisk as, accompanied by his wife, Sophie, he came down the gangplank, waving an outsize panama hat and carrying the heavy-knobbed hickory walking stick that was always with him, either in his hand or ready beside his office desk. (He had been known to call it "my very best friend.") Justice Deuel was first in line to shake the Colonel's hand, and they conferred earnestly for a few minutes before the Colonel agreed to meet with a large delegation from the press that was awaiting him. The word "blackmail" came up almost at once, and the Colonel, in a tone of some asperity, agreed with Schwab that silence is the best policy for anyone who has knuckled under to it. "The man who will give money in such a case is either a damn fool or a coward," he said, and added, in a voice that may have been meant to carry, "In either case, he is going to keep his mouth shut about it." Asked about *Fads and Fancies*, the Colonel replied, "I supposed that work was published by this time." Would he call *Town Topics* a scandal sheet? Certainly not. *Town Topics* was a clean publication—although, heaven knew, with the prevailing state of public morals, it was a struggle to keep it that way. "I have often kept out a story I thought might work serious injury to some person or family," he told the reporters. Then, again in a voice that may have been meant to carry, he said, "As a matter of fact, at this very moment I have cartloads of stories locked up in my safe that would turn New York upside down if they were published."

A few hours before the Zeeland docked, another practiced performer had returned to the city—District Attorney William Travers Jerome, who had been at his summer home in Lakeville, Connecticut. Jerome was then at the height of his crusading career, which had made him a nationwide symbol of the incorruptible reformer, and he now awaited his cue in the *Town Topics* melodrama. After scanning reports of the dockside interview that appeared in the press the next morning, Jerome advanced to stage center with a statement to reporters that he had always considered *Town Topics* to be "a nest of skunks"—an estimate that was swiftly relayed to the publisher. "If there are any skunks in my office, I will soon find out," snapped the Colonel when, in midafternoon, he received the press for the second time in twenty-four hours—on this occasion in his bedroom, on the second floor of a five-story brownstone he owned at 309 West Seventy-second Street. He was not only in his bedroom but in bed, and told the reporters he would be confined there for some days, having injured his back while he was lifting a trunk preparatory to disembarking. "However, that is a highly improper phrase for a District Attorney to use," he went on. "This man Jerome is a windmill." After a pause, he added, "I used to know his father before he was born"—thereby putting the District Attorney in proper perspective. The spectacle moved a reporter from the *Globe* to draw a salty analogy. "Propped up on the downy pillows of his handsome bedstead," he wrote, "the Colonel could have posed with advantage for a picture of the Old Man of the Sea."

When the Colonel was asked about the annual twelve-hundred-dollar retainer that *Town Topics* paid Justice Deuel, he explained that he had always regarded it as "a sort of present," and one that he had been glad to make. "Deuel is as lovely a man as you ever saw," he said. "He and I play a game of pool every night." Pointing out that he himself had formerly been an inventor, he said that Deuel, as private secretary to his lawyer at the time, had "helped me with my patent work," so "after *Town Topics* turned into the best-paying weekly newspaper in America," it had seemed appropriate to reward the Justice in some fashion. Mann went on to reveal that he had also rewarded Deuel with a gift of thirty of the five hundred shares of stock issued by the Town Topics Publishing Company; the remaining shares, he said, were owned, under a perpetual trust deed, by his daughter, Mrs. Emma Mann-Vynne. As for *Fads and Fancies*, he wanted it clearly understood that if there had been any funny business in connection with the album, the person to blame was Wooster, who had turned out to be "an unsafe man, a scoundrel." At this point, one of the papers reported, the Colonel "kicked viciously at the bedclothes."

As soon as the delegation left, he kicked the bedclothes off entirely and—his back miraculously healed—rose, dressed, and was driven in his stylish Pope-Toledo limousine down to the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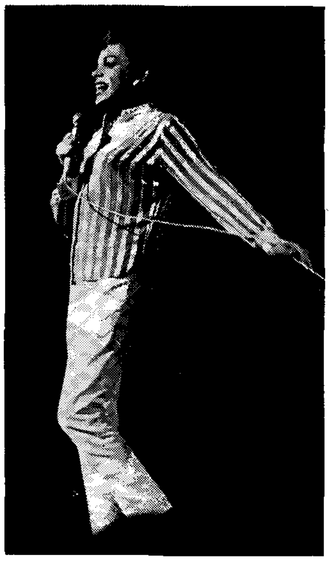

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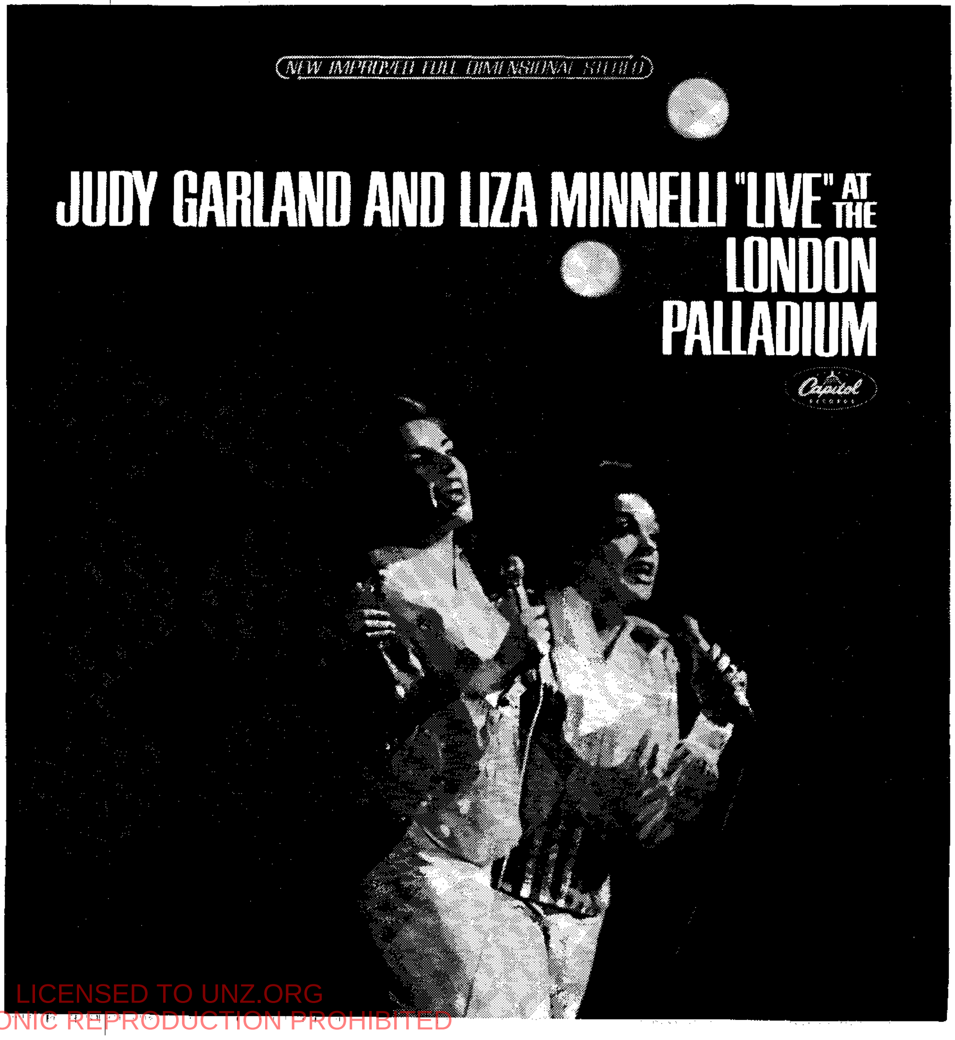
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Town Topics office, where he went into a huddle with Justice Deuel and most of the regular staff. By the time their conference ended, just before midnight, the Colonel had fired Wayne from the post of managing editor, apparently for his independent sortie into journalistic blackmail—or for getting caught at it.

ON the day that Jerome, just returned from the country, remarked on the mephitic quality of *Town Topics*, one of the visitors to his office was an old friend and current well-wisher named Norman Hapgood, who was also the editor of *Collier's*. The purpose of Hapgood's call was actually not so much to reaffirm old ties as to find out the status of the *Town Topics* mess now that Mann was back in town. Jerome must have been aware of this from the start, for *Collier's*, incensed by what it considered the shockingly bad taste of an item in "Saunterings" that dealt with a member of the President's family, had already begun cautiously attacking the Colonel and his magazine. Whether *Collier's* was aware of it or not, the item was part of a one-sided feud with Washington that the Colonel had embarked on. Several years earlier, he had invested a large sum of money in a plot of land on Thirty-eighth Street near Ninth Avenue, his idea being to sell it to the government, for a considerably larger sum, as the site of Manhattan's new main post-office building, which was then still in the planning stage. In 1904, however, notwithstanding a sustained sniping campaign in *Town Topics* directed at officials he thought were blocking the deal, a site a few blocks to the south was chosen—the same that the post office still occupies. Since the decision was made during the Republican administration of Theodore Roosevelt, Mann, a Democrat, interpreted it as a personal rebuff from the President. About a month later, Alice Roosevelt, the President's twenty-year-old daughter, made her first excursion to Newport, and the press covered the event with an avid and reverent attention to detail—her dance cards, her changes of coiffure, her Alice-blue wardrobe. The only publisher who was glaringly out of step was Colonel Mann, who, in the first issue of *Town Topics* after Miss Roosevelt's return from Newport, led off the "Saunterings" department with a paragraph asserting that while the young lady was there she had disgraced herself by "indulging freely in stimulants," going about unchaperoned, and permitting herself to become the subject of

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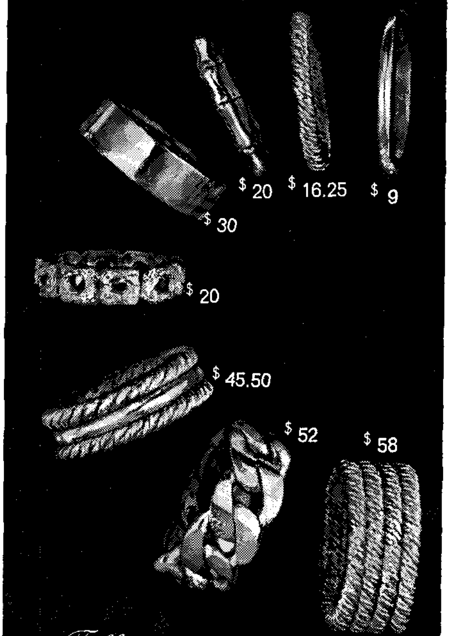

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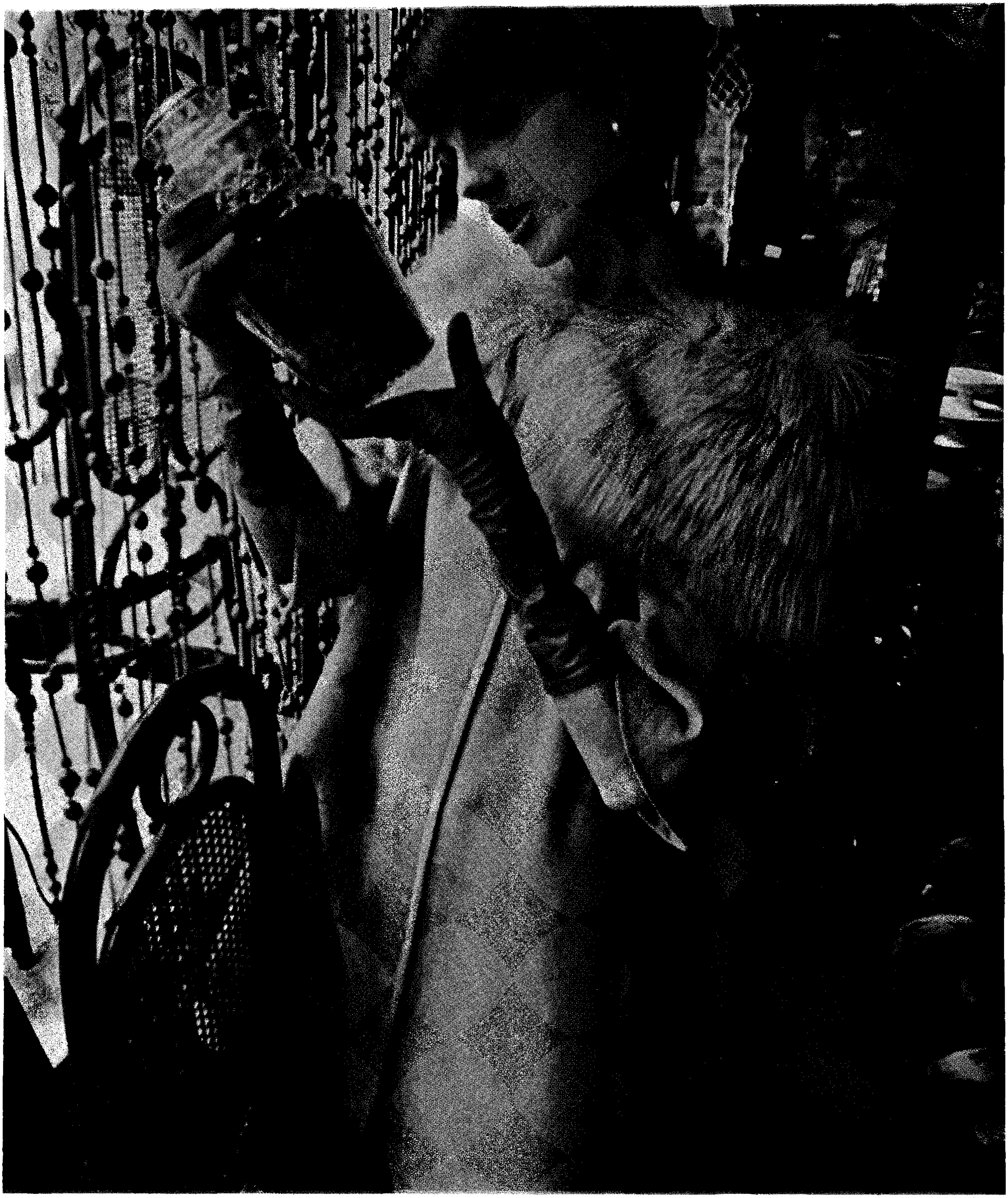

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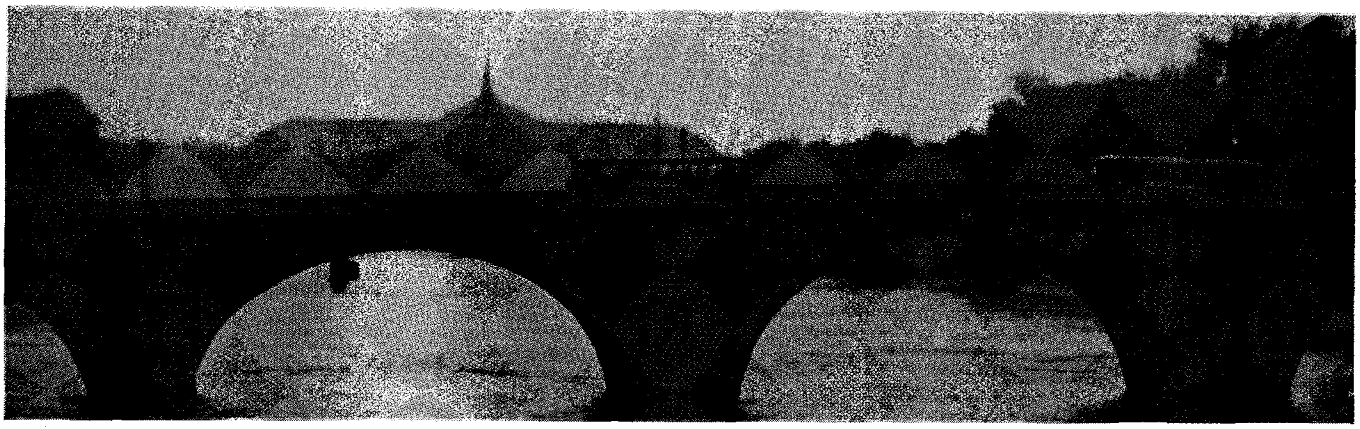

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stories involving "certain doings that gentle people are not supposed to discuss." The paragraph created a private furor, but, as was so often true of *Town Topics'* more outrageous capers, any immediate public protest was muffled, in compliance with the fiction that no respectable person would read the magazine. If a copy of *Town Topics* was discovered lying on a matron's hand-rubbed library table beside the latest edition of "The Well-Bred Girl in Society," the explanation was that it had been "picked up by mistake in the club car" or that it was "that horrible paper the servants take in." Yet somehow or other, as Edwin Post, Jr., the son of Edwin and Emily, recently recalled, *Town Topics* "found its way into almost every cottage in Tuxedo Park, as it did into the cottages, villas, and mansions at Newport. It was read upstairs, downstairs, and backstairs."

Among the Newport cottages that copies of *Town Topics* found their way into was one occupied by Norman Hapgood's employer, a stocky, dark-haired, ebullient young man named Robert Collier, who became so indignant when he read the Saunterer's ungallant remarks about the President's daughter that he kicked over a nearby basket of firewood. That was the first, and by far the least effective, maneuver in a campaign he launched to show up the Colonel and his ways. Collier, who was twenty-eight years old at the time, was the son of the founder of *Collier's* and for the past six years had been publisher of the magazine. His father, Peter Fenelon Collier, was an Irish immigrant from County Carlow, who, starting out as a door-to-door book peddler, had eventually struck it rich as a publisher—mostly of low-priced sets of standard authors—and, in 1888, had founded the magazine bearing his name. Sixteen years later, when Miss Roosevelt paid her visit to Newport, *Collier's* had attained a circulation of three hundred thousand—more than twice that generally credited to *Town Topics*. The elder Collier's wealth enabled him to take up foxhunting, which, in turn, enabled him to gain entrée into social circles not ordinarily hospitable to former peddlers from County Carlow. "Pat Collier is the first man to ride into the heart of swelldom behind a pack of hounds," *Town Topics* had noted a few years before the Post-Ahle rendezvous, and for a while the Saunterer had continued to ridicule the parvenu for his bandy legs, his grammatical lapses, and his eye for ladies who had no eye for him. But the ridicule ceased after July, 1902, when

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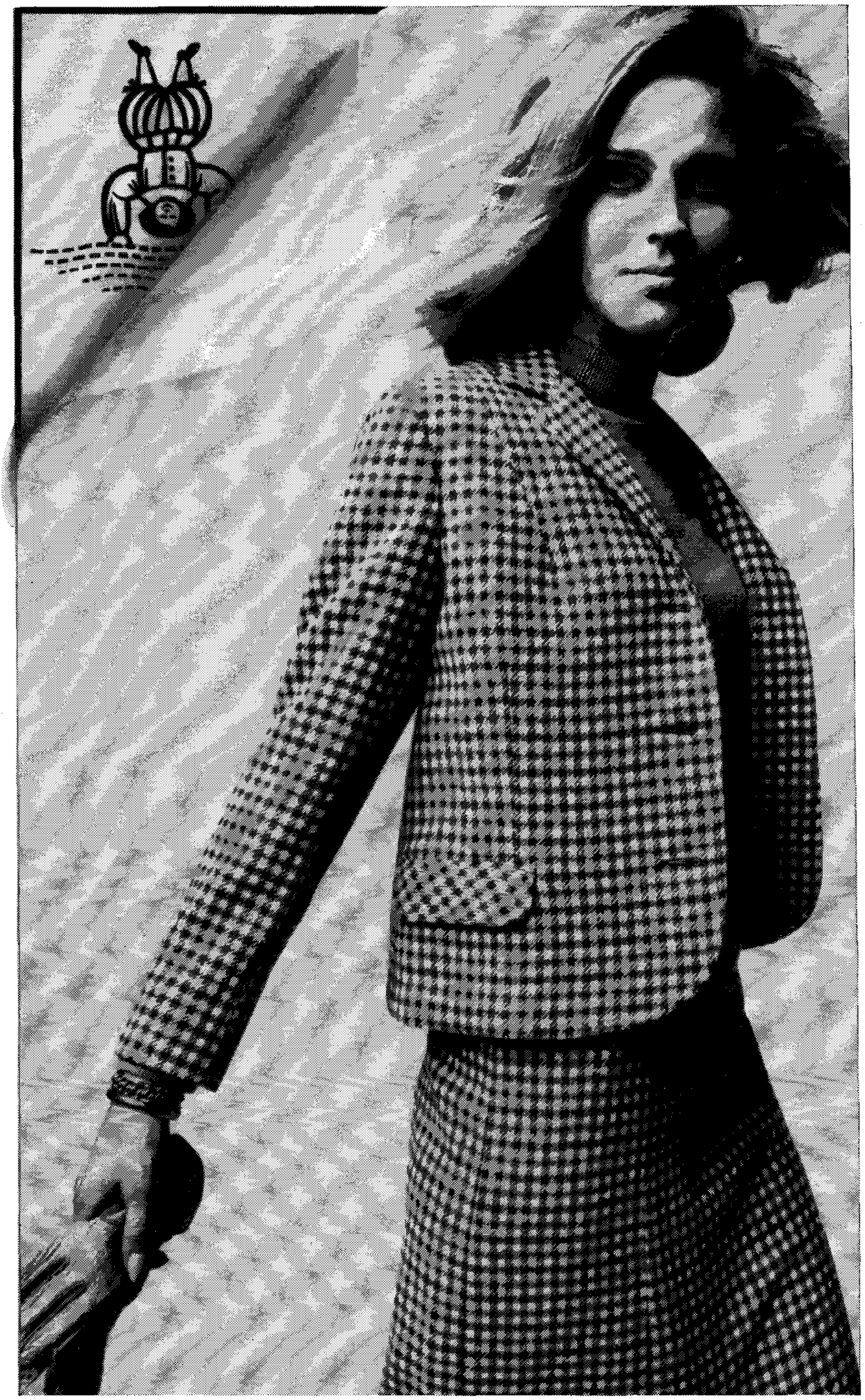

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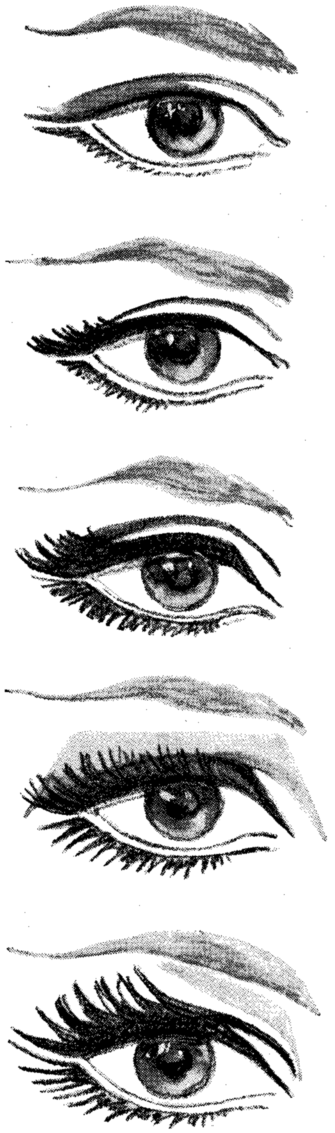

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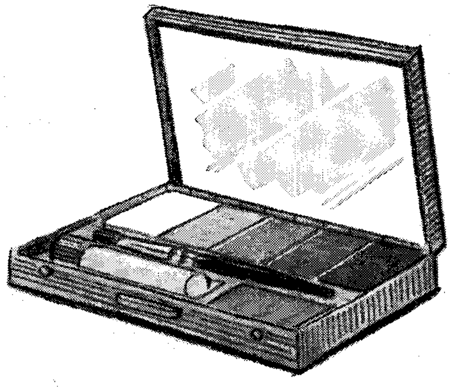

Elizabeth Arden

Rob Collier, not long out of Harvard, married Sara Van Alen, Mrs. Astor's granddaughter, and presently the Colonel actually saw fit to describe the young man as "attractive, with a clear head and charming manners."

Despite Mann's conciliatory about-face, it seems likely that young Collier's savage reaction to the paragraph about Miss Roosevelt was attributable no less to a long memory and strong family pride than to chivalrous instincts or a sound sense of journalistic values. In any event, he had resolved to use the pages of his magazine to fight the Colonel, and, as a first step, he suggested to his editor Hapgood that the paragraph might serve as a springboard for a public attack on *Town Topics*. Hapgood responded by writing an editorial calling the magazine—though prudently not by name—"the most degraded paper of any prominence in the United States," and Collier himself added a final sentence declaring that the reputation of its publisher was "somewhat worse than that of an ordinary forger, horse thief, or second-story man."

COLLIER and Hapgood would surely have been interested to know that the publisher whose name they felt constrained not to mention had, in his pre-*Town Topics* days, stooped at times to conduct as felonious as that of any horse thief, but they would also have been baffled to learn that at other times he had been a gallant soldier, an inventor and purveyor of Army equipment, a candidate for the United States Congress, and a leader in the modernization of European rail transport. The boy who was destined to pursue this ambivalent career was born in Sandusky, Ohio, on September 27, 1839, of Puritan stock, perhaps a descendant of a Kentish family of Manns who began to arrive in Massachusetts in 1627. His mother's maiden name was Ford, which leaves his French middle name unexplained, but since he made no point of it, often using only the bare middle initial "D." in his signature, it does not seem to have been a high-flown afterthought on his part. Mann later noted in *Town Topics* that there had been half a dozen children in the family, but he never got around to mentioning the means by which his father contrived to feed and clothe this ample brood. When Mann was in his mid-teens, the family moved to Adrian, Michigan, and he left the fold to be, as he later described it in *Who's Who*, "educated as a civil engineer"—how and where he did not specify. By

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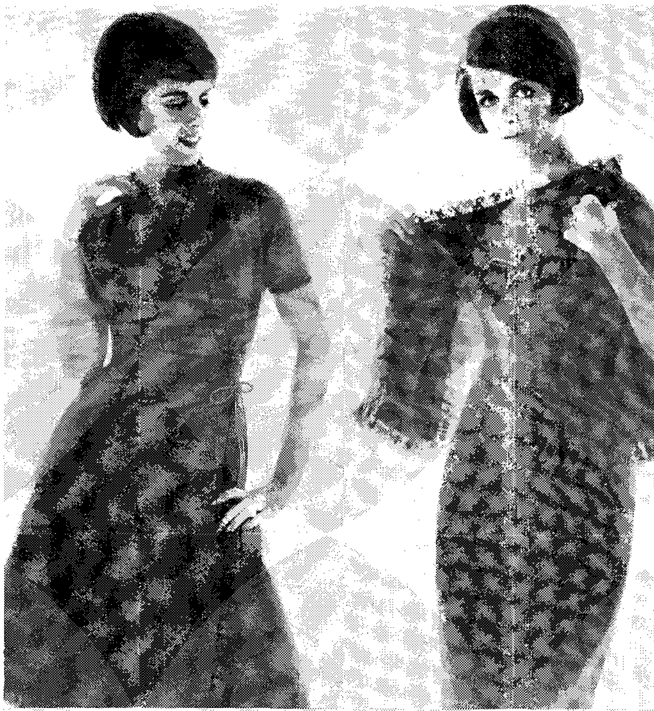

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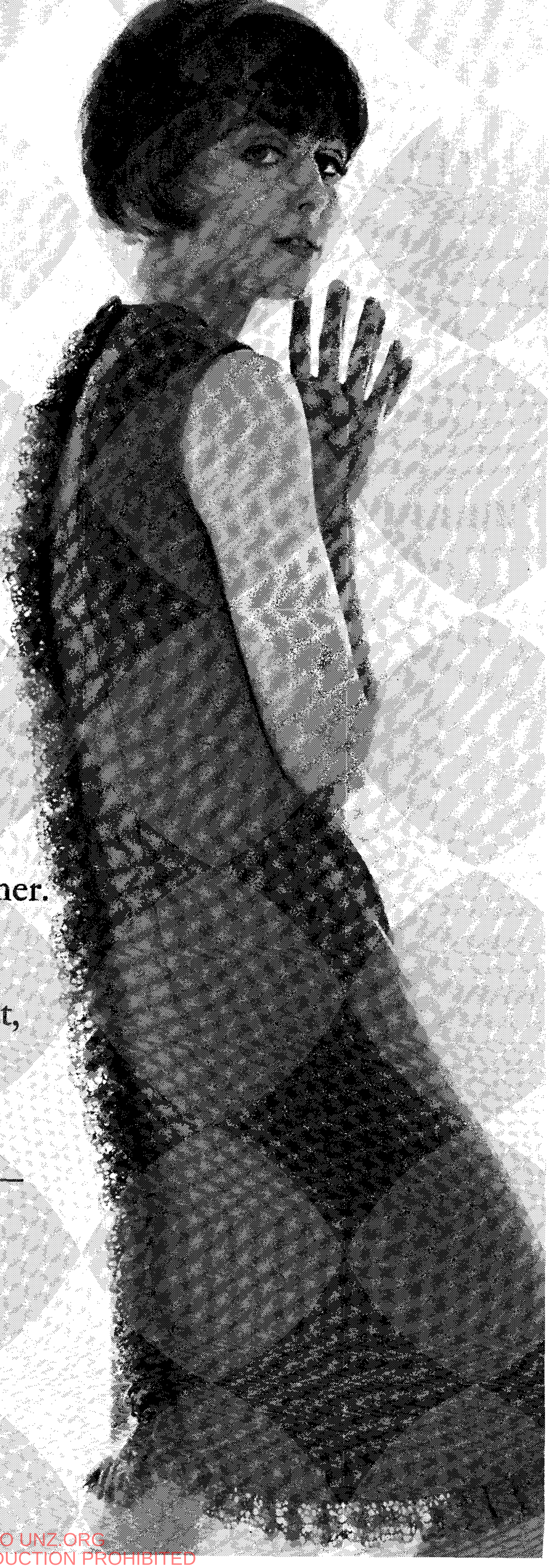

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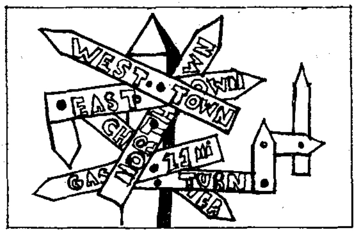
late 1858, again according to his own account, he was living in Manhattan, and whatever his source of income, it was sufficient to keep him in good standing for a while at the Astor House, one of the town's most fashionable hostelries, and to allow him to make frequent visits to the theatre of the day, which in his declining years, just after the First World War, he enjoyed comparing, to its vast advantage, with the Broadway fare of the moment. Though he was only nineteen when he reached New York, he had a year-old daughter, Emma, by a wife of whom almost nothing is known except that her marriage to Mann was short-lived, for by 1865 he was married to another woman. Mann's bright prospects in New York were apparently also short-lived; at any rate, in 1859, when a relative died and left him a hundred acres of farmland in Ohio—it was outside Grafton, and not far from Cleveland—with a run-down building on it that had once been a country inn, he felt that it was in his best interests to head West and reopen the place. The inn was not the Astor House, however, and Grafton was not New York, and after a year or so Mann abandoned both the project and the town, leaving behind him only a pile of debts. By then, Fort Sumter had fallen, and, crossing over into his parents' adopted state, he wangled a captain's commission in the First Michigan Cavalry, which arrived in Washington in the fall of 1861 and soon moved on into Virginia, to help defend the capital.

In the early days of the war, the North had only a few cavalry troops and used them mostly for reconnaissance in advance of the infantry. The South, which thought more highly of its cavalry, effectively employed its mounted troops in raids, in which a party of them would swoop down on transport and supply trains, loot and burn them, and be off before the Northern footsloggers could lumber up to the scene. In a pamphlet called "The Raiders," published in 1876, Mann claimed that he had been prominent among a group of Union strategists who proposed that the North should fight mounted riflemen with mounted riflemen. However that may have been, he returned to Michigan in the spring of 1862 and, under orders from the Secretary of War, organized a mounted rifle company and two horse artillery companies, which became the Fifth Michigan Cavalry Regiment. A couple of months later, he organized the Seventh Michigan Cavalry Regiment and was given its command, receiving his colonel's com-

Family goes off in all directions



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mission shortly after his twenty-third birthday. Then, riding at the head of his troops, he returned to the Virginia front, and there, on May 29, 1863, he and some of his men fought a sharp skirmish with forces led by the famous Confederate cavalry raider John Mosby. Mann and his mounted troops "whipped him like the devil and took his artillery," the Colonel's commanding officer proudly wired Washington.

The high point in the war for Mann, however, was Gettysburg, where he led his regiment as part of the Michigan Brigade, under the command of General George Custer. The brigade's major engagement occurred on Rummel's Farm, three miles east of Cemetery Ridge, on July 3, 1863, when Pickett made his famous charge. Jeb Stuart was to engage the Union forces' rear, but as he moved across Rummel's cow pasture toward the main arena he was attacked by the Union cavalry, including Custer's brigade. The Seventh Michigan went into action in the early afternoon, with a charge led at the outset by Custer himself, who then turned aside, leaving Mann at the head of his regiment. Four hundred strong, with "sabres gleaming and colors flying in the breeze," in the words of an eyewitness, "Mann's troops dashed into the open field and rode straight at the Confederate line, where they discharged their revolvers in the very faces of the foe." Horses reared and recoiled, and Mann charged again. The Confederate column stood its ground, and eventually the Seventh Michigan fell back, after suffering an even hundred casualties, almost a quarter of its strength, but Custer wrote in his official report that "Colonel Mann is entitled to much credit." Although the Northern troops were heavily outnumbered, they held the pasture from midmorning until seven in the evening, by which time Pickett had been driven back and the battle was over. In the opinion of some historians (and of all cavalrymen), the encounter in the cow pasture provided the margin of victory at Gettysburg.

Mann went to Washington on leave that fall and visited certain government offices. Back in camp, as the third winter of the war closed in, he kept a sharp ear out for mail call. In the middle of December, the letter he was waiting for arrived, and he resigned from the Army. The letter informed him that he had just been granted a patent on a yokelike device in which "the slinging attachments, accoutrements, and equipments" carried or worn by infantry or cavalry soldiers were so distributed that the weight of

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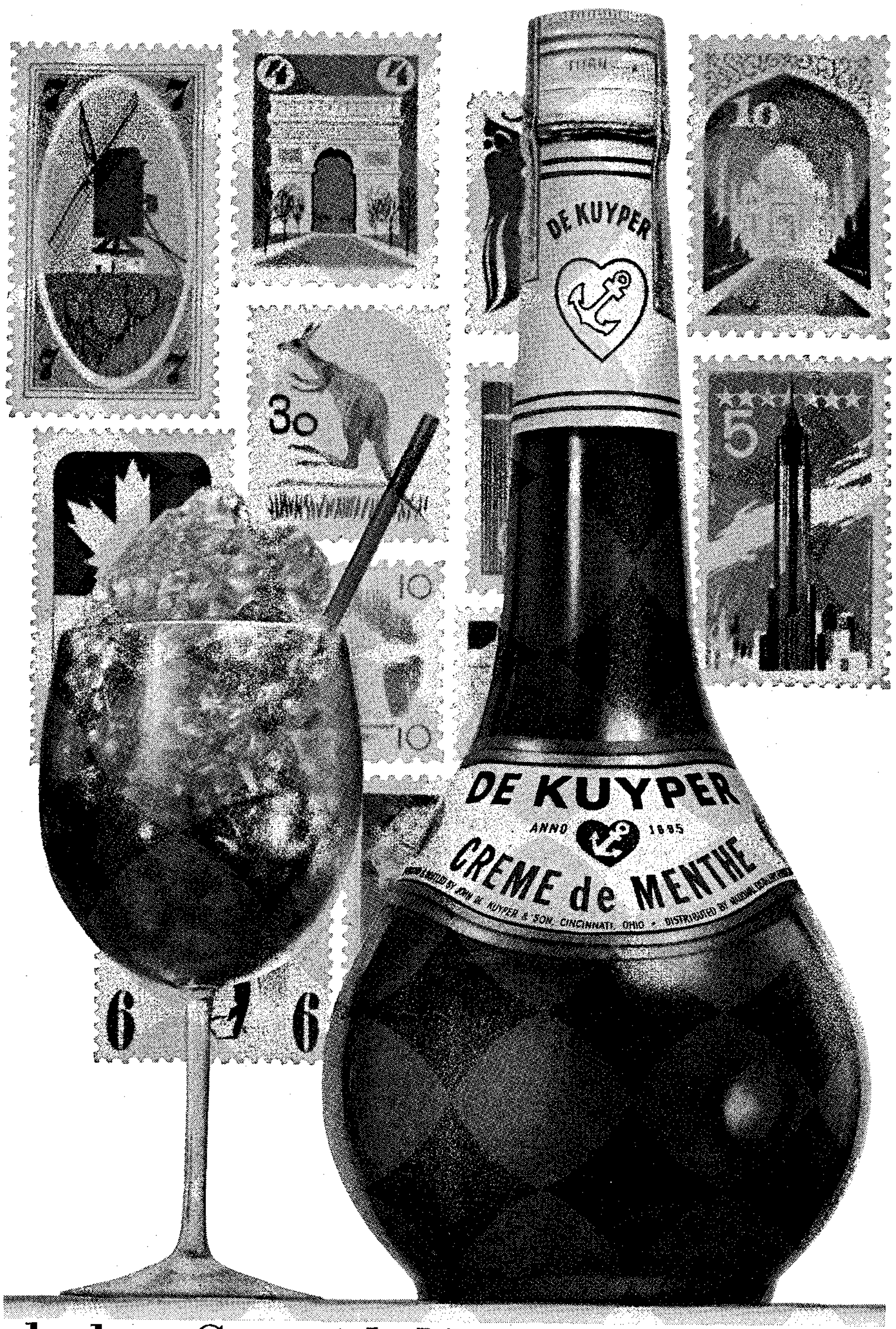

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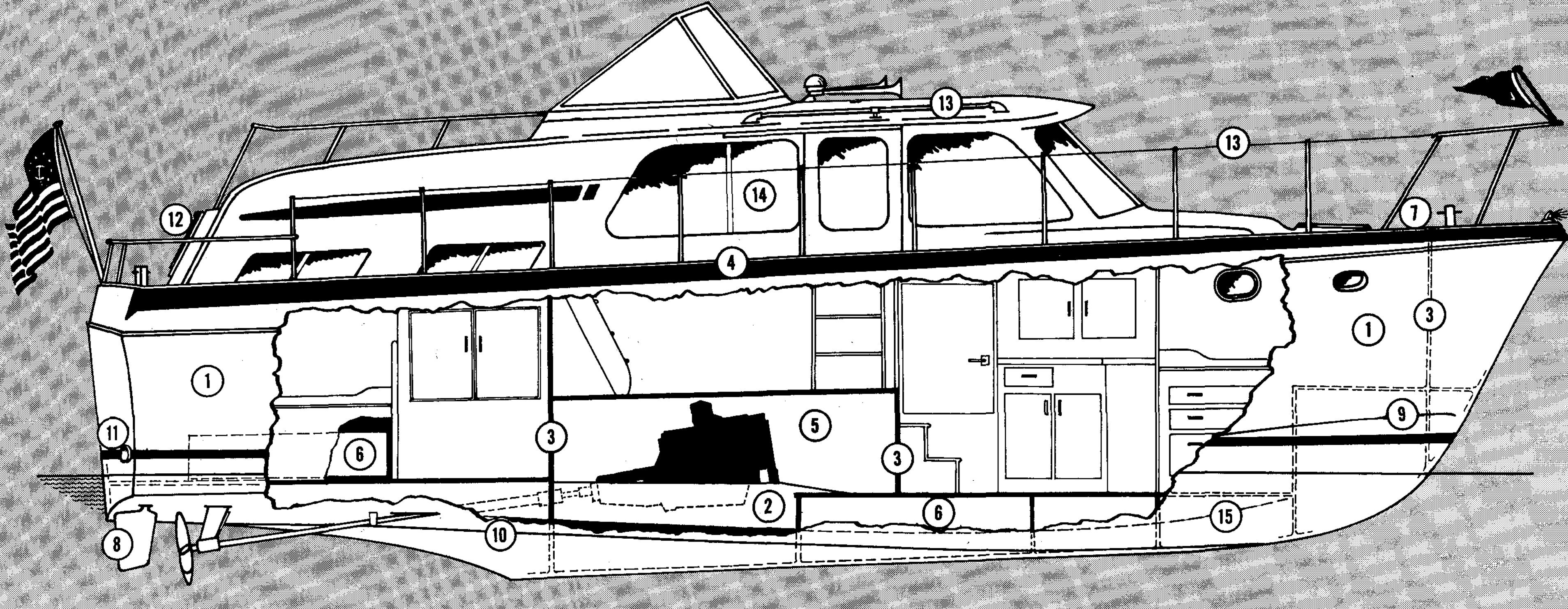


THE HATTERAS HAS THESE SAFETY FEATURES (DOES YOUR BOAT?)

1. **HULL:** Because laminated fiberglass hulls are molded in one piece, there are no seams to leak; no rotting, rusting or corrosion; no fastenings are attacked by electrolysis. Fiberglass hulls are stronger and have more resistance to impact. No water absorption to add weight. Easier to repair when damaged.
2. **FIBERGLASS STRINGERS** are reinforced fiberglass. There are four, extending full length of the hull. They are laminated to become an integral part of the seamless hull. They also serve as engine beds and deck shelves.
3. **BULKHEADS** run athwartship and are marine plywood covered in polyester resins and are bonded to the hull in accordance with the engineering specifications of Gibbs & Cox, designers of the SS United States. They form watertight compartments.
4. **SUPERSTRUCTURE,** cabin house and walk around decks are one piece, seamless fiberglass construction. This eliminates leaks, dry rot, the necessity for constant paint and varnish. (You paint for looks only.) Molded-in shapes give exceptional safety and rigidity. Rounded contours provide extra safety.
5. **ENGINE COMPARTMENT:** large and uncluttered without frames. No wood to absorb inflammable oils and fuel. Ample room makes inspection and servicing easier.
6. **TANKS** for fuel and water are reinforced fiberglass; no corrosion, no welds to crack, no rivets to break, no electrolytic action. Fiberglass is a good insulation; therefore, you have less condensation in fuel tanks.
7. **DECKS** are molded with ample walk around space; no caulking or bedding of planks.
8. **UNDERWATER FITTINGS** are heavy-duty magnesium bronze. V-struts and intermediate struts keep shafts securely in alignment, for maximum performance in high speeds and even in heavy seas. Sea valves are installed in all underwater fittings.
9. **MOLDED-IN SPRAY RAILS** throw water off in a low, flat arc to provide a drier, softer, safer ride.
10. **KEEL** is molded as an integral part of the hull. This means safer, seamless construction and additional strength. Designed to give maximum stability even in treacherous following seas.
11. **EXHAUST PORTS** are fiberglass; eliminate electrolytic action, rust and corrosion.
12. **The ESCAPE HATCH** in 34 Double Cabin serves as a window for the aft cabin, providing more natural light and ventilation. It is screened for comfort.
13. **LIFE LINES** and **HAND RAILS** are type 316-L stainless steel to provide walk around safety.
14. **WINDSHIELDS** and **WINDOWS** are safety glass.
15. **BILGE PUMPS,** both electric and hand, are standard equipment.

Why the fiberglass Hatteras may be the safest boat being built today

This is not "advertising copy," as much as it's straight talk for people who are interested in safety when they buy a boat.

The Hatteras is constructed of reinforced fiberglass plastic—the strongest and most durable material available today for marine construction.

The Navy has used fiberglass since 1947, and now has more than 1,200 fiberglass boats in service. Over 90% of the boats bought in the last two years by the Navy and the Coast Guard are of fiberglass construction.

One-piece hull provides exceptional safety

The Hatteras one-piece fiberglass hull has no seams or joints. Because of this unitized (one-piece) construction and the inherent high impact resistance of reinforced fiberglass, the Hatteras hull can absorb more severe blows than traditional materials. This makes it a particularly safe boat in pounding seas.

The one-piece molded fiberglass hull eliminates leaks, dry rot, corrosion, and is immune to attack from marine organisms. It will not soak up oil, gasoline or diesel fuel. The danger (and odors) of fuel and oil-soaked bilges are eliminated. The launched weight remains static, cannot be increased by soaking up water.

Longitudinal stringers of molded fiberglass, integrally bonded marine plywood bulkheads and decks sealed in polyester resins result in strong, yet resilient hull construction.

The Hatteras has separate watertight compartments for fuel tanks, engines, lazarette and forward area. This is a safety feature usually found only in custom-built yachts.

Lifetime fiberglass fuel and water tanks have no welds, rivets or solder joints to leak. They won't corrode, rust or scale. And there's no galvanic reaction.

Electrical systems designed for safety

Each engine in the Hatteras yachts is equipped with its own battery for starting and ignition. No other electrical load is drafted from these storage batteries, which are recharged by 35 ampere alternators on each engine.

Ship service power is supplied from a separate 12 volt system, charged by a 60 ampere alternator on one of the main engines. All circuits of the 12 volt systems are protected with circuit breakers. (This feature is optional in the Hatteras-34 models.)

The 110 volt systems are protected by circuit breakers; the shore line plug-in has a polarity alarm as standard equipment.

Wiring is color coded and numbered for easier repair and maintenance. All wire and wiring used in the Hatteras meets general standards and requirements of the U. S. Coast Guard.

All equipment is bonded and grounded to a common ground; this eliminates electrolysis, keeps the boat from possible trouble that could strand you off shore.

Non-skid surfaces of the working areas are molded into the actual parts so that the main deck and cockpit are safer in wet weather, but easy to clean.

Underwater fittings are heavy duty. All struts, intermediate struts, shaft logs and rudders are made of extra heavy material. This contributes to performance and safety.

Gibbs & Cox specifications for additional safety

The Hatteras was designed by naval architect, J. B. Hargrave, whose forte is custom yachts costing $250,000 and up. It is built to fiberglass specifications of Gibbs & Cox, architects and engineers of the liner United States.

Hargrave has provided an exceptionally wide beam in proportion to the length in all the models. This, combined with the engineered distribution of weight, means stability and safety in any sea.

The molded flare and shape of the Hatteras throws the water away from the hull in a low, flat arc, even at high speeds.

In a head sea, the hull design enables the yacht to run through the seas without pounding.

In a following sea, there is hardly any yawing, even when running into the most treacherous inlets.

In a beam sea, the design of the bottom minimizes roll, provides greater safety and security.

Proved in the Graveyard of the Atlantic

The Hatteras has been proved in the rough waters off Cape Hatteras—Graveyard of the Atlantic. After testing a Hatteras, Hank Bowman, contributing editor of Popular Boating, wrote:

"I find myself hard put to find even minor flaws. We have given this boat the highest rating of any craft reviewed in our entire series."

When Hurricane Carla struck the waterfront in Houston, Texas in 1961, a Hatteras-41 yacht survived. It remained afloat and in running condition, proof of the strength and safety that is built into the Hatteras.

During the 1963 winter season in the Bahamas, a Hatteras-41 running at full cruising speed went aground on a reef and stripped the bottom clean, with only minor damage to the hull. This is further proof of the strength and safety of the Hatteras.

Safety equipment is standard

The following safety equipment is standard, *not extra*, when you buy a Hatteras: engine room blowers, fire extinguishers, electrical and manual bilge pumps, safety rails, bow rails, hand rails, *safety glass*, full view windshields and windows.

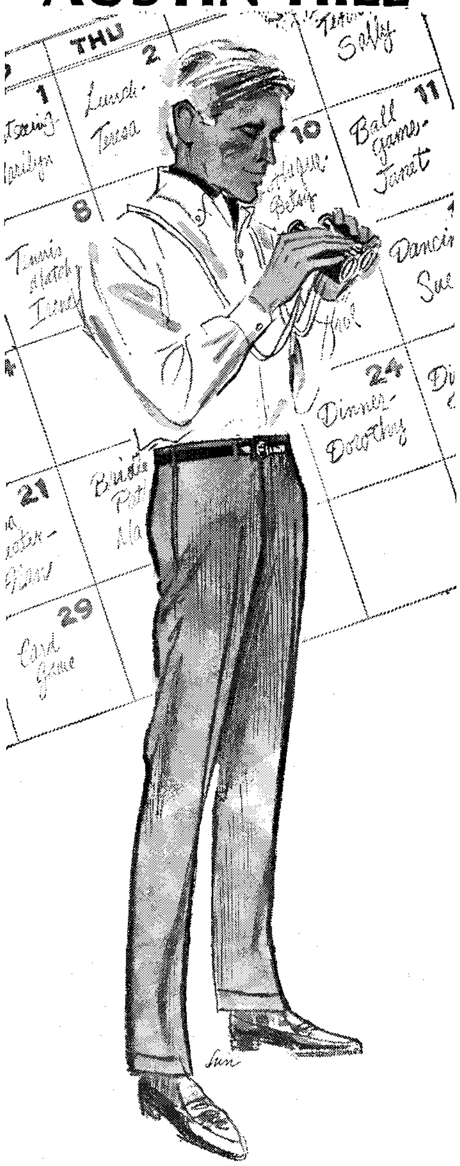
There are ten Hatteras models: 34 ft. sports cruiser, 34 ft. deluxe sports fisherman, 34 ft. double cabin, 34 ft. sedan, 34 ft. fly bridge double cabin; 41 ft. convertible and 41 ft. double cabin; 50 ft. motor yacht, a 50 ft. sportfisherman; and a 28 ft. cruiser.

Not all dealers carry the Hatteras. Dealer territories are protected; this, of course, limits the number of dealers. If you'd like to see a Hatteras, write for name of nearest dealer.

You'll be impressed, we believe, with the beauty as well as the safety of the Hatteras. Hatteras Yacht Company, Dept. NY 865, High Point, North Carolina.

Ah!

AUSTIN HILL



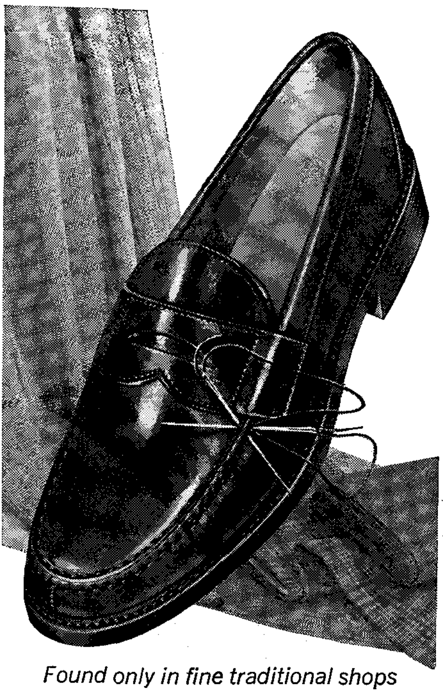
Be lighthearted about a heavy schedule!

All tied up in a heavy schedule? Enjoy your busy calendar — wear trim, versatile Austin Hill slacks. Artfully tailored for the man with a rugged schedule in smart hard-finished worsteds, flannels, corduroy and rustic hopsack fabrics. The **going-est** colors anywhere. For name of store nearest you, write:

Austin Hill, Ltd. 318 N. Front Street, Baltimore, Md. 21202 or 1407 Broadway, New York.

the cartridge box, which was carried in front, was counterbalanced by that of the other gear, which was strung on in back, and the whole burden was supported by the shoulders; up to then everything had been carried however the individual soldier chose to arrange it, which was usually all in the back. In June, 1864, with an order from the Secretary of War for thirty thousand of his slings already in his pocket, the inventor organized and incorporated Mann's Patent Accoutrement Company, and opened an office at 240 Broadway. He spent most of that summer touring Army camps near Washington, renewing old acquaintances and soliciting endorsements for his accoutrements in high places. Through a colonel who had formerly been on Grant's staff, he got a letter signed by Grant calling the invention indispensable to the success of the war effort. Mann's promotional efforts paid off when the Army gave him an order for twenty thousand more accoutrements in August and for thirty thousand more in November. By the end of the year, he had netted fifty thousand dollars from his invention. Unfortunately for his plans, the end of the war was clearly in sight early in 1865, and the demand for his patented slings fell off to nothing.

Well before Appomattox, however, the Colonel had found a new field for his talents. In an inspired moment, he recalled that while he had been trying to make a go of the old inn at Grafton the world's first producing oil well had been drilled only a hundred and twenty-five miles away, in Titusville, Pennsylvania, and that rich strikes were still being made in that area. He left New York for Grafton, put down a small deposit on two hundred acres adjoining his own property there, hired a caretaker for the combined three hundred acres, and moved on to the fabled Titusville, where, with a forty-five-dollar deposit, he bought one acre of land in nearby Venango County. Then he returned to New York and, with his own farm and the two unpaid-for properties as his sole corporate assets, set himself up in the oil business by organizing the United Service Petroleum & Mining Co.—a name he shortened on its letterhead to U.S. Petroleum & Mining Co., thereby implying a measure of government endorsement. He talked Major General Winfield Scott Hancock, one of the better-known Northern heroes of Gettysburg, into serving as its president; its other officers included the editor of the *Army & Navy Journal*, a former governor



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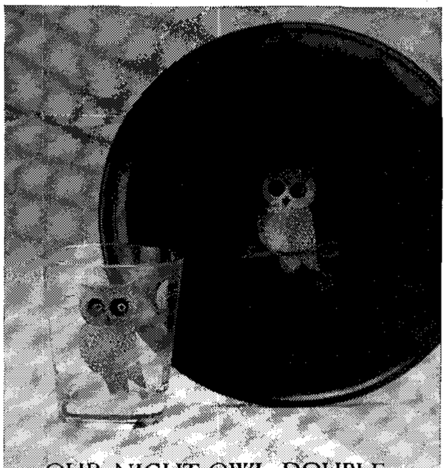

OUR NIGHT-OWL DOUBLE OLD-FASHIONED GLASSES AND SERVING TRAY

A wittier-than-wise young owl feathered in gold, brown and black on the double old-fashioned glass and inlaid in the satin-black, alcohol-proof tray. Glasses, $10 the set of eight; round ten-inch tray, $6. Not shown, 12″x18″ rectangular tray, $13. Guest and Gift Shop. Mail and phone orders filled.

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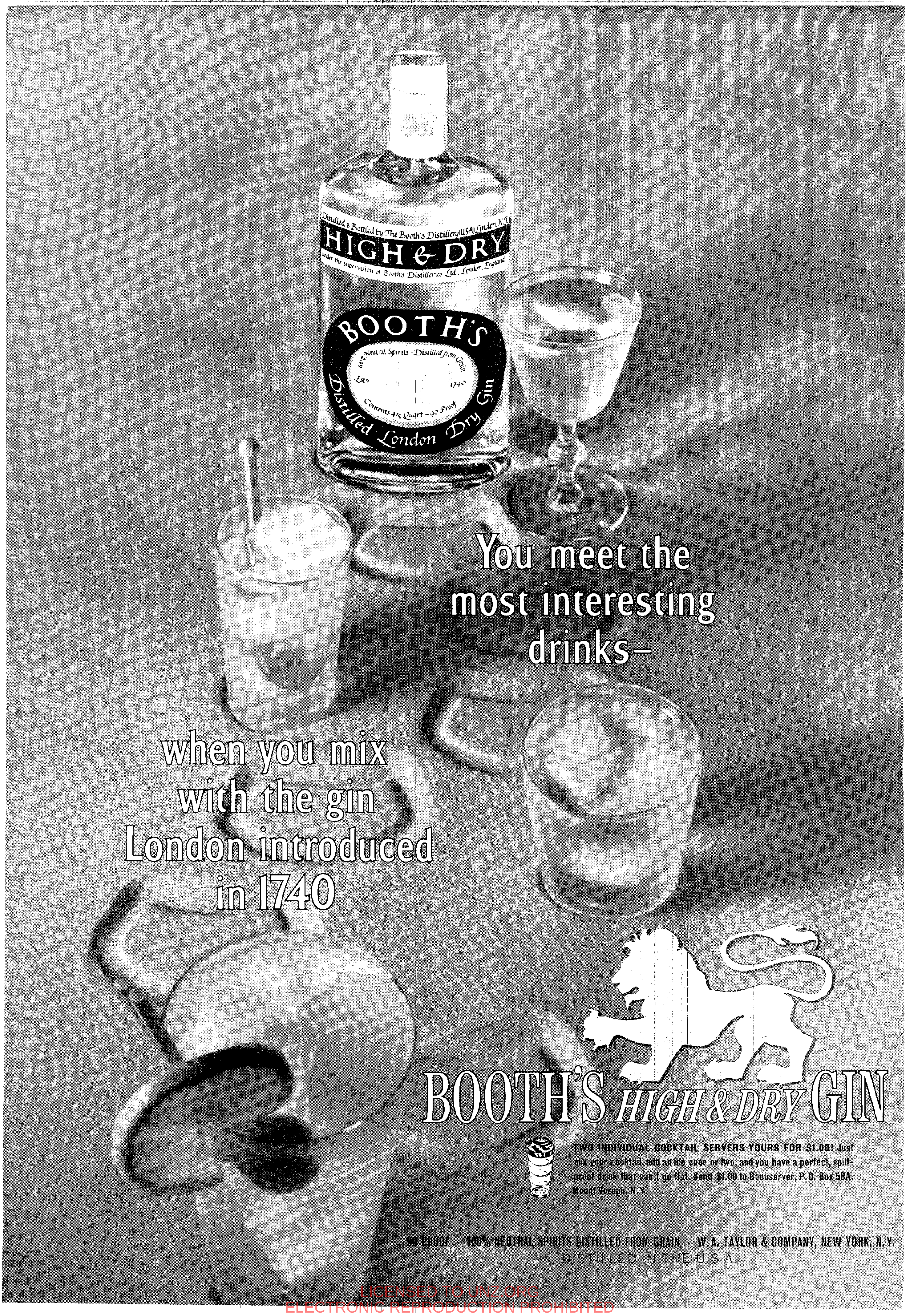
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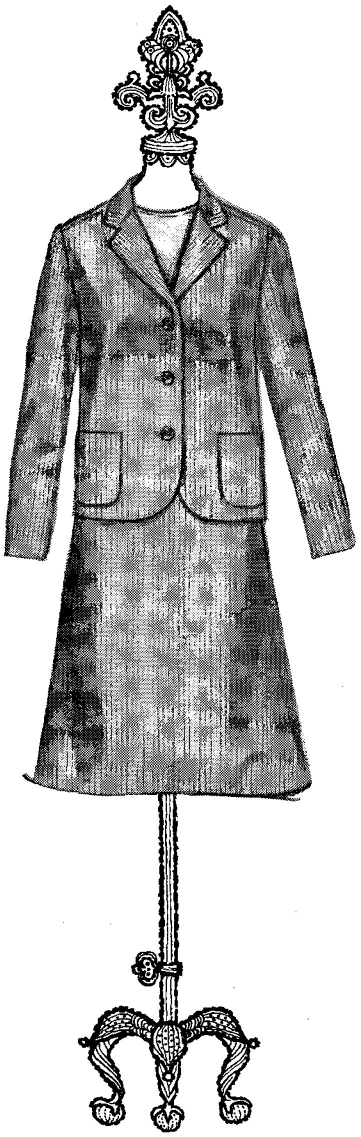

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The Villager®

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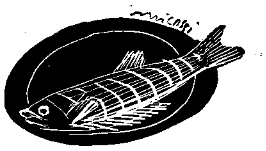
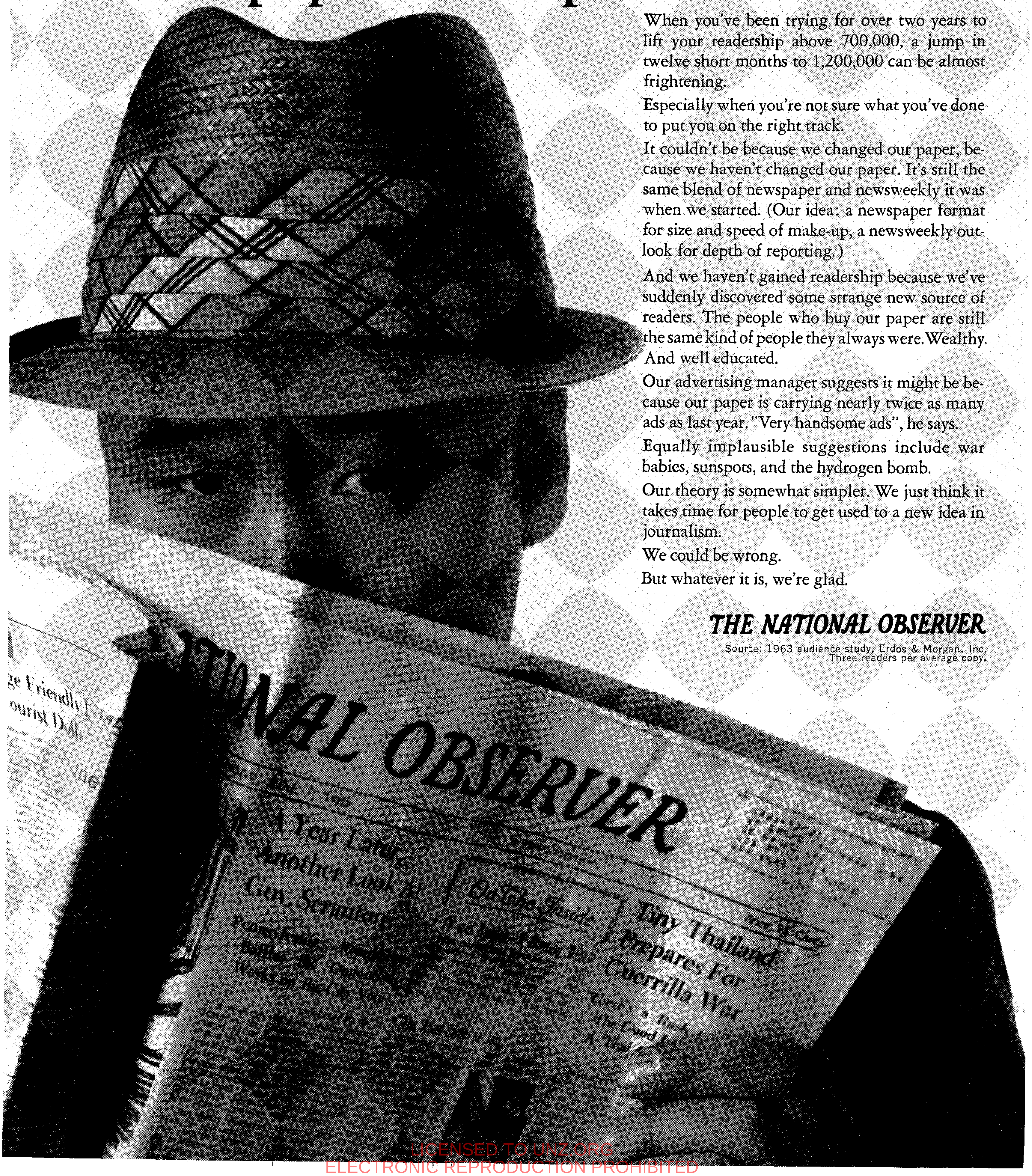
of the Dakota Territory, and the officer who had obtained Grant's approval of Mann's accoutrements. Mann himself was named vice-president—and custodian of all company funds. The next thing was to get up a prospectus, and the one that Mann got up was lacking in nothing but modesty; the *Tribune* described it later as being "written in magniloquent style" and "fairly daubed with oil." It asserted that the company's holdings were "mainly" in Venango County "near the famous Joy Farm," where a big strike had been made the previous summer. "Successful drilling will be completed in 60 days," the prospectus promised, adding that there was "no possibility of loss: the reputation of all concerned makes this certain." Armed with a suitcaseful of these come-ons and a small bottle of lubricating oil, which he identified as a "preliminary sample" from the company's wells, Mann transferred his base of operations to Washington in early March and took a suite in Owen's Hotel, where he held open house for officers returning from the front. To his guests he explained that the company was prepared to issue a hundred thousand shares of stock with a par value of three dollars, but that before the general public got a chance to gobble them up a hand-picked group of investors would be given a crack at them for a mere dollar a share. During the next few weeks, Mann succeeded in hand-picking—and collecting a total of fifty-seven thousand dollars from—forty-five investors who made the mistake of showing up at his suite, including fifteen colonels, six brigadier generals, and three major generals. As soon as a ranking officer forked over his money, the brassy weight of his name was added to the prospectus.



Later that month, Mann met with his board of directors and informed them that the cost of the land owned by their company was forty-five thousand dollars. A disbursement for that sum was authorized. The war ended on Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865. Two days later, Mann marched down Pennsylvania Avenue with the rest of the Army of the Potomac to the tune of "Ain't We Glad to Get Out of the Wilderness?," and then, in pursuit of three-dollar customers, he scurried off to Grant's headquarters at City Point, near Richmond, where he unloaded thousands of his prospectuses at the entrance to each company paymaster's tent. The enlisted men were warier than their officers, however, and the whole lot of them added no more than seventeen hundred dollars to the kitty. In an effort to whip up greater interest in his promotion, Mann instructed his caretaker to send him a telegram announcing that a gusher had been brought in on land adjoining the supposed company property in Grafton. By early June, with no oil in sight, Mann's sure-thing plungers began suffering pangs of doubt, and a number of them held a meeting, at which the former governor of the Dakota Territory was delegated to go out to Grafton and scout around. Mann, getting wind of what he called their "contemptible subterfuge," wrote his caretaker to start digging and "to crack everything up high." But the jig was up, and the emissary, upon his return, glumly said as much. On June 25th, four of the dollar-a-share investors swore out a warrant for Mann's arrest on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. Apprehended in his hotel suite—he was again staying at the Astor House—the Colonel was arraigned and then released on fifteen thousand dollars' bail.

The trial, held in Manhattan's Jefferson Market court, lasted through the summer and into the fall. It was well attended. Oil had moved far enough into the national limelight for people to have some intimation of the great fortunes it would generate, and Mann's was among the first—perhaps *the* first—of the big swindles involving it. Besides, the Colonel had engaged an attorney who was bound to draw a crowd—David Dudley Field, the most famous trial lawyer of his day. As part of his courtroom strategy, Field played on the postwar popular revulsion against the military brass. He transformed his client, the former cavalry colonel, into just an ordinary young fellow who had been ill-used by uniformed arrogants. "Gentlemen in the Army can wear fine coats and ride long-tail horses, but they cannot ride over us," he boomed at one point. As the trial progressed, the prosecution brought out that on inspection U.S. Petroleum's holdings in Grafton had been found to be "not an oleaginous location," and to be totally worthless, except for one shanty-type building that, as the prosecutor put it, "Mann ran away from in 1861," and one recently dug well, no more than ten feet deep and quite empty; furthermore, the defendant was shown not only to have paid himself forty-five thousand dollars for this unpromising

After 2½ lean years our readership has suddenly gone up 70%. Either the paper's catching on, or it's the population explosion.


NAL OBSERVER
A Year Later Another Look At Gov. Scranton
On The Inside
Tiny Thailand Prepares For Guerrilla War

When you've been trying for over two years to lift your readership above 700,000, a jump in twelve short months to 1,200,000 can be almost frightening.

Especially when you're not sure what you've done to put you on the right track.

It couldn't be because we changed our paper, because we haven't changed our paper. It's still the same blend of newspaper and newsweekly it was when we started. (Our idea: a newspaper format for size and speed of make-up, a newsweekly outlook for depth of reporting.)

And we haven't gained readership because we've suddenly discovered some strange new source of readers. The people who buy our paper are still the same kind of people they always were. Wealthy. And well educated.

Our advertising manager suggests it might be because our paper is carrying nearly twice as many ads as last year. "Very handsome ads", he says.

Equally implausible suggestions include war babies, sunspots, and the hydrogen bomb.

Our theory is somewhat simpler. We just think it takes time for people to get used to a new idea in journalism.

We could be wrong.

But whatever it is, we're glad.

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER

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Three readers per average copy.

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acreage but to have appropriated the balance in the company's treasury, amounting to nearly fourteen thousand dollars, for office rent, stationery, and "miscellaneous." Nevertheless, in October, after two thousand pages of prosecution testimony had been taken, Field moved for dismissal of the charges, and three months later the judge assented, pointing out that since most of the money had changed hands in Washington, the New York court lacked jurisdiction, and adding benignly that even if Mann's claims had included "a bit of overstatement," all concerned were "highly respectable parties."

After retrieving the fifteen thousand dollars he had put up for bail, Mann began looking around for another likely berth—preferably one that would take him way out of town. At the time, New York's newspapers were full of dispatches from the Deep South depicting the plight of the ruined Confederacy, and any reasonably shrewd man could grasp the fact that the situation offered excellent opportunities for carpetbaggers. Mobile, Alabama, for instance, the *Times* reported, was "the most desolate of cities," with its "low and mean buildings," its narrow streets overrun with mules and plagued by mosquitoes, and its thirty thousand languid citizens maundering about with yellow fever; however, it was also the chief commercial center of the state, and as a cotton port before the war had been second only to New Orleans. It was in Mobile that Mann next showed up, in the spring of 1866. With him he brought credentials—no doubt obtained through the influence of some of his wartime cronies in Washington—that established him as a duly appointed Assessor of Internal Revenue, an officer technically authorized by Reconstruction law to confiscate and sell the abandoned property of all men in Mobile who had fought for the Confederacy and to have any citizen of the city who balked at paying his taxes to the federal government arrested and tried by a military commission. ("Under the military constitution, the art of taxation reached its most tortuous trickery," a historian living in Mobile at the time noted.) The annual federal revenue from Mobile during the first two years of Mann's tenure came to more than four million dollars.

In the first years after the war, Mobile women "would go far out of the way to avoid meeting a Federal officer, and when forced to pass one, would sweep their skirts aside as if to avoid contagion," Walter L. Fleming

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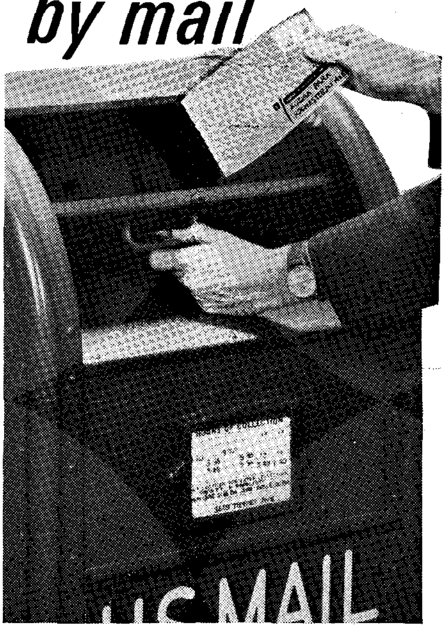

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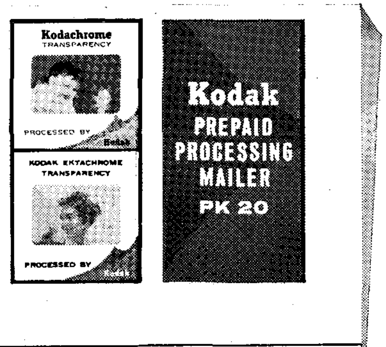

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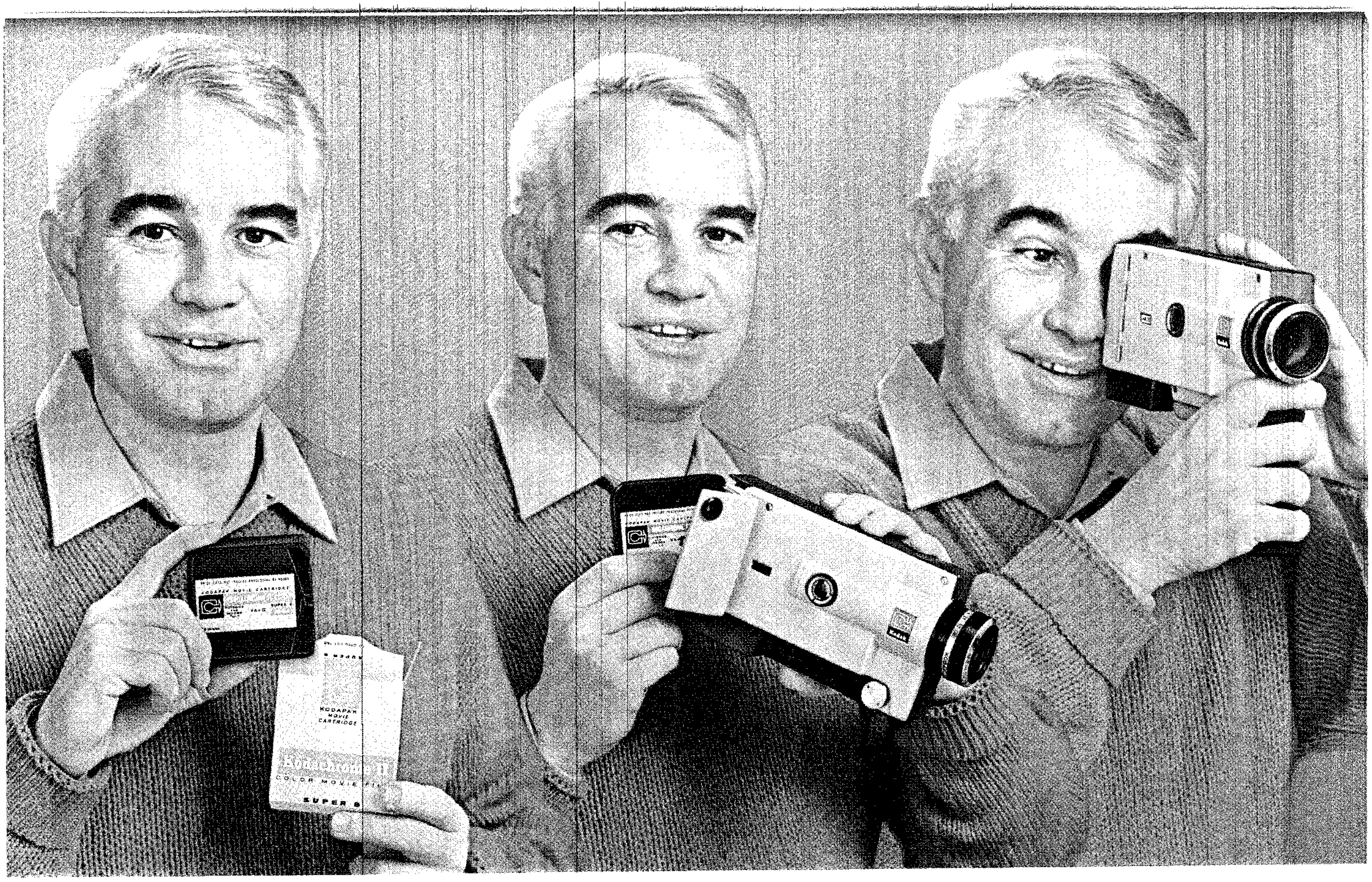
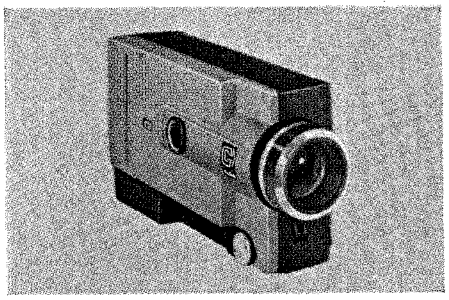


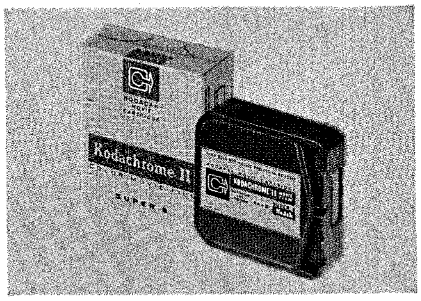
Open ... Drop in ... Shoot!

Kodak brings the Instamatic Camera idea to movies ...and introduces a new era in movie enjoyment

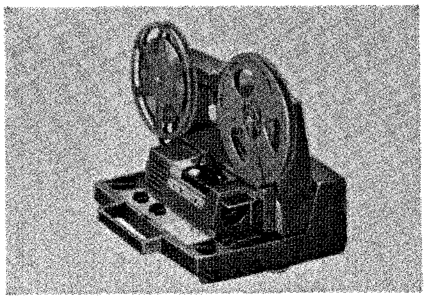
Kodak has redesigned the movie camera. New KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Cameras load *instantly, automatically.* Just slip the KODAPAK Movie Cartridge into the camera and shoot! No threading. No winding. No flipping. Zoom model shown, less than $175. Other KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Cameras from less than $50.



Kodak has redesigned the movie film with 50% more picture area for better, more lifelike movies. The new KODAPAK Movie Cartridge is factory-loaded with improved KODACHROME II Film in the new Super 8 format—giving you 50 feet of uninterrupted shooting.



Kodak has redesigned the movie projector. The KODAK INSTAMATIC M70 Movie Projector lets you show any scene at normal, fast, or slow-motion speeds—forward and reverse. "Still" projection, too. Brilliant illumination, automatic threading. Less than $160. Other models from less than $65.



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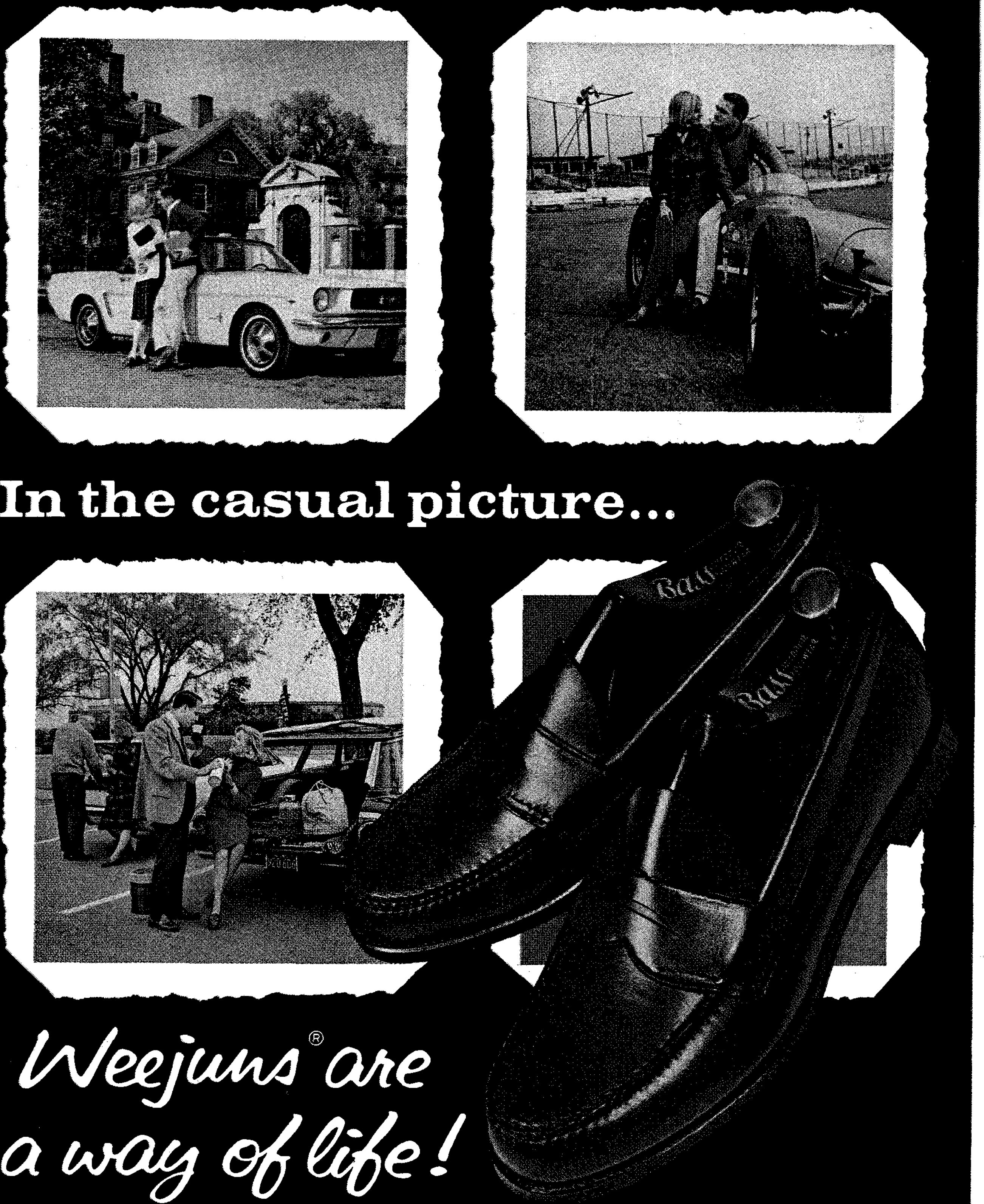

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G. H. BASS & CO., 82 MAIN STREET, WILTON, MAINE wrote in his "Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama." When Mann arrived in Mobile, there were five thousand Northerners in Alabama, come down to enjoy the spoils of victory; two years later, all but a scattering of them had departed, done in by the sweeping aside of skirts and the long, solitary evenings. Not the Colonel. On finding that any sort of social life in Mobile was out of the question for a Union partisan, he had blandly gone over foursquare to the other side. Such a conversion must have seemed highly suspect, but, on the other hand, Mann's whole career bears testimony to his plausibility. Moreover, as an assessor, he was in a position to make friends as well as enemies. Having plenty of cash on hand, he was careful to distribute it where it would do the most good socially—and politically. His most significant investment was among the owners of the three local newspapers, who had emerged from the war almost broke, and who, in the estimation of the *Times*, were "a disloyal gang," forever inciting the populace to mutiny against the Reconstruction forces. "The editors of the three papers were friends of mine," Mann later told a *Tribune* reporter. "I accommodated them with loans until I had quite an amount invested. Eventually, I paid enough in addition to buy [all three papers], combined the plants, and published one morning and one evening edition, calling it the *Mobile Register*." The new publisher also occasionally wrote the *Register* editorials. On one occasion, when a delegation of Northerners, including a Pennsylvania congressman named William Kelley, arrived in Mobile with the intention of admonishing its white citizens that they had an obligation to accept their Negro brethren, who were beginning to take part in the local government, Mann ran an editorial expressing the pious hope that there would be no bloodshed but noting that another objectionable Irishman had recently been torn limb from limb on Boston Common. During a street-corner speech, Kelley was attacked by a mob, which, he later claimed, was led by Mann. The Colonel denied the accusation, but a congressional investigation blamed the local press for helping incite the local citizens to riot. In any event, in the minds of those citizens, the Colonel, the former enemy alien, had proved himself true blue—or, rather, true gray—when it counted.

In August, 1869, Mann was rewarded when the Conservative Democrats, the bitterly anti-Reconstruction

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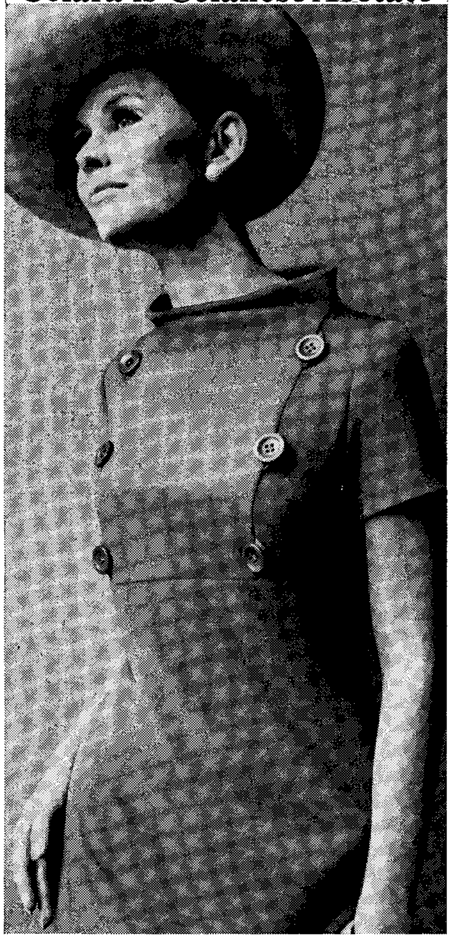

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party to which most white Southerners belonged, made him their candidate in a special congressional election for Alabama's First District, which included Mobile. This move was less extraordinary than it may seem, since leaders of the heavily Republican Congress had declared that they would refuse to seat Southern politicians who had in any way aided the Confederacy, so the notion of the Conservative Democrats was to confound the Republicans by electing a convert to the Southern cause whose Union Army credentials were unassailable. What *was* extraordinary was that the veteran of the Michigan Brigade resigned from his post as tax assessor and mounted the hustings with a slogan of "Down with the Carpetbaggers!" Apparently, word got back to Washington that the Colonel's bitter campaign against the Republican candidate—a more orthodox carpetbagger from the state of Maine—might actually succeed. Four days before the election, three Treasury agents arrived in Mobile, and the city's official Reconstruction newspaper announced that Colonel Mann was about to be arrested on a charge of having appropriated for his own use one and a half million dollars of federal revenue. Shooting broke out the next day at a rally for his opponent, and President Grant sent in troops to supervise the voting. On the basis of early returns, the Conservative Democrats declared Colonel Mann elected and held a wild victory celebration in Mobile's Mammoth Hall. When all the returns were in, however, the federal authorities certified the man from Maine as the winner. "The black people have drawn the lines broad and deep," an editorial in the *Register* said the next day. "The white men mean to defend their liberties, and if blood comes of it . . ." That night tar barrels were lighted in Mobile, and Colonel Mann was burned in effigy by the Republicans, setting off a riot in which three Negroes were killed. Calm gradually returned to the city, and the charges of malfeasance against the Colonel were forgotten—if, indeed, any basis for them ever existed—but he was now obliged to look around for new projects.

By the fall of that year, he had become a "railroad promoter"—a calling that in those days usually involved ferrying sackfuls of cash between, on the one hand, fly-by-night companies that proposed building railroads in Alabama and, on the other, members of the state legislature, who voted the companies liberal sums for the purpose

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We try harder.

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We try harder.

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5 million so far.

At 2½¢ apiece, that amounts to $125,000. And that's a lot of money when you're only No. 2.

So our man in charge of buttons came up with a cheaper version. We're sure it'll work as well for everyone. (Like the Bishop in Africa who got 300 to inspire good works in his district.)

If all it took were buttons, though, the world would be on its way to being a better place.

But it takes more.

We don't just hang a button on a girl and expect miracles. Avis has a will to win and it rubs off. On her. And on the men who whisk the last cigar band out of the Plymouth.

Avis buttons are yours for the asking. But the button only works as hard as the people who wear it.

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ask any woman!

She'll tell you that you're pure catnip! Vitabath's great in tub or shower. Lathers thick, cleans deep. Soothes wind or sunburn...makes you feel good all over. So don't ask her questions . . . Vitabath!

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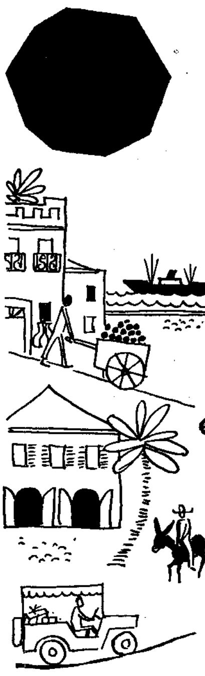
in return for liberal kickbacks. Once the companies had squeezed all they could out of the legislature, most of them defaulted without laying so much as a length of track. In some manner, however, the Colonel became associated with a company that really wanted to build a railroad, between Mobile and New Orleans, and he contracted to do the work. The line, a hundred and forty miles long, was eventually completed under his direction—it is part of the Louisville & Nashville system today—but its construction through the jungle of swamps and bayous that lay between the two terminals proved ruinously expensive, and in 1871, to pay off one subcontractor, he gave up his interest in the *Register*.

WITH his ties to Mobile considerably weakened, Colonel Mann turned his restless mind to another side of the railroad business. He invented what he called a "boudoir car"—that is, a sleeper—and applied for a patent on it. The patent was granted in 1872, and, for the second time in a decade, the arrival of a letter from Washington notifying him of such an event sent him off on an entirely new tack. This one took him to England, where, later in the year, he organized the Mann Railway Sleeping Carriage Company, Ltd., with a factory two hundred miles north of London, to manufacture his boudoir cars and lease them to railroads. The launching of his sleeper company on the other side of the Atlantic was a canny move. If he had set up his factory in this country, he would have found himself a decidedly late starter, because George Pullman, of Illinois, in the previous seven years had come to dominate this particular business to such an extent that his name had replaced the term "sleeping car" as a common noun; Europe, on the other hand, with its generally shorter distances between terminals and correspondingly less urgent demand for overnight-trip accommodations, had produced no comparable monopolist. Mann's sleeper differed sharply from Mr. Pullman's Pullman in that instead of having two rows of curtained berths flanking a central aisle his was divided into eight separate compartments, each as long as the car was wide, from which passengers stepped down directly onto a narrow footboard and thence to the platform. Later, he shortened the compartments slightly to allow for a side corridor running the length of the car and with a vestibule at either end—an arrangement that became the hallmark of the European *wagons-lits* and is now the



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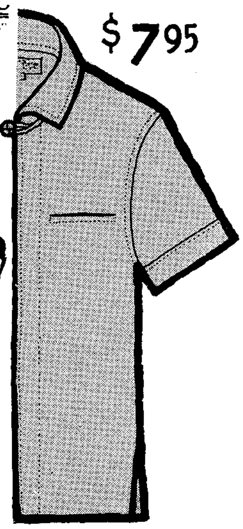

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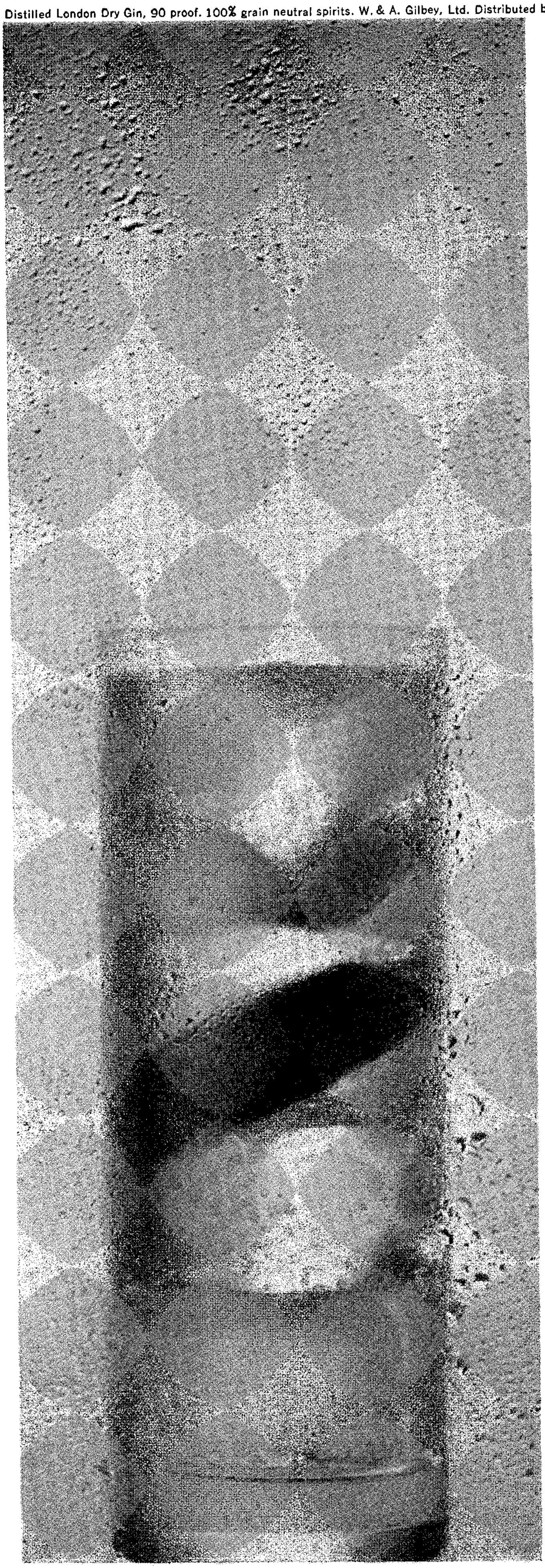

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accepted design for sleepers all over the world. Being intended for travellers who could afford privacy and comfort, Mann's cars had a capacity of only thirty-two, as against fifty-two on the early Pullmans, and, unlike the Pullman cars, with their green baize curtains, were fitted out with such amenities as teak gaming tables, gold-fringed upholstery, Italian Renaissance paintings, gilded flower holders, crystal chandeliers, and embossed spittoons.

Mann soon saw that England, with its exceptionally low-mileage runs, was not likely to be his best customer, so he began concentrating on the Continent, with almost instant success. In 1873, one of his "*chemin de fer wagons-boudoirs pour éviter la grande fatigue*," as a brochure he got out in Paris called them, was put into service between Munich and Vienna—the first sleeping car ever available to the public on the eastern side of the Atlantic. It was so favorably received that by 1876 fifty-eight were operating in half a dozen European countries, including Russia, and Mann had opened offices in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Brussels. That same year, he joined forces with Georges Nagelmackers, an engineering member of a Belgian banking family, to found the celebrated Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits, which began laying plans for the now legendary Orient Express. Its sleeping cars, built to Mann's specifications, went into regular service between Paris and Constantinople—a three-and-a-half-day, eighteen-hundred-and-eighty-nine-mile journey—in September, 1883, but the Colonel was not on hand for the opening "*attention-au-départ*" ceremony. Eleven months earlier, for reasons of his own, he had sold his interest in the company to Nagelmackers for two million dollars and returned to this country, where, feeling that he was at last in a position to challenge the Pullman people on their home ground, he founded the Mann Boudoir Car Company, Inc., with headquarters in New York City, and laid out a million dollars to build forty-one sleepers. A few of these, indeed, were in operation between Boston and Albany by the time the Orient Express made its first run, and before long Mann had leased the others to lines that took them as far west as Kansas City, as far north as Minneapolis, and as far south as New Orleans. Though the marquetry and the frescoed ceilings of the Colonel's American rolling stock sometimes amounted to little more than painted canvas, the cars themselves were notably durable; in 1960, four of them,

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Pray do. Years now, Hair Spray DE Pantene has been the secret chic of Europe's natural beauties. Because it contains D-Panthenol, a pro-vitamin that enriches the hair. In consequence: Pantene takes less to do more. Deep-conditions while it does. Does it all lightly, discreetly, fragrantly. Leaves the hair shining-clean and healthy looking. Now Hair Spray DE Pantene is here. Two ways. Natural Hold or Soft Hold; both, for normal hair, or for tired or color-treated hair. $2 the container. Mail orders to Harzfeld's, Kansas City, Missouri, add 35¢. The Pantene Company, 555 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

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Bewitching Saddle-Stitching Accents This Charmer In Vycron®! You haven't a stitch to wear? Now you have . . . lot's of 'em! Saddle-stitching in sparkling white dashes up and down the full, box-pleat skirt . . . skips up the front . . . and encircles the sweetly simple neckline. A most carefree fabric...50% Vycron® polyester / 50% cotton. Charcoal, green, navy, red, blue or brown. Sizes 8 to 18 .... $25

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built in the mid-eighties, were discovered alleviating *la grande fatigue* on regular overnight runs through the sheepherding provinces of Australia.

Yet for Mann, despite the prestige accruing from his foreign achievements, there simply was no catching up with Pullman. Not only was his initial fleet of forty-one sleepers almost hopelessly dwarfed by the nearly one thousand Pullmans then in operation but it showed few signs of growth, the railroads having soon found that the greater carrying capacity of the Pullmans more than compensated economically for the appeal of the Colonel's elegant stateroom design. Mann's company consistently lost money until 1888, when it feebly reversed the trend by earning six thousand dollars, a turnabout that may have revived his hopes somewhat but presumably did nothing to help his credit, for in December of that year he merged the firm with another fading also-ran—the Woodruff Parlor Sleeping Coach Company—and six weeks later the corporate hybrid, known as the Union Palace Car Company, was bought out by Pullman. The Colonel's share of the proceeds was not enough to cover the large sums he had spent to keep his company going; according to his own testimony, he had been reduced within a span of five years from a man who was "several times a millionaire" to one who was a hundred thousand dollars in debt. Today, some people will argue that Mann was too late in entering the race with Pullman, but at least one amateur of sleeping cars—Lucius Beebe—vehemently upholds the proposition that he was too early. "Almost alone in his time, [Mann] built cars composed of private sleeping apartments," Beebe declares in "Mr. Pullman's Elegant Palace Car," his panegyric to the palace-car era. "The concept was half a century in advance of its general practice." Beebe adds that "beyond all doubt, the boudoir cars of the versatile Colonel Mann paved the way" for the all-compartment car, which in this generation has put the open-section sleeper out of business.

NEVER one to fret over a matter of indebtedness, whether the amount involved a week's pay due a hired hand or thousands borrowed from a frightened millionaire, the Colonel spent the next two years familiarizing himself with the special skills required of a successful editor and publisher of *Town Topics*. He was admirably situated to undertake this novitiate, for not only was he already a part owner of the

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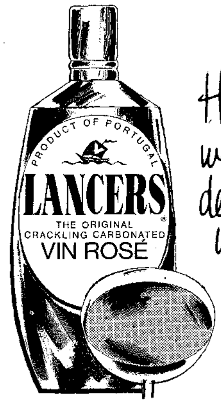
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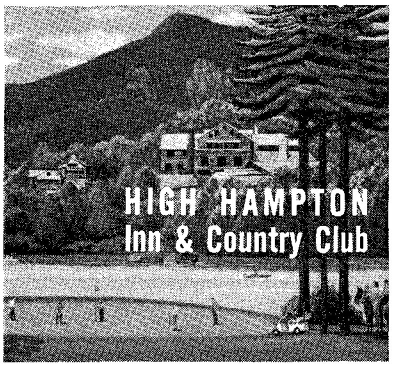

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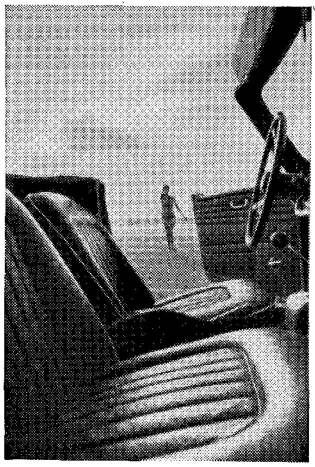

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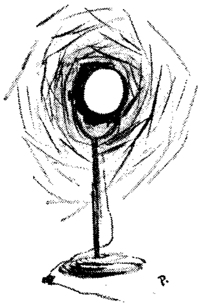
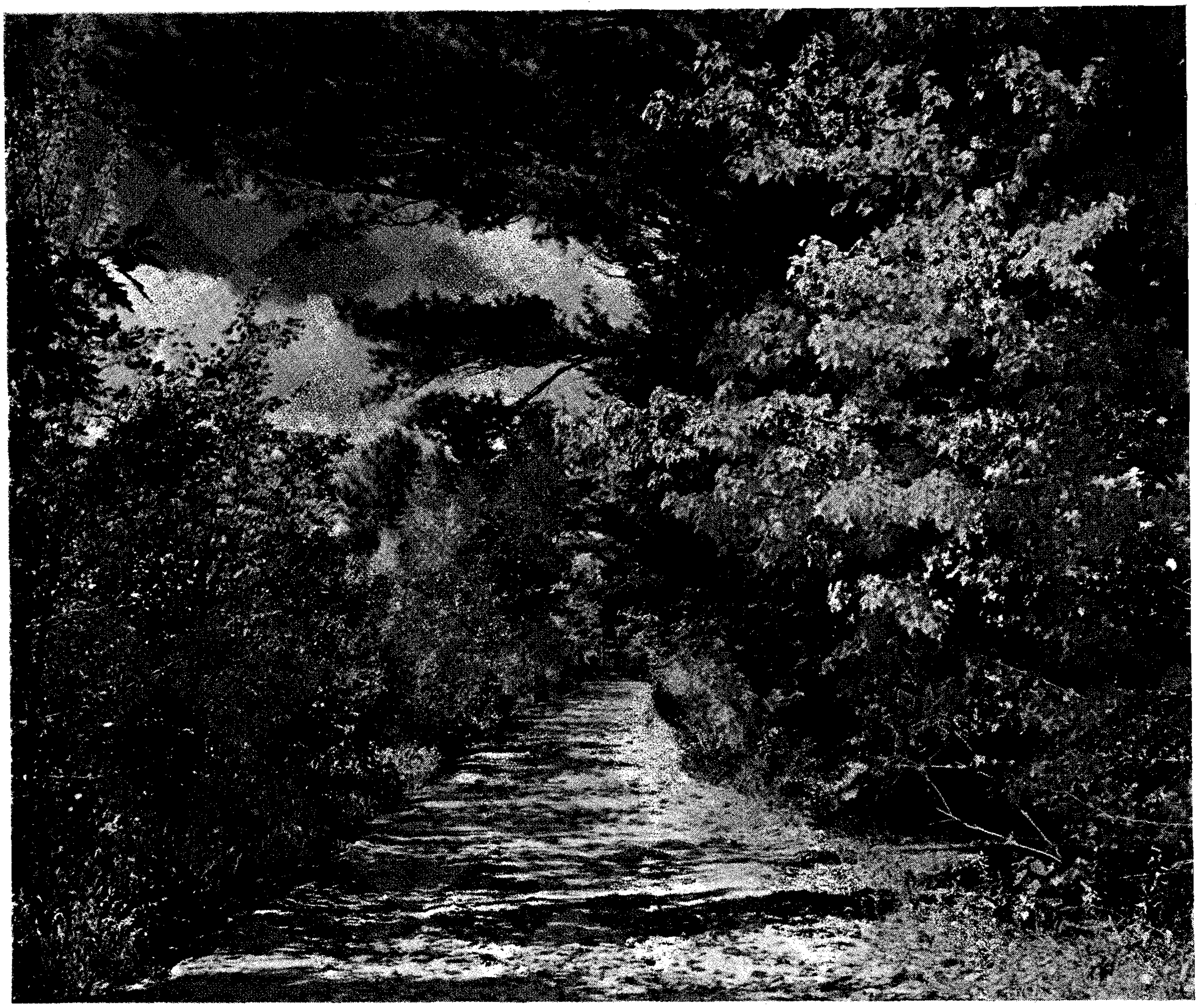
magazine but his youngest brother, Eugene D. Mann, was its publisher at the time. There is evidence that not everybody on Eugene Mann's staff realized at once that the Colonel had been predestined by nature for the role of proprietor of *Town Topics*. One of its writers during the late eighties remembered him only as "a military personage who had a habit of haunting his brother's office and harassing the editors with childish suggestions." This was probably the only time when the Colonel's doings at *Town Topics* reminded anyone of child's play.

Town Topics had been founded in 1879, as a bi-monthly called *Andrews' American Queen, a National Society Journal*, by W. R. Andrews, who manufactured dress patterns—Andrews' Pinned Paper Fashions—and conceived of it primarily as a means of promoting them. The reading matter in the *American Queen's* early issues ran pretty much to lists of guests at social functions and descriptions of what everybody wore, but this limited fare failed to attract much of an audience, so Andrews added a sprinkling of fiction. He never succeeded in making the magazine pay, and in 1883 he skipped town, leaving it to its creditors. During the next couple of years, it was taken over by successive platoons of young society gentlemen, including Louis Keller, who a few years later made a more durable contribution to the fashionable scene by founding the *Social Register*; it was during his brief association with the magazine that its name was changed to *Town Topics*. In the spring of 1885, the publication went bankrupt again, and its printers, who acquired it by default, sold it to Eugene Mann. A few months later, the Colonel bought a one-third interest in it, possibly just to help his brother get the magazine on its feet, but possibly, too, with a crafty eye on the future. It turned out to be a shrewd investment.



Eugene Mann's qualifications as a journalist are not obvious from the surviving record. Born in Adrian, Michigan, sixteen years after the Colonel, he was educated at the Kentucky Military Institute and at Cornell, and then followed his brother to Europe, where he studied political economics in Munich and Paris and, for a time, acted as Munich agent for the Colonel's boudoir-car company. Returning to the United States in 1881, he studied law in the office of an Adrian attorney, was admitted to the Michigan bar, and moved to New York and took over *Town Topics* four years later, when he was twenty-nine. Nevertheless, under his direction the magazine expanded its scope and became, for the first time, a thriving enterprise. It described itself on its cover as a journal devoted to "society, fashions, drama, music, art, books, the club, racing, yachting, military, flowers, household, etc.," and, moreover, laid brash claim under its masthead to being "the newsiest, brightest, wittiest, wisest, cleverest, most original, and most entertaining paper ever published." A less biassed estimate, by a critic for the *World*, compared the renovated *Town Topics* favorably with London's *Vanity Fair*, and pronounced it "entertaining and trustworthy" from cover to cover. No exception was made of the several pages of society gossip at the front of the magazine, which, under the heading "Saunterings," caused so much trouble later on. At the inauguration of this feature, in February, 1885, the editors had promised that it would "avoid in every way possible offensive personalities and attacks upon character." When Eugene Mann took over as publisher, he repeated the promise and added, "All honest people will find *Town Topics* at all times ready to elevate and purify our civilization." Within a few months, however, the moral tone of "Saunterings" had noticeably lost altitude, and the department was describing itself as "an *olla podrida* of gossip, comment, and anecdotal paragraphs of contemporaneous interest . . . not for babes, prudes, idiots, or dudes." And by 1887 "Saunterings" had so far reneged on the publisher's original promises that the New York *Star* was denouncing it as an instrument of blackmail.

In an era when it was considered indelicate for a publication even to mention that a child had been born to a lady of quality, *Town Topics'* increasingly racy flavor was bound to attract readers, however surreptitious, in high places as well as low. Eugene Mann published the magazine for six years, and during that time its circulation rose from five thousand to sixty thousand, while its advertising rate went up from ten cents an agate line to seventy-five cents. Unfortunately, with prosperity came a rise in the perils of ownership, or even of being on the payroll; horsewhips were ready to hand seventy-five years ago, and enraged husbands and fathers took to invading the *Town Topics* office armed with



Summer smiles and sings her swan song in the dazzling days of fall

And that's the time to be in Maine. Here, a host of special pleasures accompanies nature's final burst of beauty.

Suddenly the fresh, clean air is fresher, clearer. The car slows to a stop, you sigh, gaze at the foliage, and marvel that a camera can capture its beauty.

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Soon, pumpkins piled high. County Fair! "Antiques ahead". Then, a crisp juicy bite from an apple as you stand under the limb where it blossomed, grew and waited to be picked.

Football, cornstalks, a scampering squirrel, good food and the welcome warmth of a fireplace at evening. Cider, songs, silence and a leaf that flutters for a moment, then settles for a brief voyage on the stillness of the lake — these are the joys of fall in Maine. No wonder winter patiently waits in the wings.

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Memphis, Tennessee 38112.

them—intrusions that the more respectable members of the staff regarded as contributing largely to rather sticky working conditions. Many of these unhappy employees deserted, and from then on the full-time staff was largely made up of journalistic castaways—men, often of considerable ability, who were burdened with some such incubus as drink, dope, woman trouble, or police records that made them unacceptable in editorial offices of any standing. "Literary flotsam, we had all slunk onto the magazine from some limbo, usually of our own creation," a man who had been a junior editor of *Town Topics* in the nineties wrote a few years after losing his job.

In 1887, Eugene Mann was convicted of sending obscene matter through the mails. The sentence was suspended, but four years later he was arrested again on the same charge—probably the result of a brazen item in "Saunterings" about the prevalence of abortion among society women. Released on bail, he succeeded in having the case postponed by pleading that he was critically ill of consumption, and, as if to substantiate the plea, he relinquished his hold on *Town Topics*, transferring his two-thirds interest in it to Colonel Mann. In return, so a son of Eugene Mann's stated in a legal document filed many years afterward, the Colonel agreed to support his brother's children, of whom there were eventually five, until they came of age—an agreement, the son added, that his uncle had lived up to. As soon as Eugene Mann pulled out of *Town Topics*, he moved with his family to Alabama and got a job on a newspaper owned by a friend of the Colonel's. Over the next six years, his case was postponed again and again on the ground of his illness, and finally, in 1897, when representations were made to the District Attorney that the defendant had only a few weeks to live, the charge was compassionately withdrawn. Three days later, the supposedly doomed man arrived in New York and began covering the Wall Street beat for *Town Topics*. He remained on its staff until the fall of 1901, when his fiction, if it was that, became fact; at all events, he died of tuberculosis in Phoenix, Arizona, in March of the following year. The *Times* found room on its front page for a brief report of his death, but no notice was taken of it in *Town Topics*.

ONCE Colonel Mann had seated himself in the editor's chair as the outright owner of *Town Topics*, he

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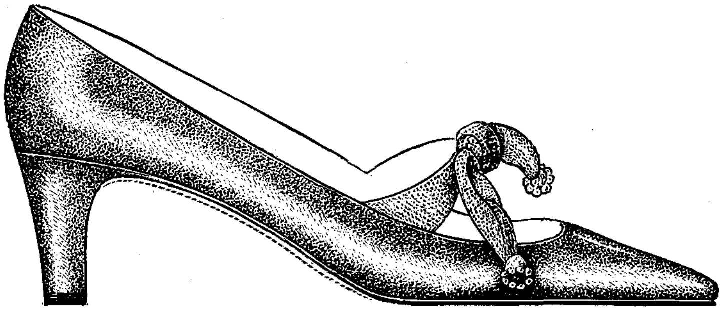

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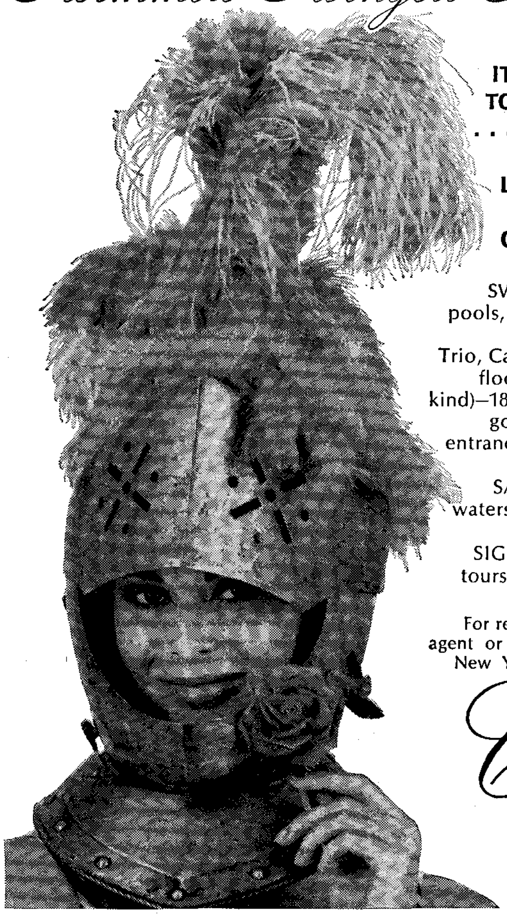

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directed its devious operations with such adroitness that during the fourteen years before Post took his grievance to the District Attorney's Office its circulation rose from sixty thousand to a figure that may well have been as high as the hundred and forty thousand the Colonel liked to claim for it. Appearing every Thursday morning and selling for ten cents a copy, or four dollars a year, the magazine was a weird blend of the dubious and the respectable. It had from twenty-four to twenty-eight ten-by-thirteen-inch pages printed on glossy paper, and on the cover, entwined with representational foliage and arranged around a central decoration showing two jaded-looking débutantes reading a miniature copy of *Town Topics*, were advertisements for foot doctors, millinery and tobacco shops, mind readers, and fruit salts and other restoratives. Within, the masthead bore the prim notation "Only Unexceptionable Advertisements Taken"—and, indeed, aside from the hodgepodge that graced the cover, the ads that passed muster were usually dignified messages from some of the country's most unexceptionable enterprises, such as United States Steel, Standard Oil, and the Pennsylvania Railroad. In addition to "Saunterings," which had grown to fill the front half of the magazine, the editorial content—spaciously presented in double columns of large type—consisted of a potpourri of fiction, light verse, and reviews of events in the worlds of the theatre, books, music, painting and sculpture, finance, football, yachting, croquet, fashion, and the Army and Navy. Some of the departments dealing with the fine arts were the pseudonymous work of contributors who ranked among the most distinguished critics of the day; Percival Pollard reviewed books, for example, and James Huneker covered music and culture in general. As a rule, critics of this calibre merely dropped off their copy or mailed it in, thereby sparing themselves any first-hand knowledge of what the magazine's society reporters were up to. They probably wrote for *Town Topics* not only because doing so helped substantially to piece out meagre incomes from chores on more upright periodicals (*Town Topics* paid the standard rate of a penny a word) but because the Colonel, having other things on his mind, gave them free rein to be as avant-garde as they liked. Thus, while in other publications critics were pottering about in an atmosphere made up of two parts Harold Bell Wright and one part Anti-Saloon League, Hune-

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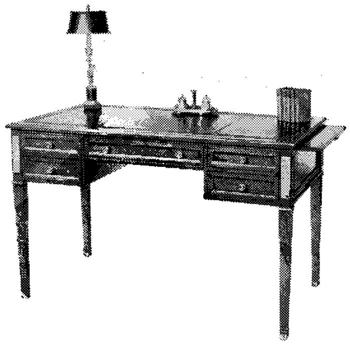

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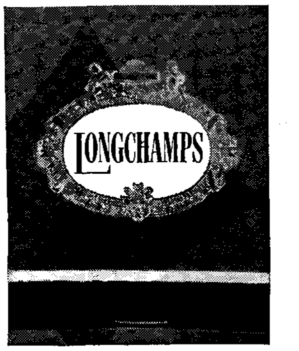

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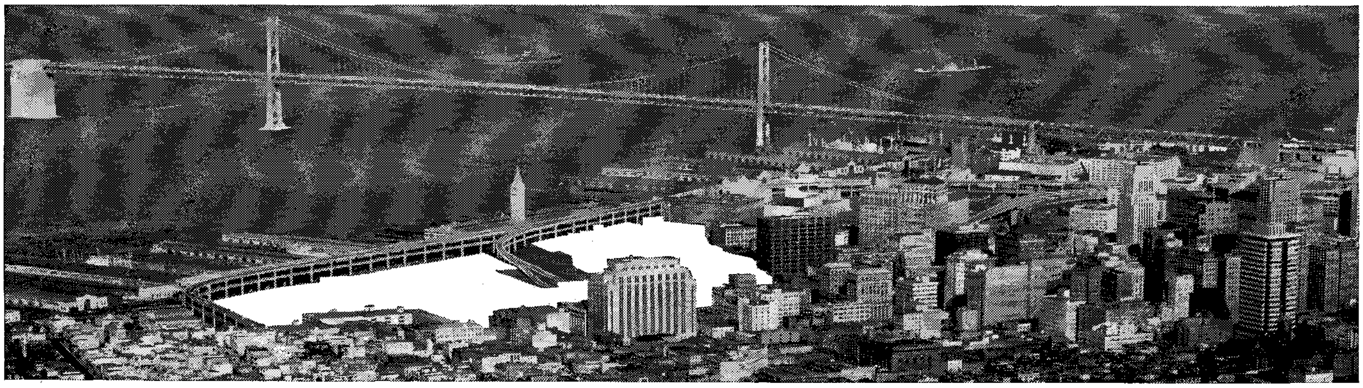

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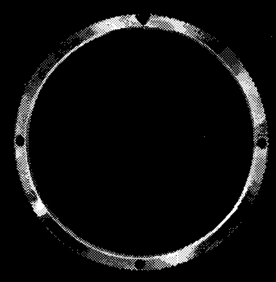

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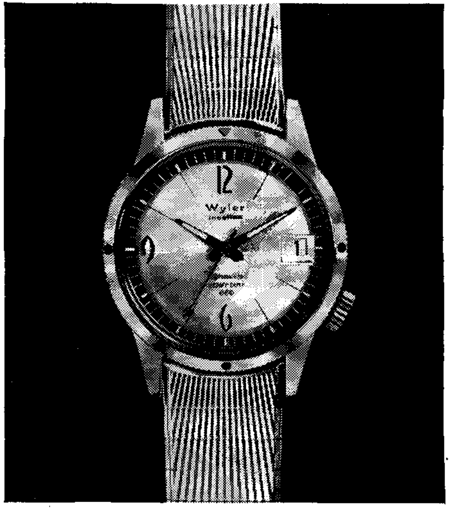

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ker was introducing *Town Topics* readers to Moussorgsky, Schoenberg, Strindberg, Nietzsche, Ibsen, Shaw, Gorki, and Cézanne, among others, and Pollard was displaying in its columns—as Ludwig Lewisohn, himself a contributor to the magazine, once wrote—"the first American awareness of the great movements that were transforming Continental literature." The light verse that appeared in the magazine was remarkably cheerful, considering the Colonel's rate of payment—a niggardly twenty-five cents a line (according to one of his assistants, Mann believed that "poets were born, not paid")—and although American fiction at the time was scraping bottom everywhere and *Town Topics* was printing its share of tasteless dregs, it also came up with occasional short stories by such writers as Gertrude Atherton, O. Henry, Ambrose Bierce, and Stephen Crane.

F. L. Mott, in his "A History of American Magazines, 1885–1905," declares that sixty years ago *Town Topics* was "the best-known urban weekly" in this country. For all its merits, though, not even its most fastidious contributors would have suggested that its fame derived from ingredients like a Pollard critique of the work of Gerhart Hauptmann. *Town Topics* was read primarily for the jottings of the Saunterer, who teed off each week with five or six pages devoted to prominent society figures in New York and its satellite resorts, moved on to items concerning their opposite numbers in Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, and other bastions of the Old Guard, and concluded with a mélange of political commentary, military criticism, pet peeves, and reminiscence. The Saunterer's world was populated by persons who gave receptions, tea dances, and tennis parties and got engaged and married much as they did in Manhattan's other society pages, but who also were branded as adulterers (frequently incestuous), transvestites, nymphomaniacs, and homosexuals (male and female). It was the Saunterer's custom to write news of the conventional social activities of his weekly cast of characters and then, a few lines further on, without naming names, discuss their *sub-rosa* pursuits. Additional do-it-yourself clues to the identity of his targets were provided by giving the subject's address, for example, or by a line reading, "The young man's last name, incidentally, is the same as the title of the leading primate of the Church of Rome." Readers thus had little trouble recognizing, say, a

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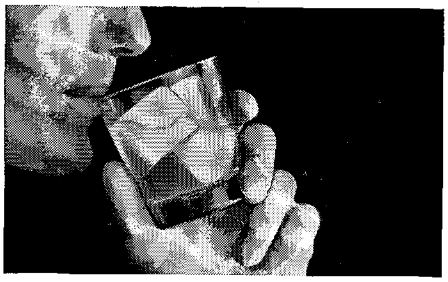

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bride who had once borne twins out of wedlock, a cotillion leader down with syphilis, or a matron facing divorce proceedings because of her friendship with a lady librarian. On occasion, the Saunterer would dispense with coyness or caution and come right out and name some member of the Bailey's Beach set, for instance, as having been "looked upon as a complaisant husband who wore his horns too publicly." Even when there was no question of sexual lapses, the Saunterer's comments on his victims could leave scar tissue, for he was fond of items like "Mrs. Belmont dyes her hair. Though covered with diamond rings, her hands are wrinkled like a washerwoman's," "Miss Van Alen suffers from some kind of throat trouble—she cannot go more than half an hour without a drink," and "Seldom does a brunette make a pretty bride, and Miss Maria Arnot Haver was no exception." It is hardly surprising that one of *Town Topics'* more finical critics of the arts observed after submitting his resignation that whenever he read "Saunterings" he "searched the realms of conjecture in vain for a reason why the editor should be permitted to live." The Colonel could have supplied a ready answer. In his magazine, he once described New York society as "an element so absolutely shallow and unhealthy that it deserves to be derided almost incessantly," and added, "Viewed from every aspect, there is no feature of my paper of which I am more proud than its ["Saunterings' "] reformative and regenerative influence. To save the sinner by rebuking the sin is an achievement over which the angels rejoice."

Cheered though the angels may have been to have the Saunterer in their corner, they must have blinked a bit at the lunchtime ritual of the man so intent on good works. As often as putting his magazine to press permitted, which was usually three or four times a week, the Colonel would leave his desk shortly before noon and—resplendent in a glistening black plug hat and frock coat, striped trousers, a pleated white shirt, and a flaming-red bow tie with vest to match—saunter up Fifth Avenue to his favorite eating place, Delmonico's, at Forty-fourth Street, distributing lumps of sugar to any horses standing at the curb along the way. Bursting through the entrance to the restaurant and expelling air from his lungs like a surfacing whale, he would shatter the decorum of the establishment with a series of loud reports—"Waugh! Waugh! Waugh!"—and announce, "Boys, I'm thirsty as

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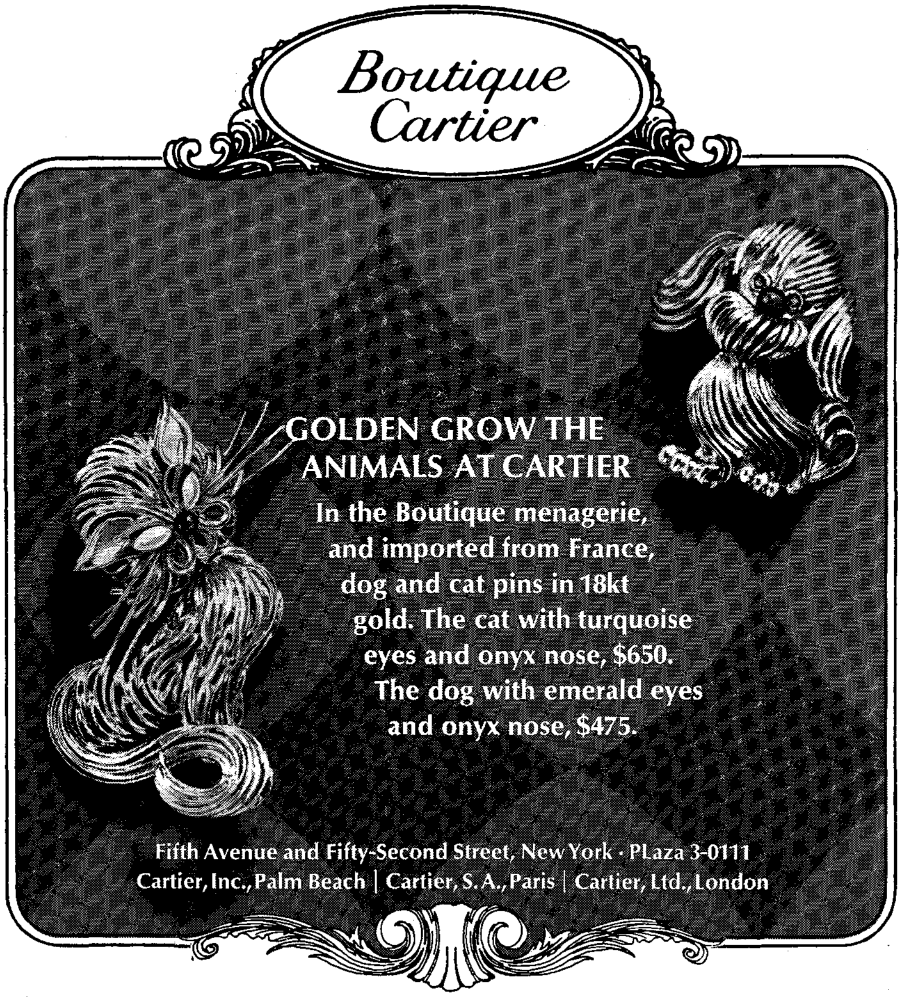
a goat!" Then, subsiding into a chair at a window table, where he could keep an eye on the passing scene, he would remedy his plight several times over, slanting his eyes upward as he drank and patting his waistband appreciatively. The meal that followed consisted, routinely, of six mutton chops, a mountain of boiled yams, two heads of lettuce drowned in dressing, a hamperful of hot biscuits (with an initial serving of twelve pats of butter), and a quarter of a chocolate cake, all washed down with two bottles of champagne. While dining, the Colonel might wave across the room to some social climber who, in the hope of being favorably mentioned in *Town Topics*, had brought a juicy bit of gossip to his office the week before, but if he did the chances were that his informant would stare him full in the face and cut him dead. When that happened, the Colonel would give a short laugh and return to his mutton chops. Lunch over, he would treat himself to a dollar cigar and a snooze in his chair. Finally, rousing himself, he would lavishly overtip the waiter and, with another resonant "Waugh! Waugh! Waugh!," take off down the Avenue for his office. Or, if his next deadline was still a few days off, he might drop in at one or another of the numerous clubs, such as the Manhattan, the Army and Navy, and the Lotos, to which he had been admitted in his pre-*Town Topics* days. As time went on, however, his arrival at practically any of them except the Lotos Club became a signal for sudden silence—a state of affairs that naturally made him partial to the more relaxed atmosphere of the Lotos, where a high percentage of the members were actors, musicians, and other artistic sorts, whose high regard for his entertainment value was rewarded with reams of deferential notices about Lotos Club doings in "Saunterings."

SUCH was the public façade—an elderly *bon vivant*, harmlessly flamboyant and tirelessly industrious, if, perhaps, a trifle rakish—that young Collier undertook to demolish by establishing that the Colonel was primarily a blackmailer. Collier *père* was over in England following the hounds in the summer of 1905, but he had given his son a free hand in the management of the magazine, and as soon as it became apparent that there was some connection between *Town Topics* and Ahle's attempt to shake down Post, the son prepared to take advantage of the fact. Being aware that Hapgood, a graduate of Harvard Law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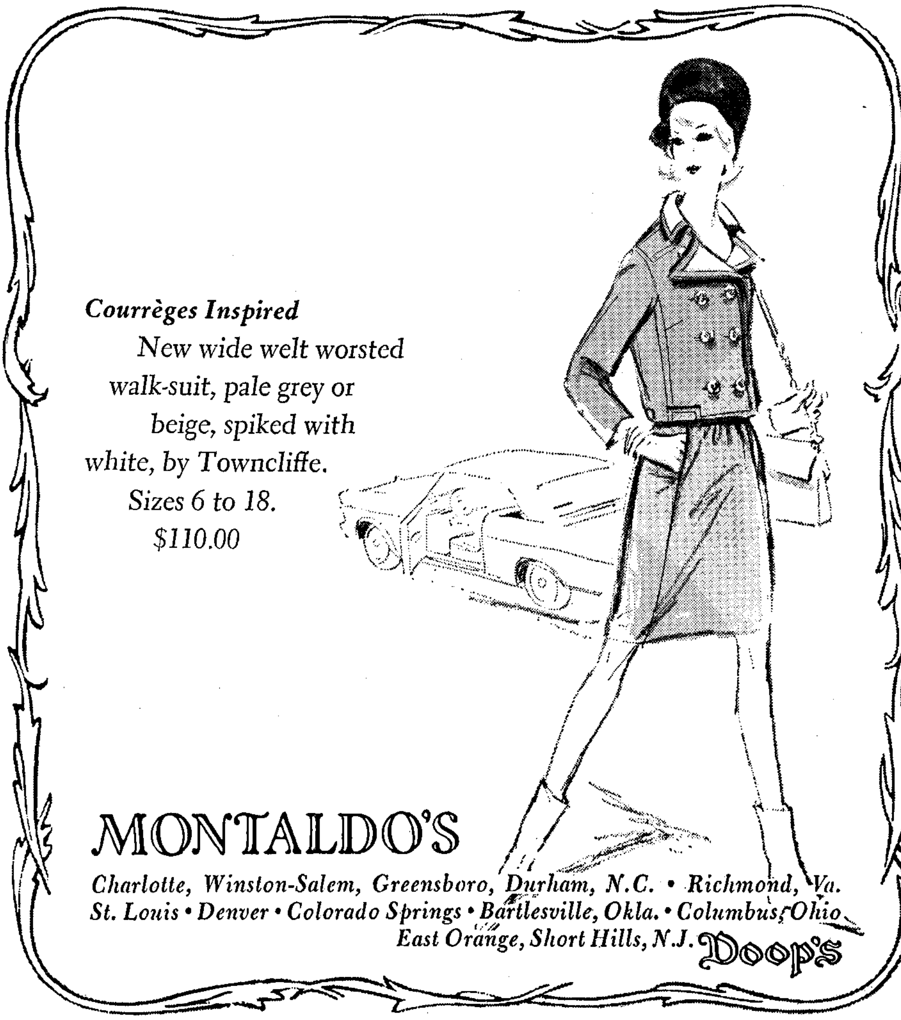
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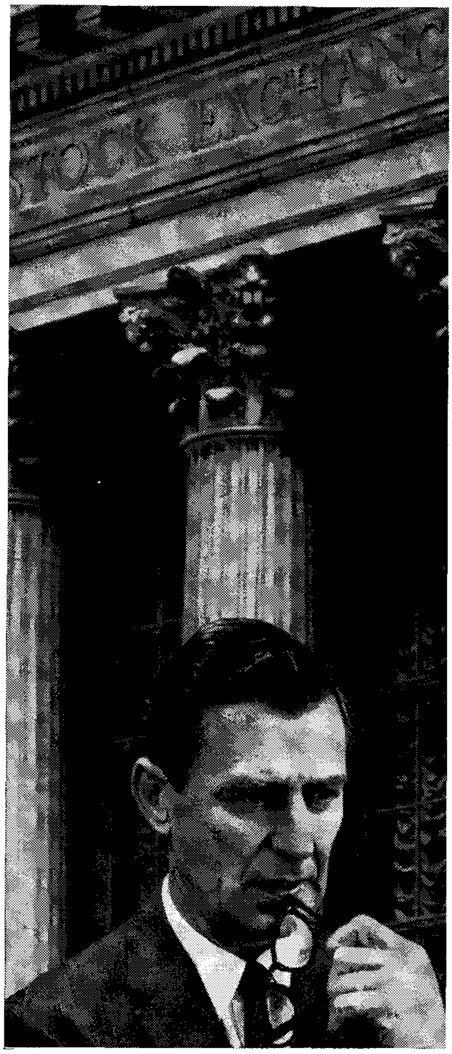

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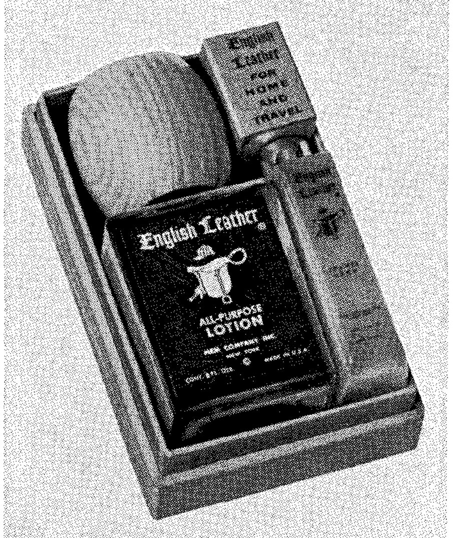
School, was an old friend of Jerome's, Collier sent him downtown to sound out the District Attorney on the prospects of proving that the Colonel was criminally involved in the case. The prospects, Jerome told Hapgood sadly, were not good at all; the Colonel was both too clever and too grasping to have had anything to do with the petty maneuverings of the likes of Ahle. As Jerome and Hapgood continued to discuss the situation, however, they hit upon a device calculated to goad both Colonel Mann and Justice Deuel into taking an action that might lead to the undoing of both of them; the idea was that *Collier's* would print denunciations of the two men in language so blunt that they would feel obliged to sue for criminal, rather than civil, libel, and thus bring the District Attorney's Office into the case, whereupon Jerome, as prosecutor, could call them as witnesses testifying in their own behalf and leave it to the defense to tear them apart during cross-examination.

Hapgood returned to his office to write one editorial and revise another, both of which appeared in the August 5th issue of *Collier's*. The first demanded Justice Deuel's removal from office, on the ground that "he is part owner and one of the editors of a paper of which the occupation is printing scandal about people who are not cowardly enough to pay for silence;" the second was the editorial that *Collier's* had already run comparing an anonymous publisher's reputation unfavorably to that of a horse thief—only this time it was liberally sprinkled with the Colonel's name. Mann's response was merely to warn the company that distributed *Collier's* that he would hold it responsible for allowing the sale of a magazine containing "grossly libellous" material. *Collier's* countered with a statement indemnifying the distributor and pointing out that the Colonel had not even tried to establish in court that he had been libelled. The Colonel then announced that he, Deuel, and *Town Topics* were each suing *Collier's* and Hapgood for one hundred thousand dollars in civil damages, to which *Collier's* replied in its next issue, "Colonel Mann, of course, is indulging in feeble bluff.... Fancy him in court putting into figures the injury to his fair name." Mann retorted that Collier and Hapgood were dodging the process server. Scoffing at this, Collier informed the press that "we have no hope that the suit will ever come to trial," and added that if the Colonel believed himself to have been criminally libelled he would surely prefer a charge to that effect. *Col-*



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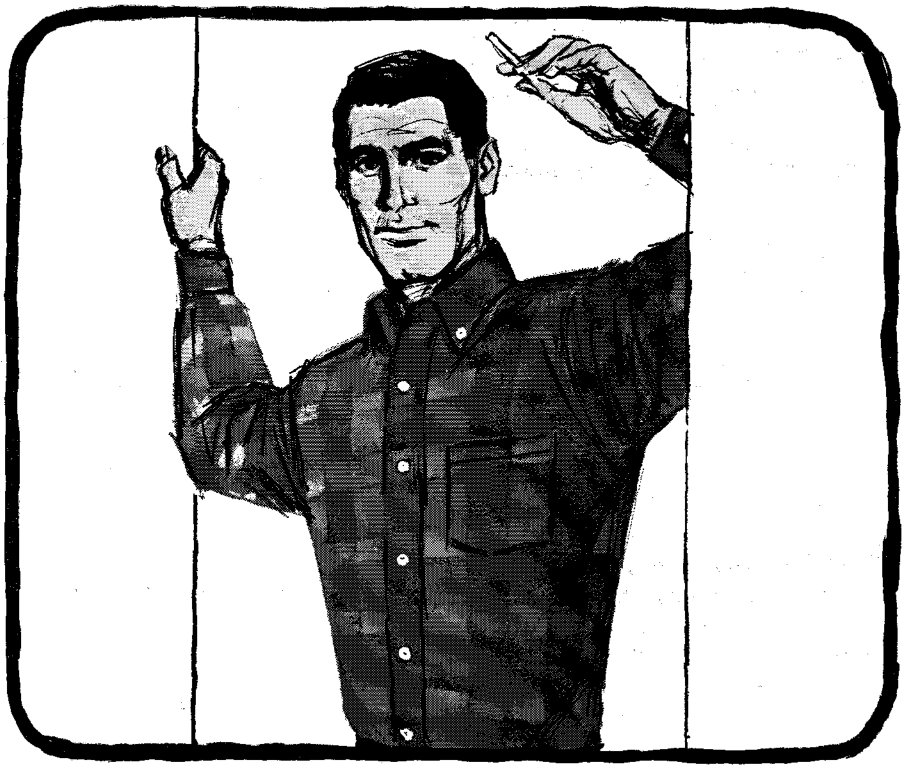
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

lier's then, in its August 19th issue, reprinted all of its published attacks on *Town Topics* "in compact form for the Colonel's convenience," and Robert Collier announced that he would be in his office every afternoon the following week, hopefully awaiting arrest.

The week-long vigil was in vain. Moreover, when a detective did at last show up at the *Collier's* office, on September 11th, he got a glum reception, for his orders were to arrest not Collier but Hapgood, and on a charge of criminal libel brought not by Mann but by Deuel. "Apparently the Colonel is pushing his partner into the foreground hoping to escape behind him when trouble comes," Collier told the *Tribune* angrily. "The principal villain is Colonel Mann. It is not our fault if Justice Deuel chooses to lay his body athwart the track." Thus taunted, the principal villain rose to the bait and, on October 27th, swore out a warrant for the arrest of Hapgood and both the Colliers, son and father—the latter now returned from the chase—on a charge of criminal libel, and they were all taken into custody three days later. Mann was finally hooked and netted, but the high-principled men who undertook what Alva Johnston in a magazine article years later described as "the vast, honorable, and complex frame-up of Colonel Mann," would find him a slippery catch, difficult to grapple with and, as it turned out, impossible to subdue.

In the fall of 1905, however, everything seemed to be going well for the conspirators. By mid-October, the grand jury had obliged Jerome by indicting Hapgood on the charge preferred by Deuel. In dealing with the charges preferred by Colonel Mann, the District Attorney chose an alternate means of seeking an indictment—a hearing before a magistrate, which opened on November 27th. Though it was largely a humdrum affair, it did serve at one point to throw light on the previously murky operation of the *Fads and Fancies* project. Back in July, Jerome's office had called attention to the curious fact that although more than two years had elapsed since the end of a drive to solicit candidates for inclusion in *Fads and Fancies* and no such volume had yet appeared or shown signs of ever appearing, not a single subscriber had filed charges of fraud against the Colonel. Then, early in November, *Collier's* had stated bluntly that *Fads and Fancies* was "a book probably never intended to be published.'

Whatever Mann's intentions were before the District Attorney's Office



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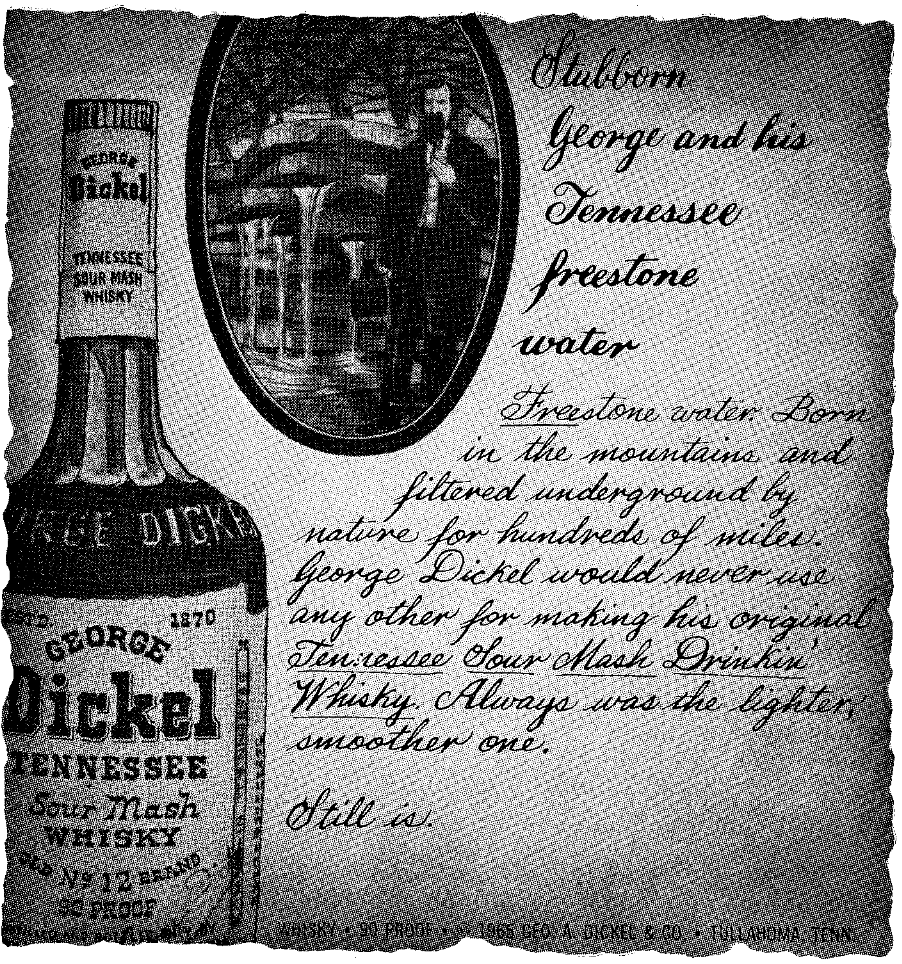

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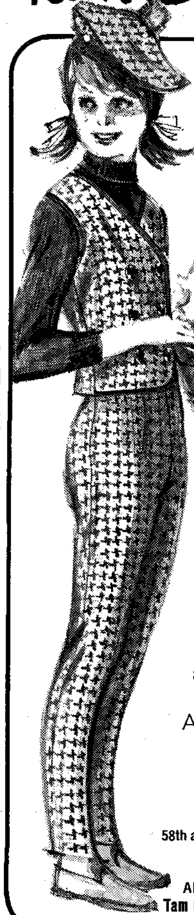
SAN JUAN

raised the question, the album materialized within a month—under the portly title *Fads and Fancies of Representative Americans at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century, Being a Portrayal of Their Tastes, Diversions, and Achievements*—in plenty of time for a copy of it to be subpoenaed as an exhibit at the Colonel's hearing. A foot wide and nearly a foot and a half tall, the book contained two hundred and twenty-five pages bound in green morocco leather, bordered in gold. Within were entries, ranging from two to eight pages, detailing the tastes, diversions, and achievements of eighty-six highly unrepresentative Americans, including most of the robber barons whose names were synonymous with the nation's financial and industrial power at the beginning of this century. Colonel John Jacob Astor, New York's mightiest landlord, had consented to appear in the book, along with three Vanderbilts whose holdings included the New York Central—William K., Reginald, and Alfred. Other railroad millionaires represented were A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania; Collis and Henry Huntington, of the Southern Pacific; James J. Hill, known as the Colossus of Roads because of his monopoly of lines in the northwest; Patrick Calhoun, of the Central of Georgia; and Chauncey Mitchell Depew, who had been chairman of the board of the New York Central before his election as a United States senator from New York. Two other senators had also made the grade—Nelson Aldrich, the Rhode Island wholesale grocer, and New Jersey's John F. Dryden, founder of the Prudential Insurance Company. Henry Hyde, founder of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, was included, and so were the textile man A. D. Juilliard, Bromo-Seltzer's Isaac E. Emerson, Bethlehem Steel's Charles M. Schwab, and such leaders of the tobacco industry as Harrison I. Drummond, Pierre Lorillard, and Benjamin Duke. Thomas Walsh, the Colorado silver king, was there, along with Thomas W. Lawson, an entrepreneur in the copper market; E. J. Berwind, the coal baron; Standard Oil's Henry M. Flagler; and Clarence Hungerford Mackay, whose legacy from the Bonanza silver mine was currently reaping him further bonanzas in the commercial-cable field. Charles Tyson Yerkes, the Chicago traction magnate who would later sit for Dreiser's "The Titan," had also sat for *Fads and Fancies*, as had William C. Whitney and Thomas Fortune Ryan, both of them leading fig-

Tam O'Shanter



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ures in the struggle for New York's street-railway franchise, and James R. Keene, the high-flying stock-market manipulator. In the world of high finance, the Colonel had started at the top with J. Pierpont Morgan, and among the lesser but still potent banking names in his album were those of Oliver Harriman, Perry Belmont, and Levi P. Morton, who was also a former governor of New York and a former Vice-President of the United States. In addition, the table of contents listed Henry C. Potter, who, as the Episcopal Bishop of New York, was known as the pastor of the Four Hundred, and the only two Presidents of the United States then living—Grover Cleveland and the incumbent, Theodore Roosevelt. Wooster, the chief solicitor for *Fads and Fancies*, testified that all these personages except the last three, whose entries had been on the house, had paid a minimum of fifteen hundred dollars to be included in the album, their checks having been made out directly to the Colonel, and that about a dozen of them had anted up at least twice that sum. And all of them (or, in the case of several who had recently died, their families) had provided the *Town Topics* staff with pictures of their summer and winter homes and—depending on their individual fads and fancies—of their shooting lodges, brood farms, yachts, billiard rooms, favorite horses, prize Alderney cows, and collections of mooseheads, uncut gems, rubber plants, and "very valuable paintings," usually of the Barbizon school. The staff had then put together a suitable prose accompaniment, whose sociological perspective may be judged by its description of Commodore Vanderbilt, a financial brigand if there ever was one, as a man who had "radiated pure sunshine in his life and character," and of the rapacious Yerkes as "a sensitive, reserved, quiet gentleman of most refined tastes, absorbed in the beauty he has gathered around him."

—ANDY LOGAN

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

In a chapter of the report titled, "What I Can't Smell Won't Hurt Me," the authors, Geoffrey Chalmers and Robert Fox, wrote:

"The tragic thing is that air pollution is just one more of those things you hear about when you think of coming to New York to live. You learn to curse quietly stepping around the backside of buses . . ." ubrzeiu-,wh⅝|||||qveacsp. .

—*The Journal-American.*

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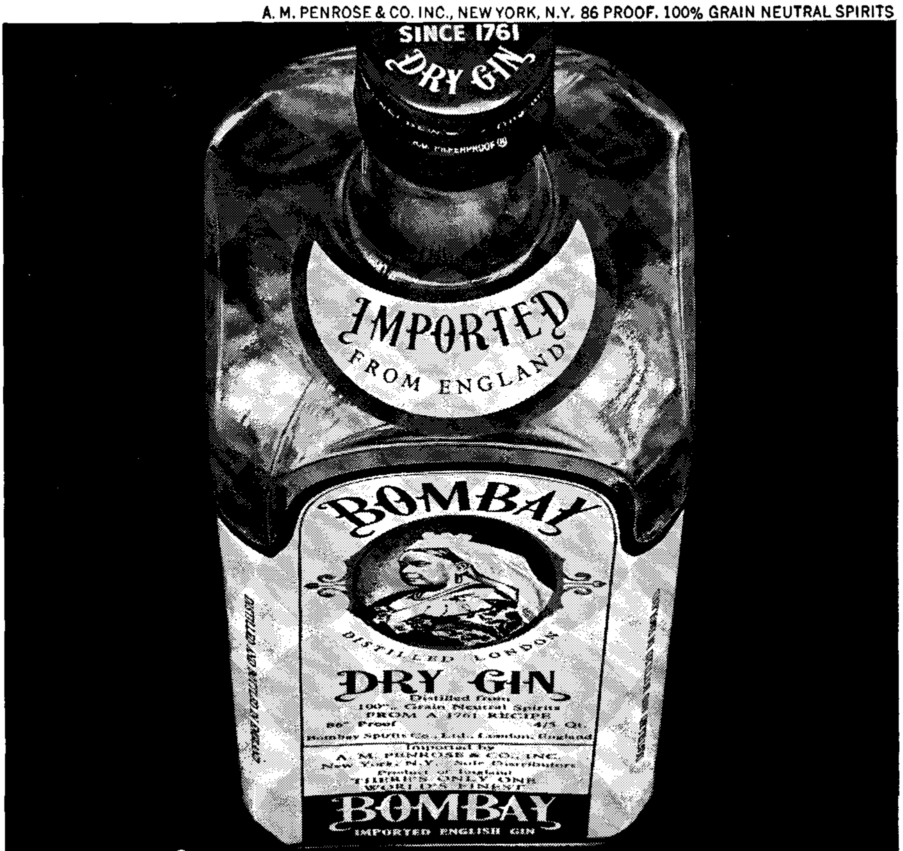

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

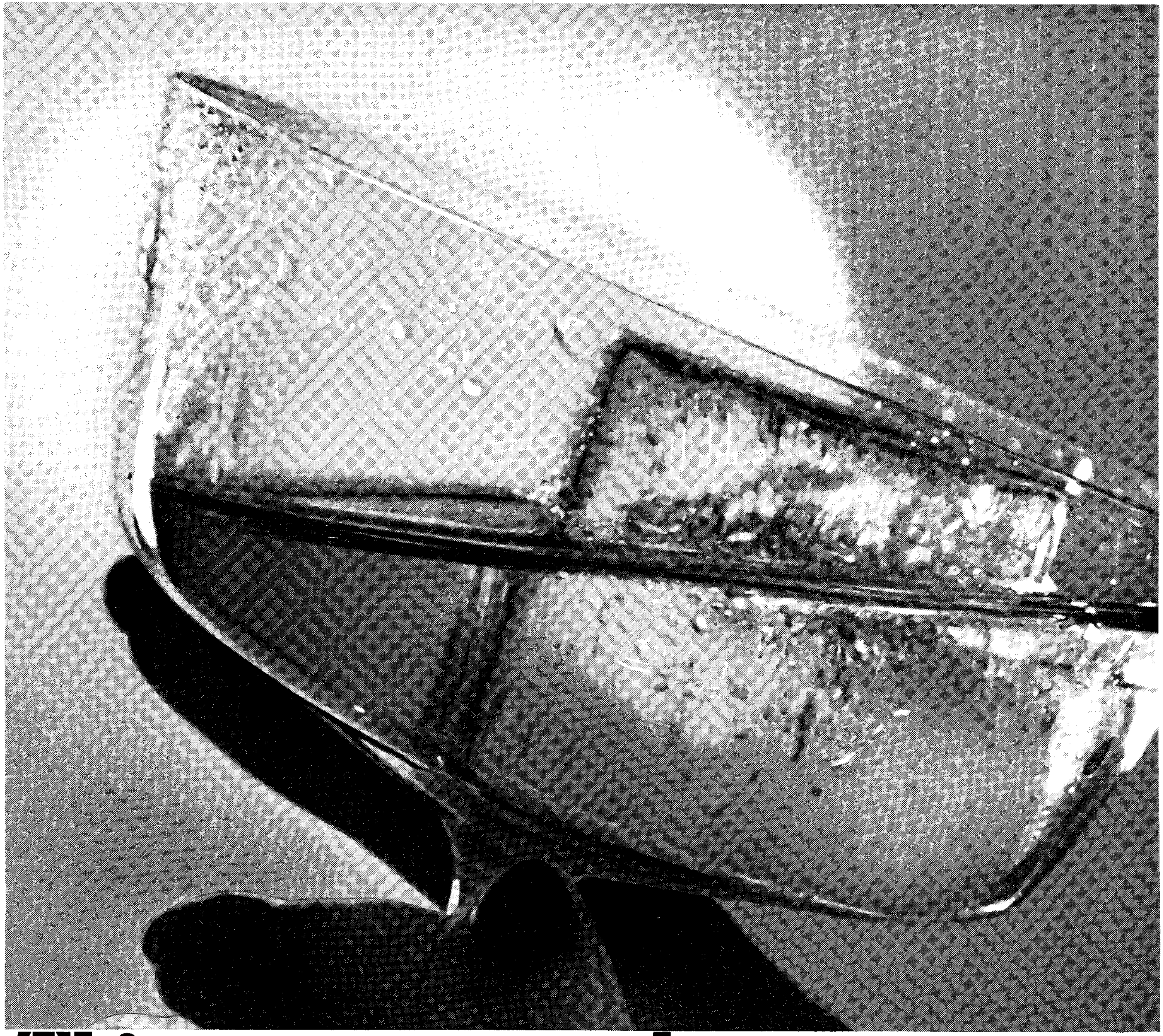
Spilling Blood

THE brave but tawdry occupation of bullfighting is the subject of a beautiful, often gruesome movie by the immensely gifted Italian director Francesco Rosi, among whose earlier movies—only fugitively glimpsed here—were "Salvatore Giuliano," a study, eerie in its manipulation of time and place, of the life, death, and rebirth in legend of a Sicilian outlaw, and "Hands Over the City," an abrasive account of corrupt businessmen and politicians in a contemporary urban setting. Mr. Rosi is that reckless creature, a crusading artist, who, ignoring the Biblical admonition, dares to let himself and his camera serve two masters; everything that he sees he sees with the eye of a painter (even to having his scenes "compose" in a distinctly academic manner), but what he chooses to see is chosen with the eye of a journalist, bent on getting a certain story for a certain purpose and on reporting it boldly and, if need be in a good cause, offensively. His latest film, "The Moment of Truth," tells, in quasi-documentary style, a timely and yet almost conscientiously unoriginal tale—among its literary ancestors are to be found both "Jack the Giant Killer" and "The Sun Also Rises"—in the course of which we follow the career of an impoverished, ambitious Spanish farmboy from the time that he shakes from his heels the yellow dust of his father's wheatfields to the time of his glory as a leading matador, the rich, pampered, and exhausted puppet-darling of all Spain, who gives up his life at last not to the bull that kills him but to the great, craven beast of the people, who have daily bought from him as much courage as he had to sell.

Though "The Moment of Truth" is in Italian, it was shot in the rhetorical, half-mad light of Spain, and as a further guarantee of authenticity its hero is played by Miguel Mateo Miguelin, who is said to be Spain's third-ranking matador, after El Cordobes and Ordoñez. Miguelin makes an astonishingly effective début as an actor—it must be much harder to play someone like oneself on the screen than to take the part of a total stranger—and it's a useful irony in the picture that his very convincingness should expose all the more fully and bitingly the abominable nature of the métier in which he has won his fame. A second irony, and one in direct contradiction to the first, is the fact that Mr. Rosi has accompanied his indictment of bullfighting with such a display of cinematic virtuosity that while it's unlikely that any new aficionados will be made by the movie, old aficionados will no doubt be heard praising it to the skies, for, thanks to Technicolor and an adroit employment of telephoto lenses, the varied skills of the matador have never before been so eloquently conveyed. Moreover, and no matter how reluctantly one has to admit it, Mr. Rosi's scenes of carnage are as beautiful as they are terrible; it says much for his artistry that he is able to present simultaneously his own moral revulsion and the morally indifferent nature of a representation of bright blood flooding down over the blue-black heaving neck or past the fixed, puzzled eyes of a dying animal.

A GREAT deal of blood is also spilled in "The Ipcress File," but none of it, thank goodness, is real. An admirable thriller in nearly every respect, it manages to be witty without making undue fun of itself, and if, from time to time, it rounds a dangerous corner of preposterousness, it does us the courtesy of seeming not to notice. As borrowed from a ramshackle novel by Len Deighton, the plot is an intricate mishmash of double-dealing within Her Majesty's secret intelligence, and I'm sorry to have to report that, such is the sophistication of the present age, the chief villain turns out to be a British subject. For that matter, the hero, played by Michael Caine, is himself a fairly shady character, and the one girl in the picture is no better than she should be. Mr. Caine hasn't Sean Connery's charm or looks, but the part he plays—that of a myopic bachelor, who cooks well but has nothing to say about vintage clarets and is more often to be seen behind desks than in bed—has many obvious advantages over the Bond part, and I was awfully glad that everything went tickety-boo for him at the end. The picture has been such an immediate hit that it's expected to gross nineteen and a half zillion guineas by Michaelmas. Go to the earliest possible showing and bring along a book to read, in case you have to wait in line. I suggest "War and Peace," about which I hear wonderful things.

—Brendan Gill



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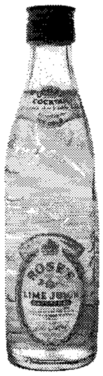
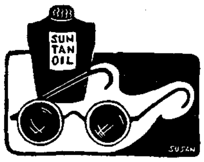


ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

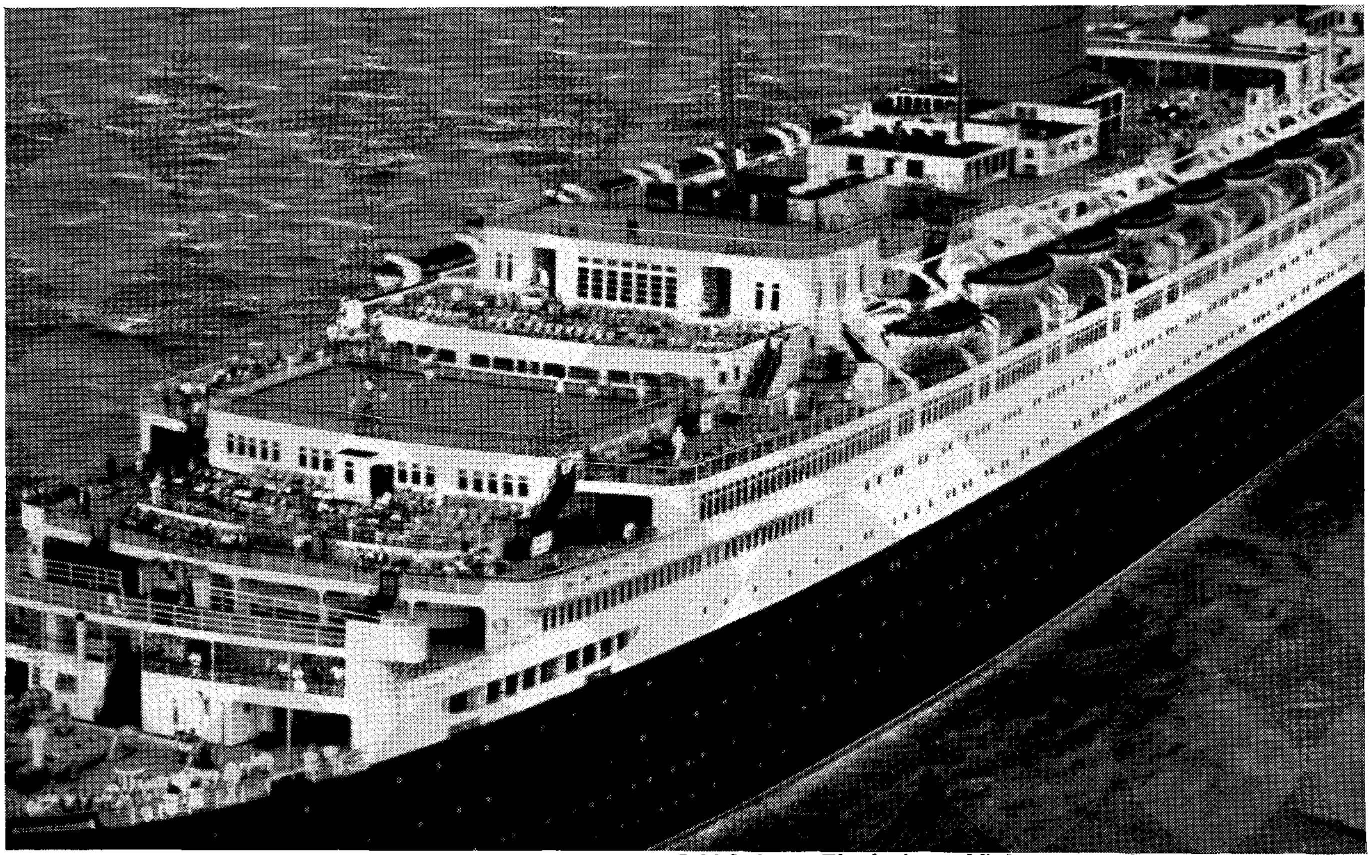


IT is not likely that uniformity of thought can ever be made part of the college curriculum, but uniformity of thought has now got a grip on the provinces of the shops in this town that devote themselves to accoutring the young women who spend their winters on campus. The spirit of Courrèges is everywhere, and in short supply; that is, the hem of none of the skirts involved ventures as far south as the kneecap. (Oh, there *are* long skirts; it takes a heap of looking, though, to find them.) But if winter comes, Altman's International College Shop will not be far behind; in fact, it is ready right now to encase the owners of undraped knees in greatcoats of fur, and at only a fairly large fraction of the cost of a year's tuition. Example: $500 acquires a double-breasted one of natural lynx cat whose inside is lined with red taffeta and whose slit pockets are lined with brown velvet, to ward off chilblains. Example: $260 acquires a double-breasted coat of rabbit dyed beige and white. Beige rayon lines the inside and supplies an ascot; beige velvet lines the pockets. A fur kerchief ups the cost by $25. Rather less lordly are the reversible coats of wool in a giant red-and-gold plaid on one side and of natural poplin on the other. On mildly sprinkly days, the poplin, which can be detached, may serve as a raincoat. Very worldly indeed are the outdoorsy double-breasted coats of blanket-plaid wool. Tufts of fringe appear on the knee-length hems and the cuffs of the raglan sleeves. Parkas of natural rabbit are a mere $85. (Next door are magnificent fitted fur coats planned by Lilly Daché—of muskrat so dyed that it is a replica of black mink, and worked vertically through the bodice, horizontally through the skirt. They have fence collars, and black passementerie buttons fasten them at the waist; $495.)

The Courrèges idea prevails among the Altman shifts. Some are of mustard wool jersey. The down-the-front zippers are imprisoned between rows of beige wool jersey in the pattern with which the stockings are endowed. (The New Togetherness?) Just $29 for these. Some outfits begin with a six-gore skirt of burgundy wool and proceed to a pullover blouse and stockings of sheer wool jersey in a Paisley burgundy-green-and-white print. Others begin with neat (not Sloppy Joe) sleeveless down-to-the-thighs turtleneck sweaters of camel wool knit and proceed to skirts of a houndstooth wool in camel, gray, and white. The skirts are attached to taffeta slips. And there are regulation-length Italian pullovers of nubbly wool in Shocking pink, turquoise, green, and violet so mixed up that the result is practically confetti. Altman can be proud of itself.

BIG money can be used in Saks Fifth Avenue's College Shop, too—$450 for a French coat of Kalgan lamb dyed red, with a vast shawl collar of feathery Mongolian lamb dyed the same hue. Workaday coats are of vinyl—yellow bound in navy, with calico scarves in the V necks; navy, with yellow turnover collars; red bound in yellow, with hoods. Sou'westers can be supplied, too. For occasions that are special, there are seven-eighths-length reversible coats and briefer wraparound skirts, both of camel-colored wool on one side and oyster-white wool on the other. These are to be worn, so says Saks, with turtleneck sweaters of off-white wool knit. Yes, and there are, naturally, slacks, and jumper dresses, and culottes (ending above the knees, these), and pullovers, and tights with feet that are vehemently striped and hued. That's presumably the life—on campus, anyway.

BEST has scattered its college stuff everywhere, though mainly on the fourth and seventh floors. The city fathers may not be expecting much rain, but Best is, with (for one thing) a spate of slickers in which vinyl is dominant—double-breasted ones in zebra stripes, single-breasted ones in white, with black turnover collars and black bands around the hips. Rainy-day topcoats of quilted poplin in beige have double rows of buttons and buttonholes of brown leather, and they are lined with red flannel. The big novelty is an umbrella built for two—forty inches in diameter and constructed of nylon in a variety of solid and cheerful colors. (First floor.) We all know about hooded car coats, don't we just, and they are here, but we don't all know about rancher jackets (Best out-and-out calls them L.B.J. coats) of chamois suède cloth lined with curly



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(but synthetic and yellow) lamb—a breast pocket, two hip pockets, and collars that can turn up to the ears.

BONWIT TELLER has likewise strewn its campus clothes wherever, but this paragraph will confine itself to what is in the Espresso Shop, on the second floor. Again, bring money, for here there are jackets and coats of rabbit dyed to suggest civet cat and of American opossum that suggests American opossum. The rabbit runs from $225 to $325, the opossum from $325 to $400; matching hoods are included. For that matter, Bonwit owns greatcoats of bleached (taupe to cream) raccoon that come to $475 and more, but they do not look like the raccoons of the flapper era. Calfskin, though, will get you down to $275, for which you may latch onto a jacket on which American Indian (or can it be Pop?) art has been stencilled, or onto a poncho whose stencilling has a cheetah look. And there just have to be separates, looking quite healthy in their olive-and-cream houndstooth-check wool or in their self-stitched olive suède cloth.

IN Lord & Taylor's college domain, evening is taken care of by topcoats of black, green, or brown nylon matelassé. For sporty moods: four-button little-boy jackets of faded-blue wool, plus Bermuda shorts of the same material. The bloused jackets here (with a jumbo pocket) are of rust suède, the slacks (slender ones) are of plaid (camel and orange) wool, the Bermuda skirts are of suède cloth in breen (a device concealing the names of two nationally known colors), the pullovers and accompanying knee socks are of an ersatz-wool knit in an Argyle pattern of yellow, cranberry, and breen.

BLOOMINGDALE'S college yard has succumbed to Tattersall checks (camel, Bristol blue, and burgundy) on one wool after another. Along this solid front we find double-breasted coats of burgundy wool with Tattersall collars ($65), and suits made up of double-breasted Tattersall jackets plus burgundy skirts (or vice versa), at $55 and $65, and single-breasted Tattersall jackets (lined with blue rayon crêpe) plus burgundy or Tattersall skirts (straight, A-line, and hipster), and long-sleeved little-girl Tattersall dresses with blue-and-burgundy smocking, and sleeveless dresses with Tattersall bodices and burgundy skirts. The burgundy notion carries over to wool jump suits with bell-bottom trousers and to

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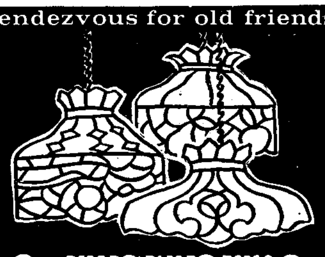

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4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000

hipster slacks of cotton corduroy, as well as to overblouses of rayon crêpe with tab collars and long, flowing sleeves.

THE Country & Casual Shop, at Bergdorf, distinguishes itself by presenting Courrèges-type dresses that *reach* the knees (patent pending?) and even *cover* them. The fabric is camel-textured wool, gathered below the square yokes. The Shop also distinguishes itself by being inexpensive; $35 for these items. Never fear; there are above-the-knee skirts, too, of wool in a plaid of red, gray, yellow, beige, and white, escorted by stoles six feet long and more than a foot wide. There also are shifts, with shallow round necks and no sleeves, in an exaggeratedly checked wool-and-rayon red tweed, to which are added self fringe and matching stoles. Some of the knit princesse dresses call penguins to mind because of the white turtlenecks and white inserts and the long black sleeves and the black sides. If you do not wish to look like a penguin, try the ones in Kelly green and white. The evening dress with just one shoulder under cover is done resplendently, and at length, of cotton velveteen on which jungle flowers have taken vivid root. Just great!

YOUNG BENDEL, a junior partner of Chez Henri Bendel, has party-going in mind for the winter. Dresses of taffeta in a red-and-black plaid wear bows below the square décolletage and flippant flounces, eight inches wide, at the short hems. Shifts of Shocking-pink, orange, and silver brocade have small standing collars and long sleeves, which tie in bows above the wrists. There are princesse frocks with cuffed necks and chopped-off sleeves (these of dove-gray brocade with gold-and-silver wild roses in attendance) and sleeveless dresses (these of pale-blue antiqued satin) with an oval décolletage that is surrounded by strands of crystal beads. Long Empire dresses are on hand, too. Their décolletages drop almost to the waist in back; pink silk-and-worsted is the stuff. Last of all, there are ingénue dresses, at a tiny $40, that are Something, all right—tiny self ruffles at the low, round necks, long hems, and pale-pink, alabaster, or white rayon crêpe. —M. M.

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There is a change in title in Mr. Buckley's article from WHOM, OH WHOM? to WHEN, OH WHEN?—*Communiqué received by the Detroit Free Press from the Washington Star Syndicate.*

Why, oh why?

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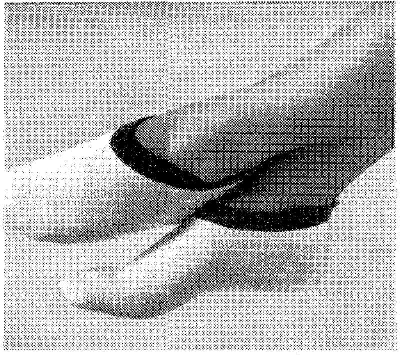
LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 3

THE events of last Tuesday were so important that people are busy trying to look ahead of the worrying present to guess how the political future will be affected for everybody. It was a grim day for Mr. Wilson's Government, which had to tell the nation that more monetary restrictions must be clapped on the economy to reduce pressure on the still dangerously threatened pound—the second serious crisis call to the country in the Government's nine months in office. There were immediate cries of pain from Labour's supporters, anxiously calculating the effect at the next general election of the postponement, willy-nilly, of several cherished social schemes, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. James Callaghan, announced to the House of Commons would have to be put away until spring—or probably longer, many suspect. To millions of ordinary people in all parties who take economics to mean full employment and pay packets, and who can see nothing much wrong except the ever-present grumble of steadily rising prices, this sudden move to put the brake still harder on public and private spending was probably a baffling, depressing shock. It seems to many observers here that in spite of all the patient explanations, exhortations, and warnings that issue from Ministerial lips at moments like this, no one at the top has yet managed to convey to the British that they are fighting for their lives as surely as they were against Hitler's Germany, and that this time they may lose. There has not been a psychological Dunkirk here yet, and maybe there will not be until someone or something makes the sombre facts sink in.

It was perhaps not really strange, however, that the latest installment took people by surprise, unless they had been tuned in to the ominous rumbles proceeding from the foreign press—particularly the French—and from British business circles. All summer, there have been fears of devaluation of the pound hovering ominously like Banquo's ghost, and exceptionally gloomy talk of a bigger and worse crisis likely in the autumn. These rumors were shot down from time to time by Labour speakers as being irresponsible stuff put about by City gentlemen who would be only too happy to see them out of office. About a fortnight ago, Mr. Callaghan said hardily in Parliament, in words that may have soothed local apprehensions but reportedly made a poor impression in attentive European financial circles with a hefty stake in Britain's recovery, that he proposed to "resist the temptation to restrain the economy further"—having, it was assumed, sewn up the national pocket successfully in his April budget. Now that he has resisted no longer than the end of July, the big question being heatedly discussed on all sides is how bad the situation must be (many people's guess is that it is probably even more scaring than the Government is likely to let on) if he had to take the hasty action of introducing a little out-of-season budget with no concessions to anybody. The reason is assumed to be the renewal of large-scale attacks on the pound in the foreign-exchange market, concurrent with the stubbornly disappointing overseas-trade figures. Furthermore, it is thought that Mr. Callaghan, on his visit to Paris the other day, received from M. Giscard d'Estaing, the French Minister of Finance, a sharp Gallic summary of exactly how briskly the British Government appeared to be dealing with its economic situation to watchers across the Channel. The highly critical report on the same subject published recently by the Organization of European Co-operation and Development is regarded as having been another pressure behind Tuesday's sudden (as it certainly seemed to the man in the street) shock to one and all.

It is unfortunate for Labour that it talked so loud and often about bringing in cheaper loans for house-buying. The most unpopular item in the new squeeze for myriads of young couples, who may have voted Labour last time in anticipation of such loans, will obviously be the instructions to local authorities to cut back right away, and heavily, on lending money to finance privately built houses. Town-hall treasurers all over the country were told to put away thoughts of a new car park or swimming pool or public library until times are less hard, and the public was discouraged from thinking of new cars or television sets by stiffer install-



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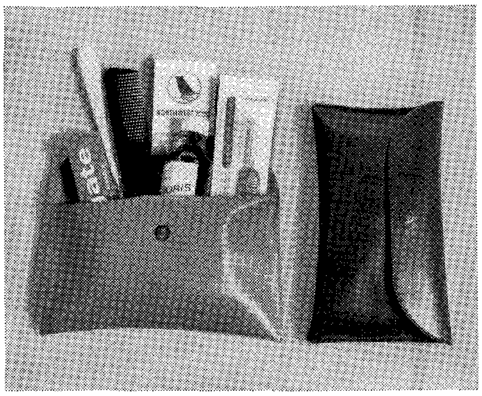

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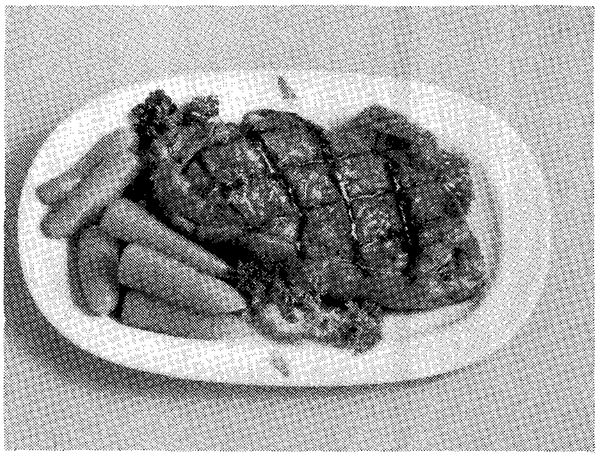

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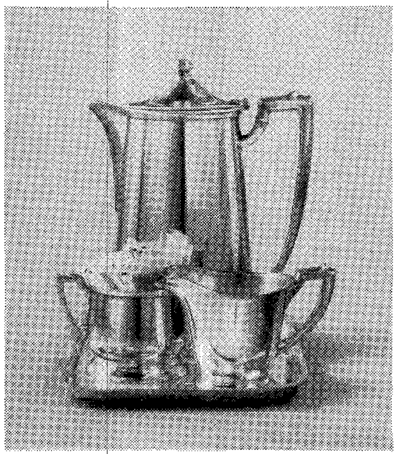

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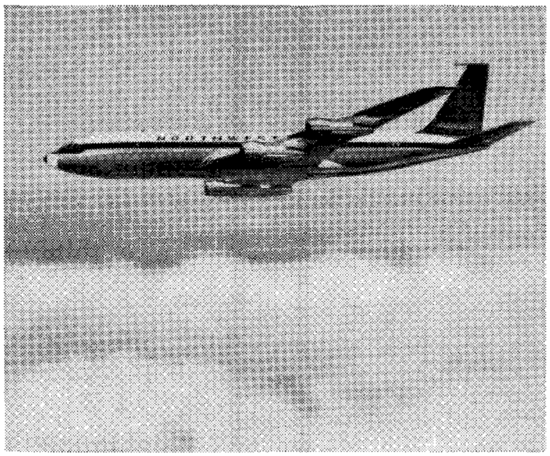

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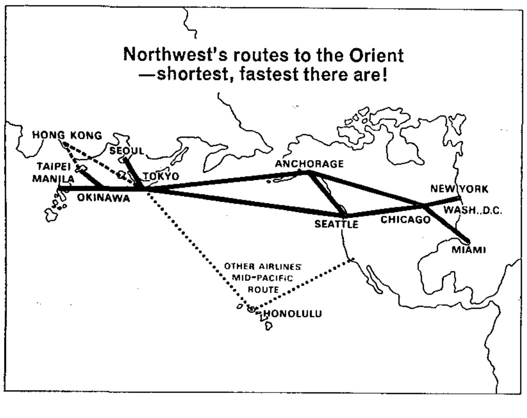
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ment terms. The building industry immediately and bitterly complained that the Chancellor's list of economies hit it hardest, since, in addition to those just mentioned, there were severe new curbs on office building in the West Midlands and on private developments anywhere that are worth more than a certain figure. This will once again require the government sanction of licenses, which everyone thought had gone forever with the old austerity days of rationing.

All the same, many Labour M.P.s, trying to calm down rising temperatures among their constituency rank and file, make no secret of their fears that it will be a long, hard winter, with a strong smell of unemployment in the air. What large numbers of them find hard to take and to explain to the Party faithful, who had imagined that thirteen years of alternate sticks and carrots applied by Conservative Chancellors were at an end, is the necessary postponement of the Socialist dream. The Government has been forced to drop large chunks of its election promises, such as the scheme for a national income guarantee and the removal of the remaining National Health charges. The Labour Party critics complain that these local economies do not actually improve the balance-of-payments difficulties—the real root of the seemingly chronic malaise that bedevils Britain—but were forced on the Government by the need to produce something to impress the foreign creditors. Large numbers of British, it should be added, applaud the latest measures, harsh though they are, and late, too. It is, anyway, not the discontent of the faithful that some Labour commentators think could tell against the Party, since they can always be counted on in the final test, but the more loosely attached voters who just tipped the scale last October and who might, after Tuesday's bleak bunch of hopes deferred, feel inclined to float off again, particularly since the Opposition attack is now going to be under new, far more vigorous direction.

Also on Tuesday, the Conservative Party made its own fateful decision by finally settling its leadership uncertainties and electing the likeliest man in sight to exorcise the idea of a Tory Government as a collection of gentlemanly amateurs totally incapable of matching up to the crackling professionalism of a Harold Wilson. Mr. Edward Heath's election was in flat contradiction to all the signs from public-opinion polls and such, which predicted a win for his able, likable rival, Reginald

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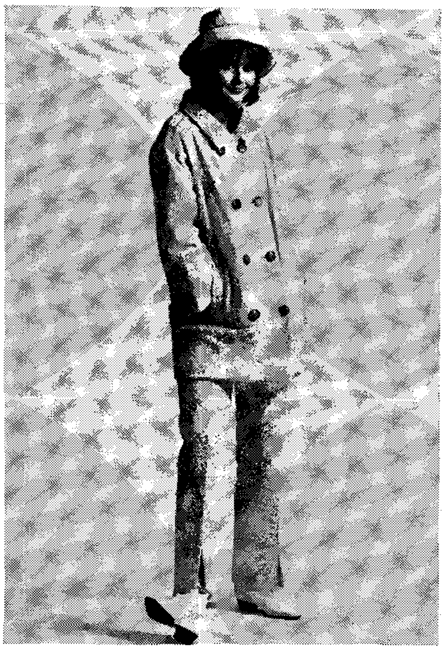

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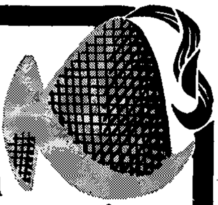

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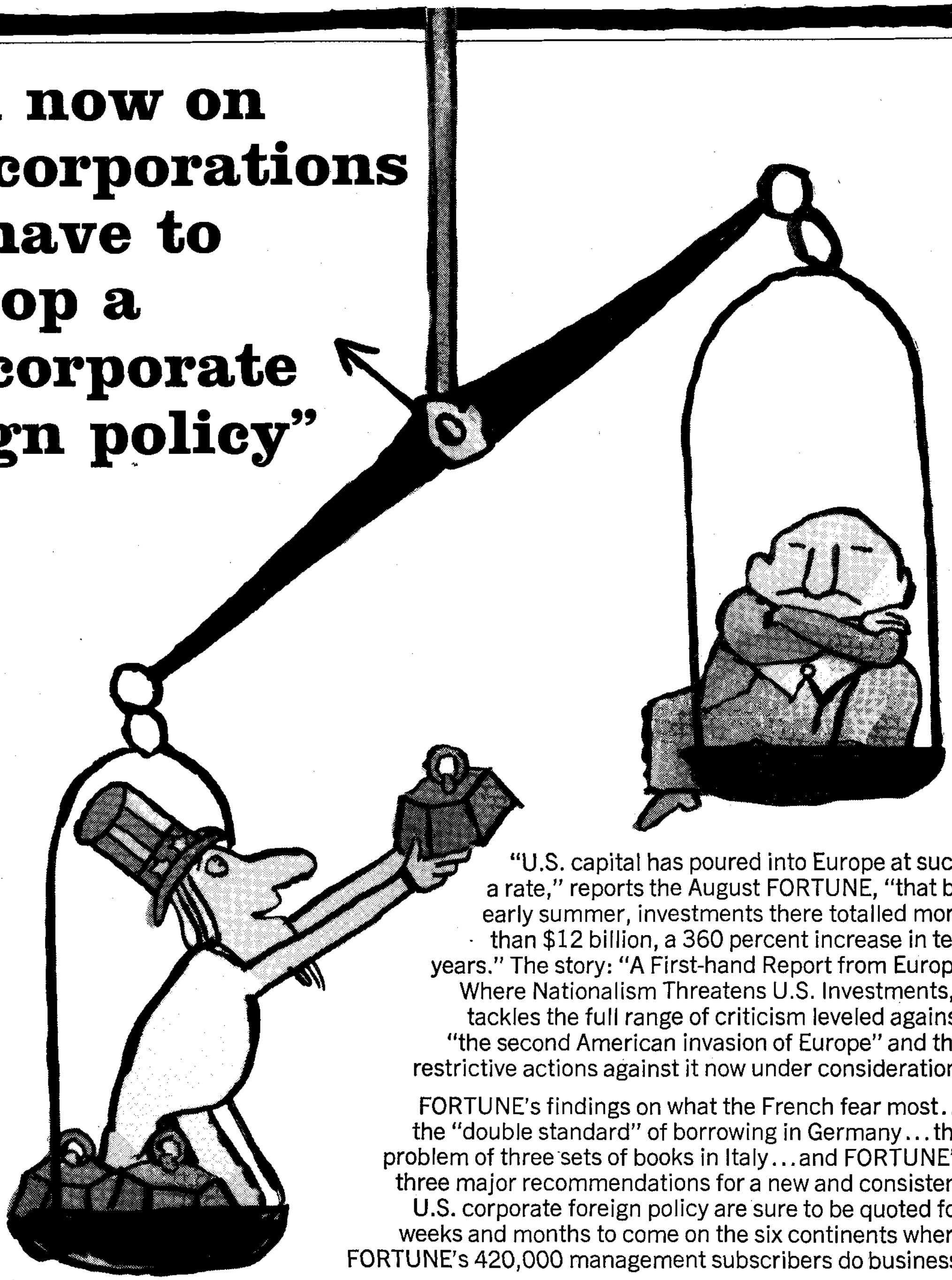

"U.S. capital has poured into Europe at such a rate," reports the August FORTUNE, "that by early summer, investments there totalled more than $12 billion, a 360 percent increase in ten years." The story: "A First-hand Report from Europe Where Nationalism Threatens U.S. Investments," tackles the full range of criticism leveled against "the second American invasion of Europe" and the restrictive actions against it now under consideration.

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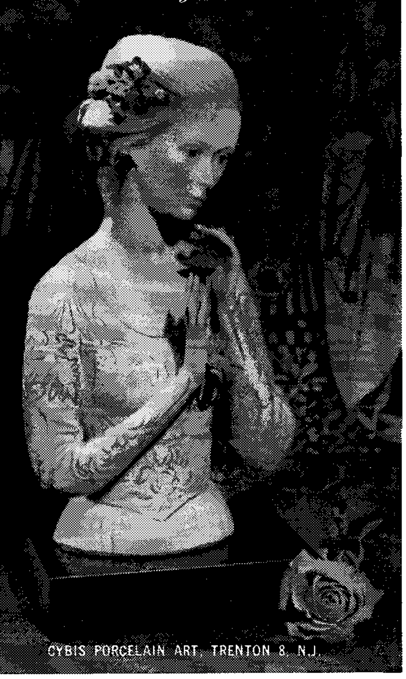

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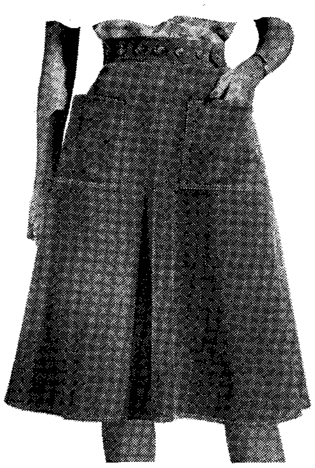
Maudling. It seems to have been at least influenced by the extraordinary, all but universal support for Mr. Heath in the press, headed by the old king-making *Times*. The newspapers had also, by their crescendo of singularly candid advice to Sir Alec Douglas-Home to beat a dignified retreat before his leadership seriously damaged the Party, apparently convinced him that the moment had come, and this angered the older Conservatives, who admire him. They probably make up the section of the Party that does not entirely relish Mr. Heath, regarding him as a radical and, of course, as a dyed-in-the-wool European who will clearly steer a course in the direction of Brussels as soon as conditions permit—no recommendation to the bloc of opinion that was against entry into the Common Market, for which he worked so indefatigably. The younger Conservatives are enthusiastically all for him, and the Liberal Party may easily (and sorrowfully) find out that a worrying number of young Liberals could be, too. He is really not very well known yet in the country. In his television appearances since his election, he has been, naturally, smiling broadly, accentuating his rubicund resemblance to a jolly farmer in a Rowlandson watercolor, but the joviality conceals, according to those who have worked with and admire him, a far thinner, sharper, more formidable creature—just the leader, pleased Conservatives are now saying, to take on Mr. Wilson. It may be a handicap that he is a forceful arguer of a good brief but not much of an orator. Reporters in the press gallery of the House have been known to nod off quietly during a Heath speech, but nobody has ever wished to miss a word of Wilson's at any stage of his career. However that turns out, Edward Heath is a new leader for the Conservatives in every sense—a youngish, liberal-minded professional out of none of the usual pigeonholes of class or education, worlds away from the old aristocratic style of Churchill, Macmillan, and Home, which perhaps is over. The Tories, it seems, have finally recognized change and voted for it. Lots of them think that their chances at the next election look greatly improved.

THE Chichester Festival, which is the summer home of the National Theatre Company, is again in full swing down in Sussex. The opening production was John Arden's "Armstrong's Last Goodnight," a long historical play that some critics liked very much and others complained they had



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hardly heard at all, what with the craggy sixteenth-century Scottish dialect he had devised for it and the always difficult acoustics of Chichester's open semicircular stage. In a way, Arden is the most interesting of the young dramatists writing in England today—a poet-moralist with a mind untidily bursting with Shavian ideas on liberty and the battle for power going on in men's heads, some aspect of which is usually his theme, but expressed in the rambling form of a sort of folk ballad. This new play, his best, concerns the legendary chieftain Johnny Armstrong, an uncouth, vain, but greathearted child of nature whose raids terrorized the border country between England and Scotland. The enraged Scottish throne dispatches Sir David Lindsay, a diplomat and also a poet, to try to catch Armstrong by his wits. Lindsay is overcome himself by the grandeur of his quarry, but is finally and treacherously forced to trick poor Johnny into capture and hanging, carried out gruesomely onstage by young James V's hairy, barefooted Highlanders. Robert Stephens makes an intelligent, humane, and handsome figure of Lindsay. As Armstrong, Albert Finney, done up like a stocky little parcel of sheepskins, is extremely impressive, though hampered by Mr. Arden with a congenital impediment in his speech. According to the playwright, Armstrong's betrayal has a modern parallel with Patrice Lumumba in the Congo. In spite of all the difficulties, the play seemed to contain more richness of ideas and life than any of the better-made but curiously lacking London hits this season.

The other interesting Chichester production was Strindberg's tragic "Miss Julie," with Albert Finney playing the valet who feels the power of his own body, like one of D. H. Law-

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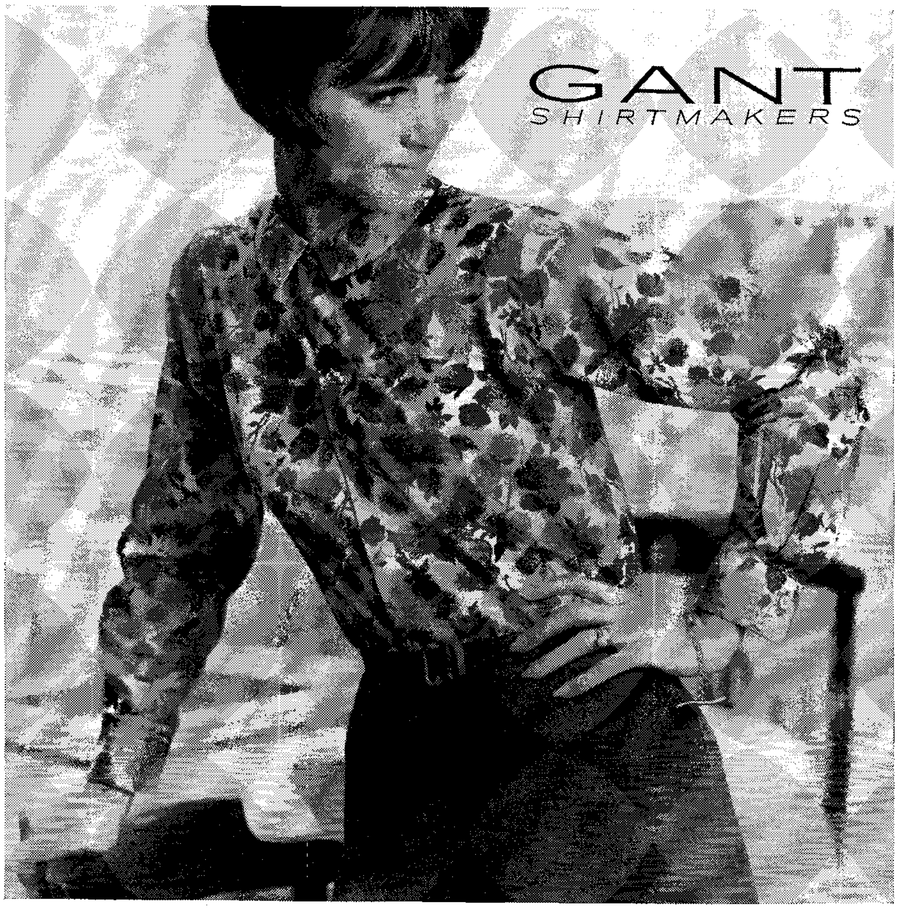

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rence's men, yet quails at the sight of his aristocratic master's riding boots waiting to be polished, and Maggie Smith as the scornfully provocative young lady of the house, whose recurring Freudian dream is that she is falling from a great height into the feared yet desired depths beneath. The long half-erotic, half-class duel between the two was brilliantly done. Both players also appeared in the light makeweight to the tragedy—a farcical playlet by Peter Shaffer called "Black Comedy." It has one good, funny idea. The curtain rises on total darkness, in which a young artist and a girl can be heard talking about some expected visitors to his Chelsea studio. Suddenly, the lights click on dazzlingly. "Damn!" cries the young man. "A fuse!" From then on, the characters barge their way cautiously around the furniture, grasp the wrong hands and drinks, mistake the persons they are addressing, and generally act like the classic Chinese-theatre turn of two actors miming a bout with swords in supposed darkness on a lighted stage. It was frank slapstick, oddly reminiscent of the twenties, and was acted at full steam by a splendid cast for more than it was worth.

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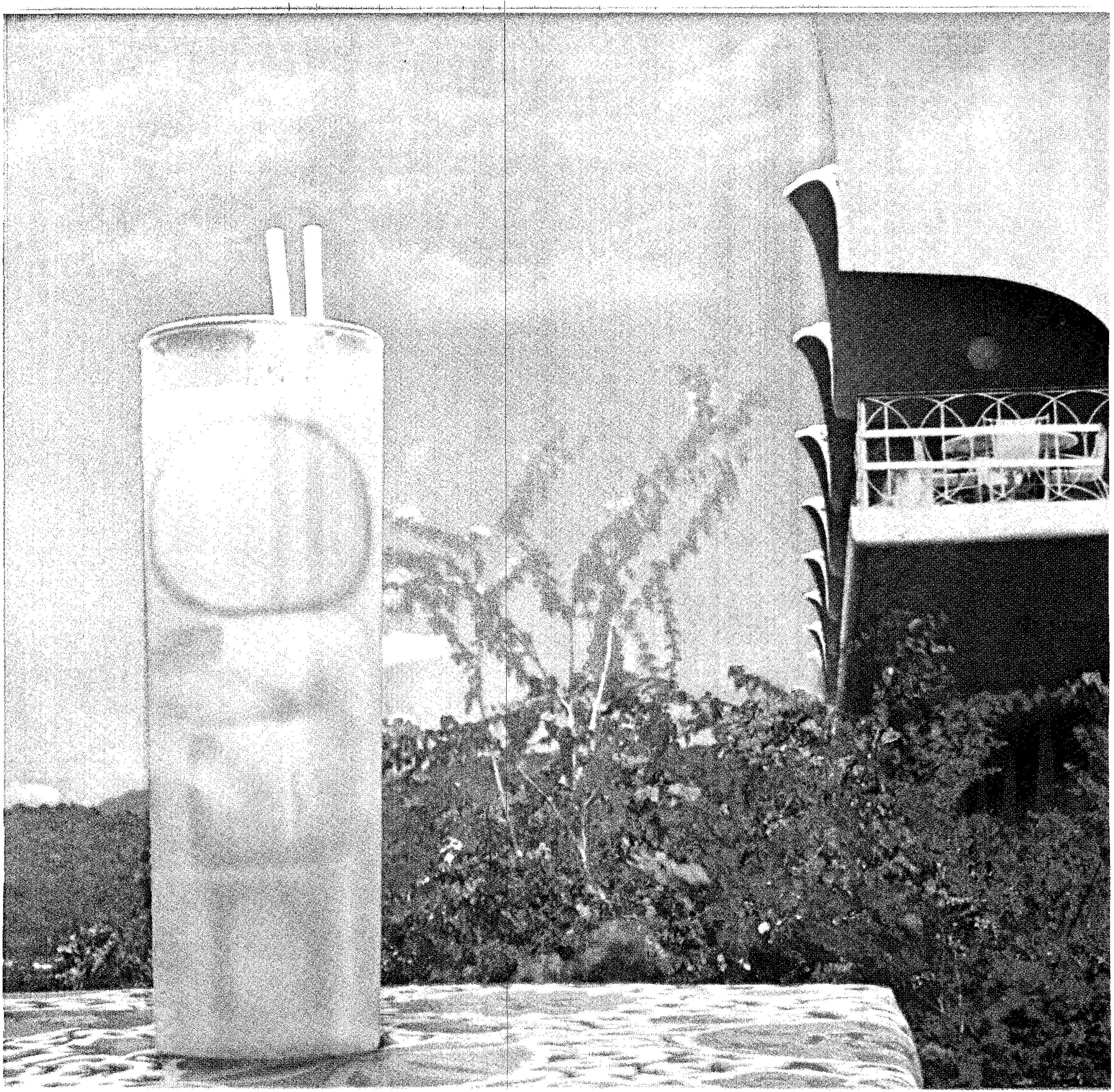

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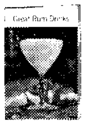

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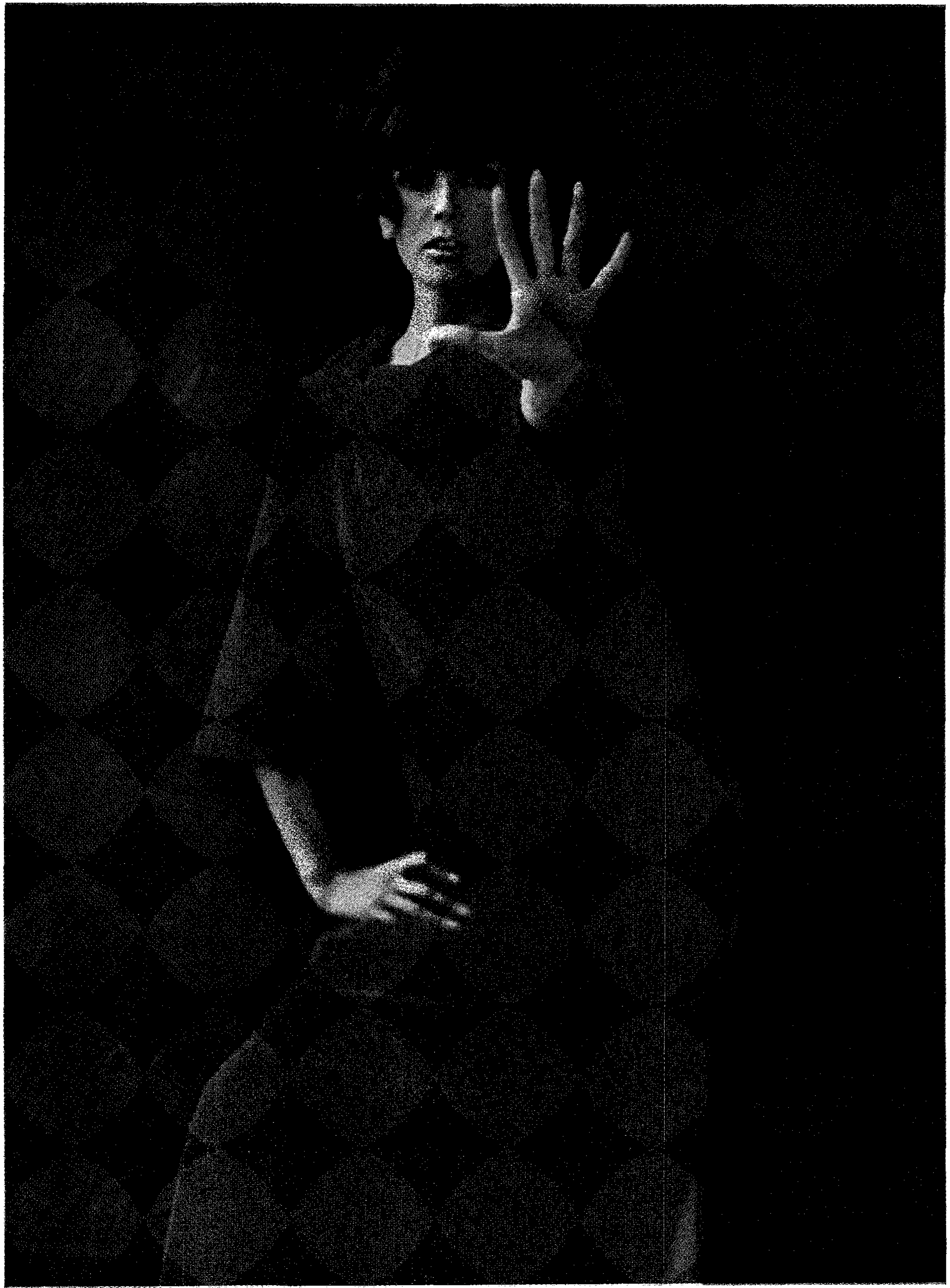

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THE RACE TRACK

Kelso Takes the Waters

THERE were two welcome sights for travellers to Saratoga Springs last week—the new grandstand at the venerable racecourse, and the victory of Kelso in the Whitney Stakes on Saturday. Actually, the stand isn't entirely new; a five-hundred-foot section has been added to the old part, extending past what was the betting ring in the days of the bookmakers up to where the famous old dollar field once stood. The work has been cleverly done, without changing the architectural whole, yet really giving the place a new look. The amenities include a large dining room, two sets of escalators, and more elbowroom at the pari-mutuel windows. So far, the attendance has been less than expected, but, as everybody knows, the gold rush always begins the second week.

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I don't think Kelso has ever run a more thrilling race than he did in the Whitney to beat Malicious, who had an advantage of four years and sixteen pounds. Only five runners paraded to the post, and Malicious, whose forte is setting the pace, was quickest out of the gate. He was followed by Crewman, who likes this track, and these two led for more than three-quarters of the mile and a furlong. Pia Star came along next, lengths ahead of Kelso, who was almost as slow to get going as he was in the Brooklyn. The old boy began to close the gap on the turn for home, but he swung wide entering the stretch, at which point I wouldn't have given a nickel for his chances. He wore Malicious down in the last furlong, though, and poked his nose in front as they passed the winning post. Pia Star was third, six lengths behind. It was Kelso's third Whitney Stakes. When the cheering died down, Mrs. Richard du Pont, who owns him, said that his next start would probably be in the Aqueduct Stakes at the Big A on September 6th. He could be a three-time winner in this one, too.

THE Saratoga meeting opened with the Flash Stakes, won rather easily by Mrs. Edward Lasker's Indulto, who beat Amberoid, Impressive, and nine other two-year-olds. It was the third time Max Hirsch, the *doyen* of the trainers since the retirement of Jim Fitzsimmons, has saddled the winner of the Spa's historic fixture. The first was with Papp, in 1917, and the second with Assault (what a topnotcher *he* was!), twenty-eight years later. Lots of fillies are on the grounds; so many were entered for the Schuylerville Stakes, for two-year-olds, and the Test, for three-year-olds, that both were run in two sections. Prides Profile, fresh from Hollywood Park, rolled home by four and a half lengths in the first division of the Schuylerville, and Amerala, who is no stranger to Aqueduct, won the second almost as easily. When the Test Stakes, which is the preliminary for this weekend's Alabama Stakes, came up, it was thought that the Wheatley Stable might win both sections—the first with Discipline, a useful sort, and certainly the second with Queen Empress, a star of 1964 and the winner of her last four starts this season. As it turned out, Discipline, running to her best form, won by a head from Terentia, with Valiant Queen third, but Queen Empress, in her section, weakened a furlong from home and was beaten by Cestrum, who comes from Mrs. Richard du Pont's Bohemia Stable. Ground Control was third.

IT wouldn't be stretching a point to put Buckpasser down as the top two-year-old to date. From all accounts, he ran a remarkable race in the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth last weekend. Baeza, who rode him, said later that his mount was backing up when the doors of the starting gate opened, and was left flatfooted. Though he was far behind the six other runners, he buckled down and passed them, one after another, to win going away by half a length from Quinta. If you care, Our Michael, who was odds-on, led to the quarter pole in 0:22 and did the half in 0:45, but ran out of speed then and finished third. This made it six straight for Buckpasser, who is now headed for the Hopeful on the twenty-eighth.

AT Arlington Park last Saturday, Tom Rolfe strengthened his position as the top three-year-old when he won the Chicagoan by four lengths, and, at Del Mar, Native Diver, who is California's Horse of the Year, won the San Diego Handicap for the third time. I hope they come East.

—AUDAX MINOR

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 5

ACCORDING to a well-authenticated report, the President, at some point in the course of last month's prolonged and highly publicized deliberations over Vietnam, turned to Robert McNamara and said that he was counting on the Secretary of Defense to keep us in the war, and then turned to Dean Rusk and said that he was counting on the Secretary of State to get us out of the war. The story tells a good deal not only about the President's attitude toward Vietnam but about his attitude toward politics and about his general cast of mind. He had concluded—or, rather, he had reaffirmed his earlier conclusion—that the only way he could get to the peace table was by shooting his way there. The end he seeks is disengagement; the only available means to that end is further engagement. There may be some flaw in this reasoning, but it happens at the moment to be good "consensus" politics. It bridges the gap between the war party and the peace party, and it makes him the leader of both. (It is said that he won over most of his critics among the forty-nine governors who visited him here last week, after their conference in Minneapolis, by assuring some that he would prosecute the war more vigorously and by assuring others that he planned a swift escalation of efforts to reach a negotiated settlement.) The story also tells something about the President's sharp sense of paradox—his taste for irony—which is perhaps the most notable trait common to him and his predecessor. Just before the White House Festival of the Arts, in mid-June, when dissident writers, painters, and performers were arguing in public over whether they could protest more effectively by boycotting the proceedings or by confronting the participants with their opposition, the President was heard to observe that some people were planning to humiliate him by their absence, others by their presence.

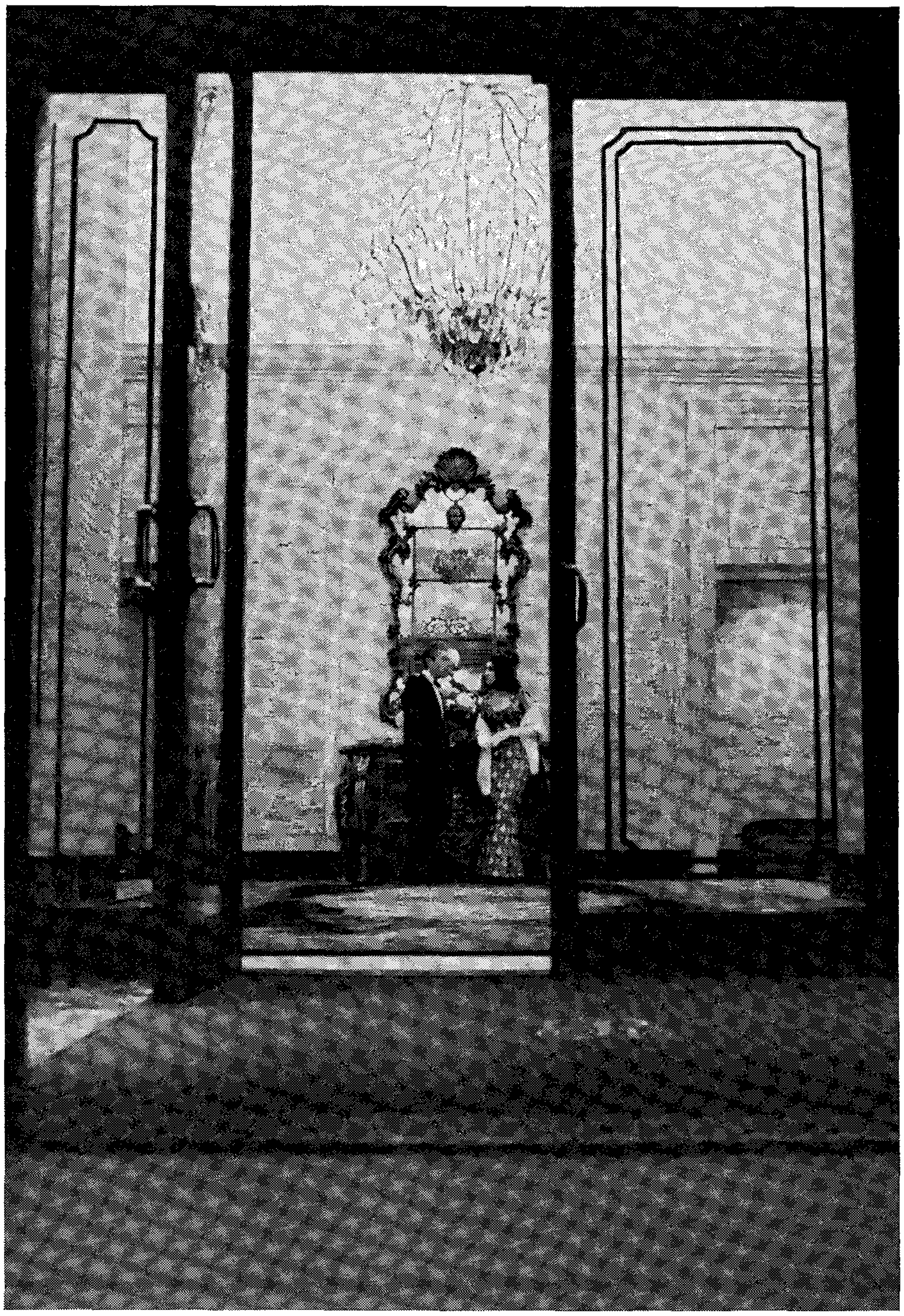
A number of events of the past few weeks have combined to bring to an end the period of uncertainty and anxiety that began in mid-spring. The most important of these events was, of course, the news conference last week, which was significant as much for the announcements the President did not make as for those he did make. The fact that he had spent so many long days conferring with military and diplomatic advisers led most people to expect large changes. Lengthy consultations are seldom required to reach an agreement that nothing need be done that is not already being done. Moreover, the participants missed no opportunity to describe the sombreness of the atmosphere and the weightiness of the matters under consideration. Since it was inconceivable that there would be a decision to reduce the scale of our efforts in Vietnam, it was generally anticipated that a vast increase would be announced—that, in all likelihood, the President would use all the powers available to him short of those that would be his if he asked Congress to declare war. He did nothing of the kind. He announced the commitment of fifty thousand additional troops to Vietnam and a compensating increase in draft calls. This, however, was not an implementation of any "decision" reached in the course of the White House conferences; these increases had been planned and widely discussed here weeks before the meetings took place. Presumably, then, the major determination that grew out of the meetings was that the requests of the military men for far larger commitments were not to be honored at this time. What they wanted was a force of several hundred thousand in Vietnam, the activation of reserves, and at least a partial industrial mobilization—the last being needed, it was said, because operations in Vietnam have led to an alarming depletion of stockpiles of equipment here and in American installations elsewhere in the world. The President denied these requests—partly, one can assume, because he did not consider them valid, and partly, one can also assume, because he wanted to keep political and diplomatic repercussions to a minimum.

The plan to increase the strength of our ground forces by fifty thousand men is, to be sure, escalation of a kind. There are some observers, though, who believe that the President has actually taken a step toward deëscalation. Until last week, it appeared that the mission of the Ameri-

"You know, sometimes I don't think of us so much as dealers in stocks and bonds as dealers in dreams."

can forces had become that of the South Vietnamese Army—to do battle against the Vietcong until it either laid down its arms or was called from the field by Hanoi. No one has said that this is not still the American mission, but it has been pointed out that the new commitment falls far short of what all authorities have agreed would be required to fulfill it. Estimates of the troops that would be needed to subdue the Vietcong in the fashion being urged by General Ky's regime in Saigon and by some of the more militant cold warriors in Congress run as high as two million; no one supposes that anything less than half a million would be adequate. Present administration plans call for a maximum of a quarter million, and on the basis of this and certain other bits of evidence—the most important of which is an order to give American commanders and their forces more autonomy than they have had up to now—there has arisen a suspicion that the American mission has already been changed or is in the process of being changed. A quarter of a million Americans would not be enough to destroy the Vietcong and occupy South Vietnam, but they could hold Saigon and several of the coastal enclaves of American power for an indefinite length of time. Many people in and out of the government have sought to persuade the President to make this his present aim, arguing, on the one hand, that it is about as much as we are able to do without going into a full-scale war, and, on the other, that it is really all we have to do in order to maintain our presence in Southeast Asia and provide a sanctuary for those South Vietnamese who have worked with us and would almost certainly be destroyed if we now abandoned them. There has been no official word that this view has been accepted. But it does look very much as if the bellicose alternative had been rejected. And it seems very much in line with the instructions the President has given his Secretaries of Defense and State.

THE disquietude that could be sensed on every hand here a month or six weeks ago was caused by more than concern over what the President would or would not do about Vietnam. There was concern, too, over the President himself and over his entire approach to his office. There were stories almost daily that his temper had flared up, that he was enraged by even the most trivial kind of criticism, that he maintained an obsessive secrecy, and that he encouraged the kind of



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sycophancy that turned up in a speech by one of his closest associates, Jack Valenti, who described him as "a father to lead us." As a rule, stories of this kind do not unsettle the political atmosphere. It is generally realized that the Presidency puts men under great strain, and that while it has a way of bringing out the best in them, it may on occasion bring out the worst. Furthermore, sycophancy is a natural and almost ineradicable growth in the White House environment, and neither hot tempers nor thin skins are uncommon among Presidents. Dwight Eisenhower's rather starchy amiability frequently gave way to unattractive outbursts, and John F. Kennedy often seemed excessively sensitive about unfavorable press notices. Public disclosure of such Presidential frailties has seldom caused the ship of state to rock or bred fear that its course might alter with the helmsman's mood. But in Lyndon Johnson's Washington the condition of Lyndon Johnson's mind and nerves has seemed enormously important to everyone. For this President could say "*L'État, c'est moi,*" and say it with fully as much justification as Louis XIV. He *is* the government; there is no real power of decision anywhere outside the White House. He has a firmer grip on the executive branch than any other President has had in modern times, and his congressional opposition would be powerless even if it were united, which it is not. He is the source of all policy and of directives reaching to the remotest links in the chain of command.

The fear in the spring was that the President's policy might be determined more by private grievances and obsessions than by appraisal of the facts and needs and possibilities. It was reported several times that pique at what he considered premature and unauthorized disclosure of plans and appointments he was considering had caused him to lay the plans aside and to change his mind about the appointments. It was said on high authority that in June, when he addressed the United Nations in San Francisco, he deliberately refrained from certain initiatives he had intended to take because he was determined to demonstrate error in a newspaper column that had reported his intentions. It required no great powers of deduction, then, to reach the conclusion that this seemingly invulnerable man might in fact be alarmingly vulnerable, that what looked like his extraordinary grip on policy might be loosened in the simplest of ways—and by people, such as White House report-

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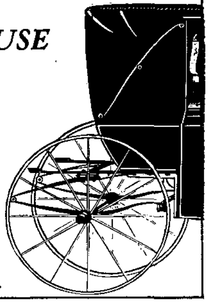

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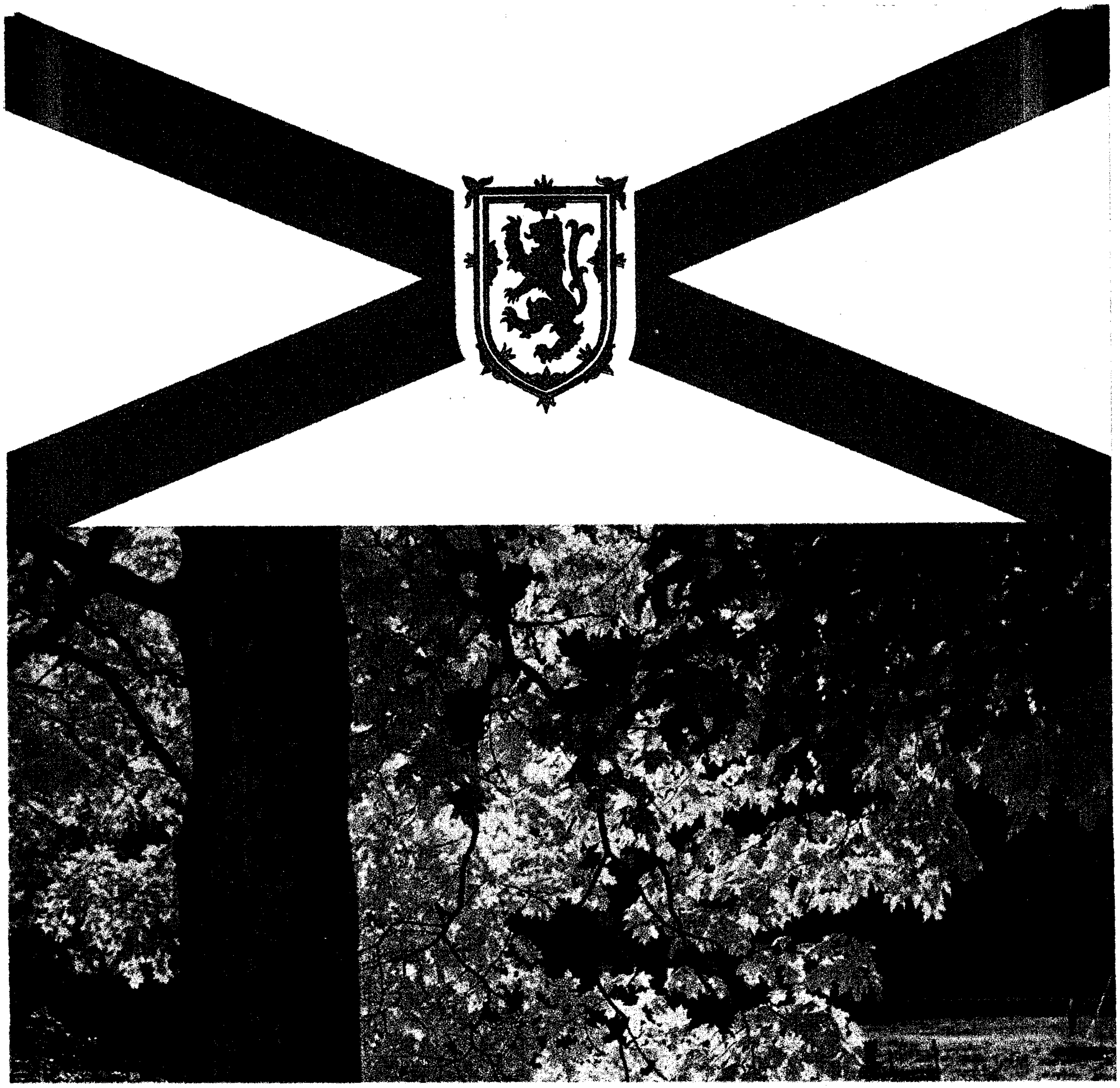

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ers, accountable to no public agency or official. Options could be denied him merely by an announcement that he intended to take them. Appointments could be stopped by anyone who could get into print ahead of him with the names of the appointees. He could, of course, put an end to this by counselling with no one but himself and his White House assistants. But that would further limit his options, and would also cut him off from needed sources of information.

It will probably be years before there is any way of knowing whether any of these misgivings were well founded. At present, though, one hears little of them, and this, it appears, is largely because the President, either sharing the general concern or growing aware of how widespread it had become, has taken steps to deal with it. The first and in many ways the most reassuring of these was his appointment of Bill Moyers as his press secretary. Moyers' predecessor, George Reedy, had brought to the office high intelligence, long experience, and a knowledge of government that compared favorably with that of the President himself. For more than a decade, however, he had been devoting his gifts to the service of Lyndon Johnson. He was an eloquent apologist, but always an apologist and completely an apologist, and, consequently, not a man who could say what the President was doing until he was sure the President had done it. Moyers brings to the job what Reedy lacked, and what, indeed, is rarely found in any Presidential entourage—disinterestedness. He has worked intimately, productively, and loyally with the President, but no one has ever accused him of even a trace of sycophancy; though the President has been his patron from the start, his career has been in public service, not in Johnson service. The appointment was, given the circumstances in which it was made, a brilliant one, and the fact that the President himself sensed its rightness testified to his insight into his own problems and his determination to overcome them. In nothing that has happened since has there been any evidence that the President has yielded to impulse or wrath or anything but his own best judgment of men and events. His appointments have been particularly notable for both ingenuity and political cleverness. For a time, it seemed to most people here that the vacancy at the United Nations caused by Adlai Stevenson's death simply could not be filled. There appeared to be no American in or out of the government who could bring even a fraction of Steven-

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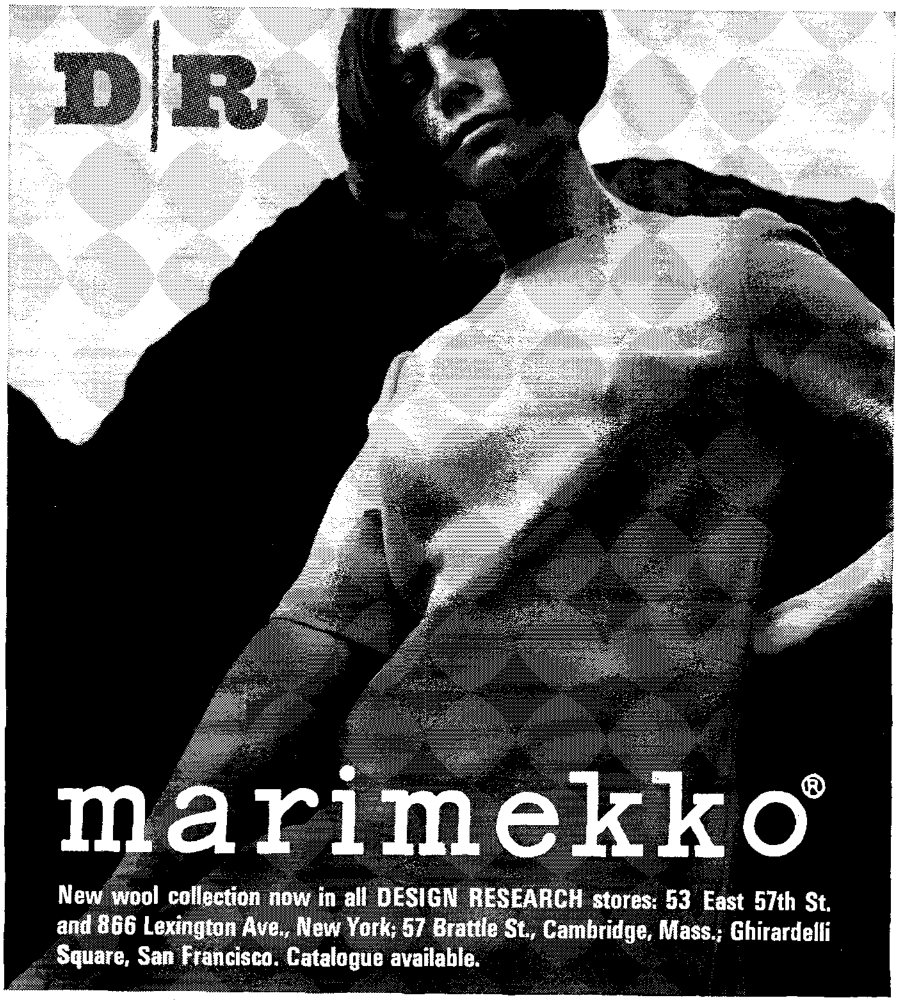

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son's prestige to the Ambassadorship—and this at a time when not only the Embassy but the U.N. itself desperately needed prestige. The President found the prestige not so much in the man he chose as in the institution, the Supreme Court, that his appointee left when he assumed leadership of the delegation. It was an inspired solution of a problem that most of the men around the President regarded as insoluble. (There has since been some talk about the appointment as a sharp maneuver in New York Democratic politics, and it may well be that the President and Ambassador Goldberg both had more on their minds than the U.N. But this would make the appointment no less stunning as a stroke of diplomacy.) The new Ambassador was replaced on the court by Abe Fortas, a lawyer of high integrity and originality of mind, and the selection of John W. Gardner as Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare seemed as apt and imaginative as the appointments of Moyers and Goldberg. And whatever judgments may in time be made on the President's recent handling of policy in Vietnam, it would be difficult for anyone to maintain that it was characterized by lack of circumspection. The few critics he has at present claim that he has been excessive only in his caution.

Yet there are almost certain to be other times during this administration when there will be concern over the President's character and motivations, for it simply happens to be a fact that there are aspects of the man that are disconcerting to those who observe them. His ego is immense, and it asserts itself by bruising all the lesser egos about him. Journalists summoned to attend his discourses have heard him say, in the presence of his staff, that not one of his aides is qualified to interpret White House policies. He takes positive pleasure in cataloguing the weaknesses of other men, even when the weaknesses are wholly irrelevant to the men's public responsibilities. He obviously feels betrayed by any breach of confidence on a matter of even the slightest substance, but he does not seem to mind, or so much as be aware of, the kind of self-betrayal implicit in such appalling precepts as one attributed to him in the Washington *Post* toward the close of George Reedy's tenure: "You never want to give a man a present when he's up—you want to do it when he's down." His appetite for flattery appears on occasion to numb his awareness of criticism. Not long ago, he went far out of his way to compliment a journalist who had, in the course of

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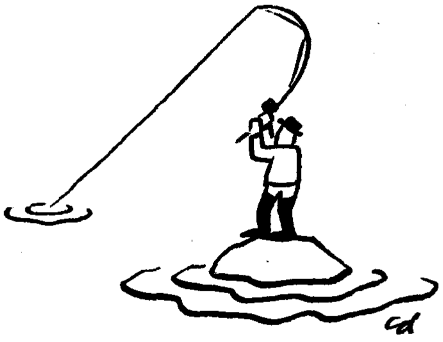
an article that was in the main rather cool toward him, written one brief sentence of high praise for a single speech. It takes insensitivity of a gargantuan order to tolerate such praise as Jack Valenti lavished on him in the now celebrated speech in which he speculated on the possibility that Lyndon Johnson's greatness might be a product of "Godly osmosis" and "extra glands." Most men, and particularly most politicians, no matter how far gone in self-esteem they might be, and no matter how pleased they might be by such suggestions, would be aware in advance of the distaste with which such a speech would be met. The President evidently regarded it as description, or at least as fair comment. His own delicate judgment on Valenti is that he is "a valuable hunk of humanity."

It is difficult to square this kind of insensitivity with the sharp, fine perceptions that the President is able to bring to most questions of public policy. The explanation may lie in the simple fact that those aspects of his character which compel admiration match in size and durability those which do not. His eye for strength is as keen as his eye for weakness. He uses people badly, but he also uses them well. His inconsiderateness is accompanied by a remarkable gift for appreciation. He seems unable to stand criticism, but he somehow absorbs it, gets the point of it, and, when he decides it is in his interest to do so, applies its lessons. He commands and thrives on flattery but does not indulge much in self-deception; he indulges extensively in self-criticism. Most of the time, moreover, he manages to show the world only the more reassuring side of himself. This is a phenomenon that is to a large degree responsible for some of the more extravagant criticisms heard a couple of months ago. People who have seen a good deal of him have been disturbed by their awareness of how much of himself he conceals from the public view. The man is an iceberg, the bulk of him being below the surface. And the bulk is unexpected. It might be supposed that this was the case with



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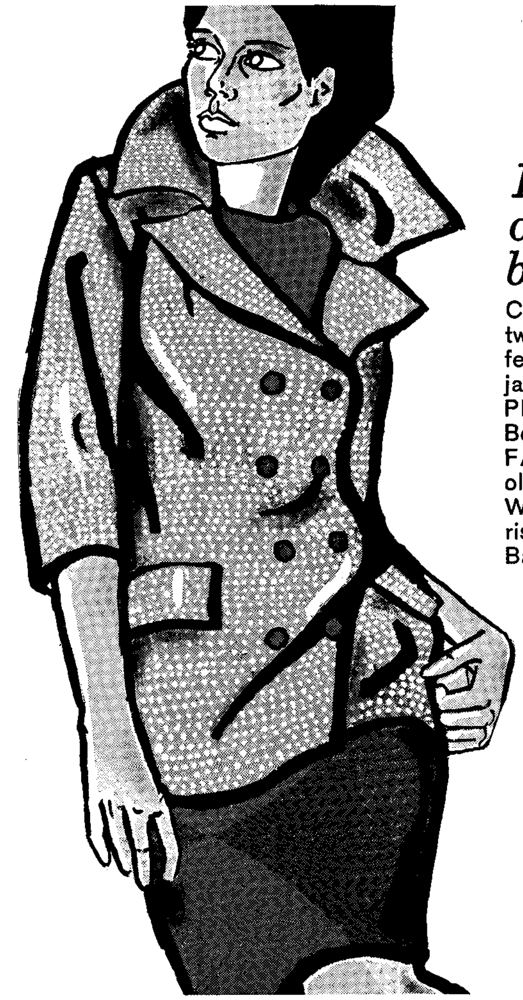

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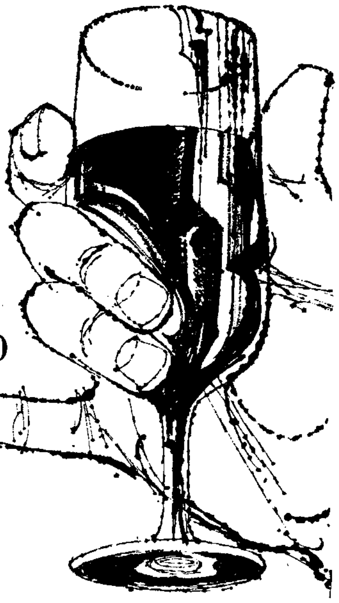
most public men, especially in this age of cosmetic publicity; it is natural to assume that there must be a difference between the face and ghostwritten words we encounter in the press and the human being behind that façade. As a rule, though, there is not much difference. Citizens who observed Dwight Eisenhower holding a news conference on television had just about all the data they needed to make a fair appraisal of him. The living presence was not very different from the remote appearance. Eisenhower was seldom more or less than he seemed to be—a decent, genial, prosy, earnest, commonsensical man. As it was with Eisenhower, so it was with John F. Kennedy. He revealed just about every side of his many-sided character to the public. In private, the wit may have been somewhat more biting and sportive, the intelligence a bit more speculative and irreverent, the manner slightly less guarded and tense. But the differences were only of degree, and were predictable and unsurprising.

In Johnson's case, the private man is in striking contrast to the President. The matter of his speech affords a simple example. When the President addresses the nation, he is most of the time an uninspired, uninspiring orator. His language is generally commonplace, his delivery pedestrian. Listening to him, one could conclude that he had attained a level of articulateness adequate to his needs but no more than adequate. Such a conclusion would be the very opposite of the truth. Safely hidden from the public, the President is as gifted and resourceful a conversationalist as there is in this city. The master of the platitude is the virtuoso of the anecdote. The speaker whose cadences seem almost atrocious when he is informing his countrymen of what he has done or is about to do is an accomplished mimic—which is to say a master of cadence. Addressing the nation, he speaks most of the time a competent but boring officialese; addressing a handful of journalists in the White House, he talks in a regional idiom enriched by a unique personal style. There are other seeming contradictions. The public impression of him, an impression that is true to the public man, is of an avuncular, almost pastoral counsellor of restraint, moderation, patience. He is all these, but he is also the opposite of all these. His temper is often unrestrained, his language immoderate in the extreme, his impatience monumental. The President who likes to govern under and by what he calls "consensus" is also a man eager to impose consent to his own impassioned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opinions. The leader who makes such a show of soliciting the opinions of others is also the man who has contempt for opinions not his own and asserts his own as if, all reason and philosophy testified to their soundness—and can do this with a remarkably powerful intelligence, which is also unexpected, since in public he seldom exposes any ideas other than received ones, and he defends these ideas, if at all, with conventional reasoning. Actually, he is capable of quite dazzling feats of analysis.

People who become aware of what lies beneath the surface are uneasy with the knowledge, which, by its nature, is mostly incommunicable. It is possible to assert that the President is not quite what he seems, or is what he seems and a great deal more, but it is rarely possible to demonstrate or document any of this, and uneasiness runs particularly strong among those who assume that they have some responsibility for making clear the realities of existence here. Many of them adhere to the doctrine that if the public knows the realities, it will somehow be better able to live with them. This is not quite a self-evident proposition. The public appears to be living very comfortably with a President whose placidity sometimes seems thinly spread over a mountain of volatility. But the cover is evidently fairly sturdy stuff. The President is evidently capable of mastering and disciplining himself when mastery and discipline are called for.

THE President may resent criticism and encourage sycophancy, but he also, on occasion, tolerates, and perhaps even orders, confessions of weakness and failure on the part of his administration. One of his White House assistants, Richard N. Goodwin, in addressing an educational group here recently, announced that the Great Society had run out of ideas about what to do with itself. "We are not sure where we are going," he said—a statement that may never before have been made by a representative of any government. The administration, Goodwin said, had pushed through Congress all the programs that the President and his predecessor had promised the electorate, and it had the resources for new programs, but it had no new programs. To be sure, the speaker absolved the President of responsibility for this odd and embarrassing situation. "It is not the job of politicians to create brand-new ideas," Goodwin said. "The most successful leaders take the best thoughts and most hopeful dreams [of others],

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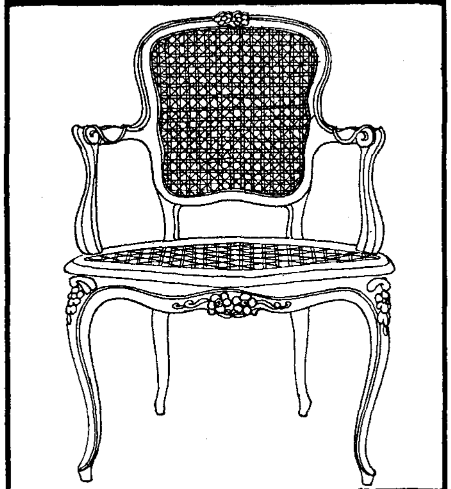

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Le Manoir

merge this with their instinctive sense of need and possibility, and from this fusion help guide the movement of society." Actually, though, he was announcing the failure of a White House undertaking that had been launched with enormous hopefulness and enormous publicity early last year. The President wanted, it was announced at the time, the best thoughts of the best thinkers in the country on the best ways of patching up the rents in the social fabric. Teams of celebrated cerebrators were organized into task forces and instructed to forward the solutions *to the White House immediately* upon discovery. A great deal of paper came in but not, evidently, many solutions. "The result," Goodwin said, "is that we in Washington—possessed of the greatest political means of forward movement in a generation—are groping for proposals and programs. . . . We know there are new problems. But the intellectual resources of this nation—the historic reservoir of social progress—do not readily provide the answers." His report was both depressing and heartening, but on balance mostly heartening. Unanswered, and even unanswerable, questions are no novelty, but politicians without answers are exceedingly rare and promising.

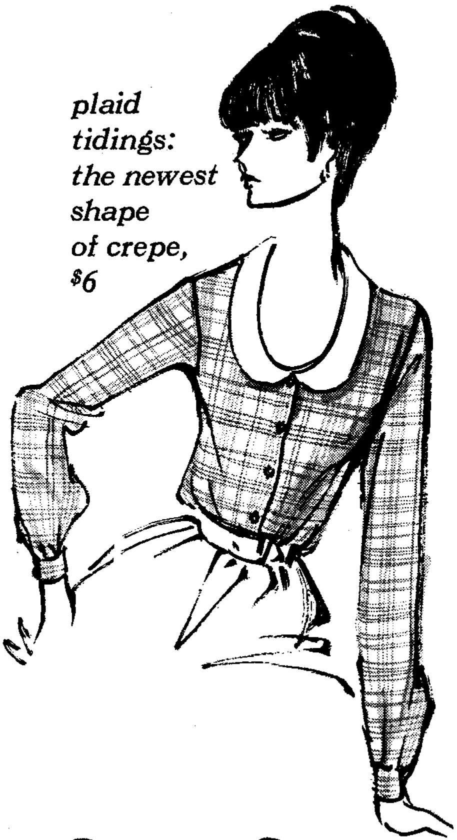
—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

THE LEAVING

On an August dusk
on a theatrically empty quay,
where stumpy kiosks
and mummied sacks of mail
stood to neutralize
tears and tightening voices,
you took my hand,
tilted your eye,
and, words still hanging in the air,
passed quietly into the train
that choked, then lurched
iambically south.
In the street
under pendant bowls of lamplight,
I heard the wheels
empty their metallic rhymes
into the farthering hills
until their driving went
beyond my tiny night.
In the silent street,
on the shadow-fed bench,
I counted browning leaves;
my eyes made of the warped forms
a gnomic population
to animate the vacant
chamber of my mind;
they fluttered benignly
and with papillote loops
stopped the August dusk.

—ELIZABETH HAWES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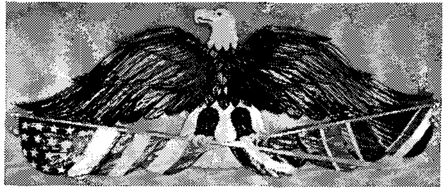
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BOOKS

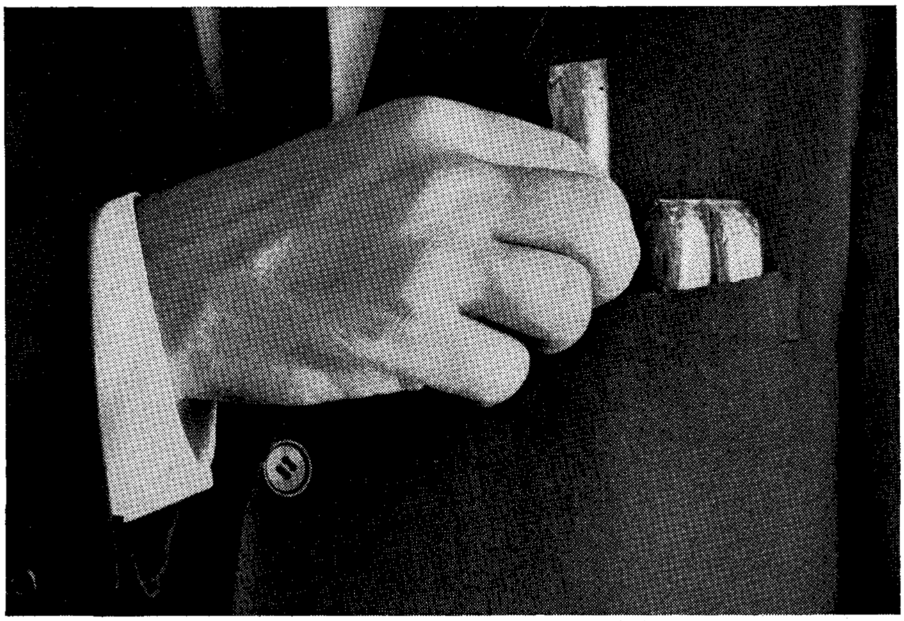
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ONCE A GREEK . . . , by Friedrich Dürrenmatt, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Knopf). This somewhat brittle and tiresome fable has for a hero Arnolph Archilochos, who is forty-five, Greek, and a virgin. With pious humility, he lives in a mythical European state charmingly furnished with rococo bric-a-brac salvaged from the collapse of Kafka's Austro-Hungarian Empire. When he advertises in the newspaper for a Greek wife, he is promptly answered by the ravishing Chloé, whose betrothal invites a hail of good fortune upon this bewildered saint. It turns out, of course, that his well-connected bride is a courtesan, and the novel ends inculcating love-in-truth like an enlightened, if not very striking, Protestant sermon. The tale's engaging qualities (detective-story pace, some witty speeches, an affectionate décor) would count for more if Dürrenmatt did not verge on a genuine drama of ideas. But verge is what he does, and his toy "Job" produces in the mind only an irritating tinkle. The translation reads easily, though a less awkward English title might have been found for "Grieche Sucht Griechin."

A SOUVENIR FROM QAM, by Marc Connelly (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Deft, witty, funny, affectionate, suave, and decorative, Mr. Connelly's tiny novel is concerned exclusively with those rare mortals who spend their lives walking on air because they are much too fortunate to have to bother with ordinary humdrum earth. In the foreground of this delectable world are Newton Bemis, thirty, a handsome and magnetic but endearingly awkward American physicist of remarkable renown; Princess Farha, a very young Middle Eastern enchantress; and Rowena, the gorgeous but regrettably aggressive daughter of a millionaire United States senator. The action moves smoothly around in nice comfortable places in the United States and in the best palaces in Suruk, Farha's homeland, known in other times as the Garden of Eden.

THE TOWN IN BLOOM, by Dodie Smith (Little, Brown). The cheerful story of Mouse, who was pretty



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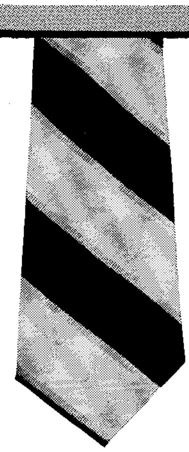

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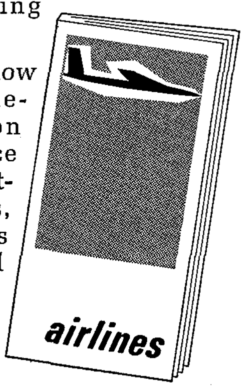

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and quaint at eighteen and is still, at fifty-eight, very pretty and just a touch quaint. This elderly Mouse lives in a cottage in the country, drives her little car to London and back when the fancy takes her, writes and paints, and in general has a very good time on not much money. The story begins in a posh hotel restaurant where Mouse and her first London friends—statuesque Lilian, now sixty-three and very rich, and beautiful Molly, now sixty-one and a happy grandmother—are enjoying one of their regular reunions at lunch. They reminisce, and the scene goes back forty years to the times they shared at the club where they all lived when they were hopeful young actresses and when Rex Crossway, now Lilian's husband, was the center of all their ambitions and of most of their affections. Miss Smith's new novel is charming, if somewhat disconnected.

GENERAL

THE POSITIVE THINKERS, by Donald Meyer (Doubleday). Subtitled "A Study of the American Quest for Health, Wealth, and Personal Power, from Mary Baker Eddy to Norman Vincent Peale," this is an enormously interesting essay. The author, a professor of American history, employs data and theories from psychology, sociology, and economics as well as from his own discipline to examine a puzzling question: Why, in the late nineteenth century, did Americans, mostly of the white Protestant old-stock variety, start searching for autosuggestive, passive therapies instead of taking arms against the sea of troubles, as their ancestors had? Mr. Meyer arrives not at one answer but at several, all of them plausible. He is sober, steady, and enlightening, and he never mocks the beliefs, however absurd, of troubled people.

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Astronomers at the Naval Observatory in Washington last saw the Milky Way in 1921.—*Ann Arbor News.*

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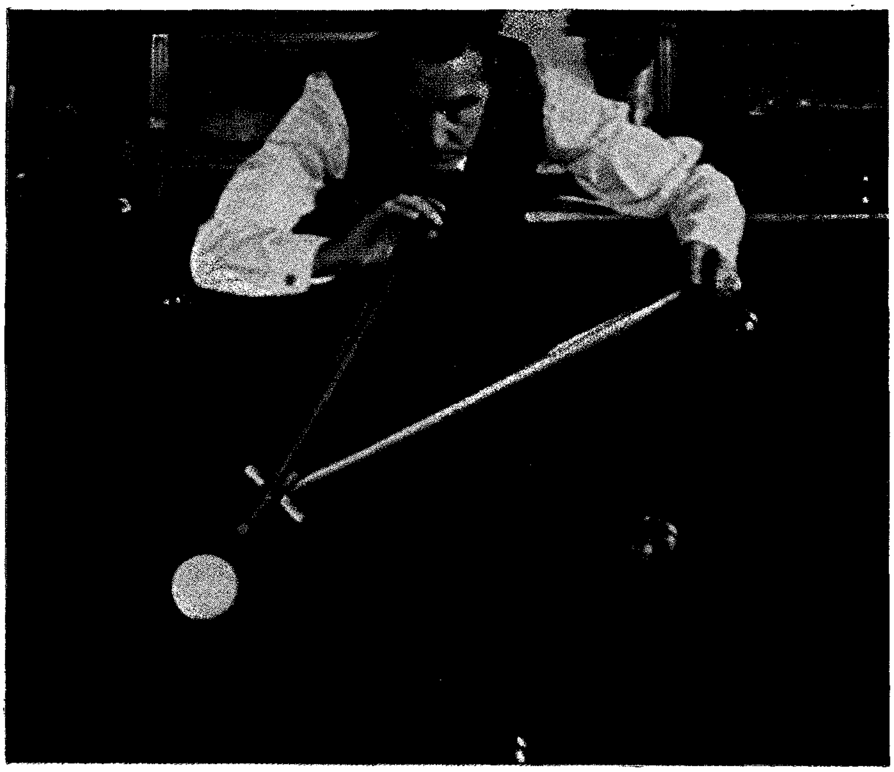

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